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OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE

BY

ELEANOR STUART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

THE *Styria* hurried northward through a dull night of sickening heat. Mount Sinai had been passed in indistinguishable darkness; and now, in the cloudy dawn, the first gleam of the swift dayspring showed only the North African littoral, sunken and gray. What little air stirred, as the ship shot on, was hot and poisoned as the breath of a beast. Mothers prayed for the whisper of the Canal's water at the keel, the ship's slower motion in greater coolness, the perfect concave of illimitable blue above the tawny stretches of Egyptian desert.

Bruce Walden's mind was occupied thus early in the day with the same question that had beset it late on the previous evening: he was wondering, with the impetus to speculation that is born of great desire, if Pell Wall, his senior commissioner, would meet him at Port Said. He, Walden, was a budding personage to have been appointed to the Benadir Boundary Commission, and Wall was a full-fledged authority in the world of foreign affairs to serve on equal terms with him. Wall had the excuse of illness if he wished to be late at the tryst, and the thought of this was unnerving, for Walden wanted to get home; he was sick of the yellow sands and the yellow men. The desire to surrender his papers and get to his people grew on him until, as he stood in the main street of Port Said, it had become a dull, aching nostalgia. Wall had not been with him in Benadir; they had never met; and a horror lest he prove a red-tape, documentary, foreign-office none-such grew into a nervous certainty that this was his type.

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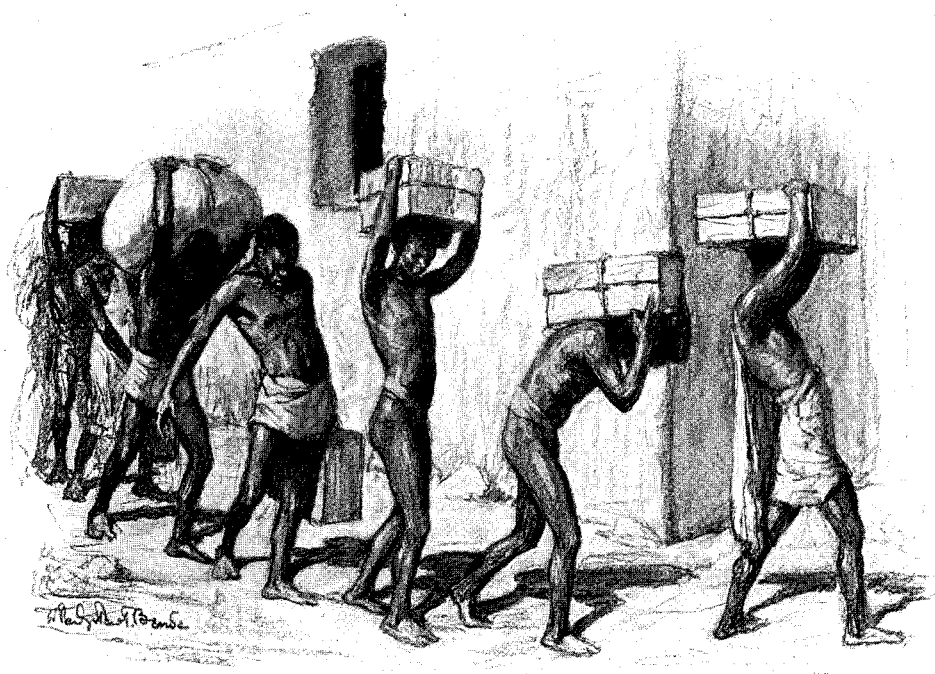
Nubians, in Indian file, diverted him, passing before him like silhouettes of real men, done in black velvet, their broad feet slapping the dirty street with a vigorous rhythm, while they chanted a marching melody, singing it in Swahili, with a strong tone and ventral grunts of emphasis. He liked the sense of what they sang; its spirit was new to him: "O white masters, put much weight on black shoulders, for they are able to carry much weight. Our fathers carried ivory and were whipped for it, but we bear only the tin trunks of travelers for money and the words of brothers. O white masters," etc. The quality of that negro chorus sounded with a peculiar glory in the wind-swept glare of an August noon, soothing him as a thing completely satisfactory alone can soothe. But even perfect sound was instantly forgotten as he examined the luggage on the porters' heads. "P. W." was stamped on each ant-proof tin box, and on a small Vickery shirt-case "Revolesholm"—the name of Wall's Kentish place—was also stenciled.

"The other commissioner's arriving," he thought cheerfully.

The seventh Nubian passed him, and then a litter, borne by two Somalis and a brace of fellaheen. Its canvas sides were furled, and one might thus see clearly who lay within it. A huge Englishman reclined there with the thoroughness peculiar to his nation when reposing on the strength of blacks or Indians. His face was of eupeptic, British beauty, and his hair glittered with the brightness of England's gilded youth. The knitted blanket that covered him was a strange sight in Port Said, and as much as could be seen of his linen tunic announced Bond Street with a heavy emphasis. He was typically clean and kind and sensible—a Frenchman would have said as much of him, while unwilling to concede his race to be the handsomest in existence, or that the blond, normal, traveled school-boys that race sends forth muddle their ways to the forefront of civilization and beyond it—to the lonely graves of heroes and the sacred places of a nation's heart.

Walden followed at a respectful distance; turning a sharp corner, he watched the long train halt before the hotel, and a white-robed Tunisian minister to the man within the litter. He helped him out and hovered about him, statuesque, competent, offering long arms for his support as they moved up the steps into the veranda.

"Wall looks seedy," Walden thought with pity. Hurrying on, he stood before him. "I'm Walden," he proclaimed rather breathlessly; "can I be of any service?"



"'O WHITE MASTERS, PUT MUCH WEIGHT ON BLACK SHOULDERS,' THEY SANG"

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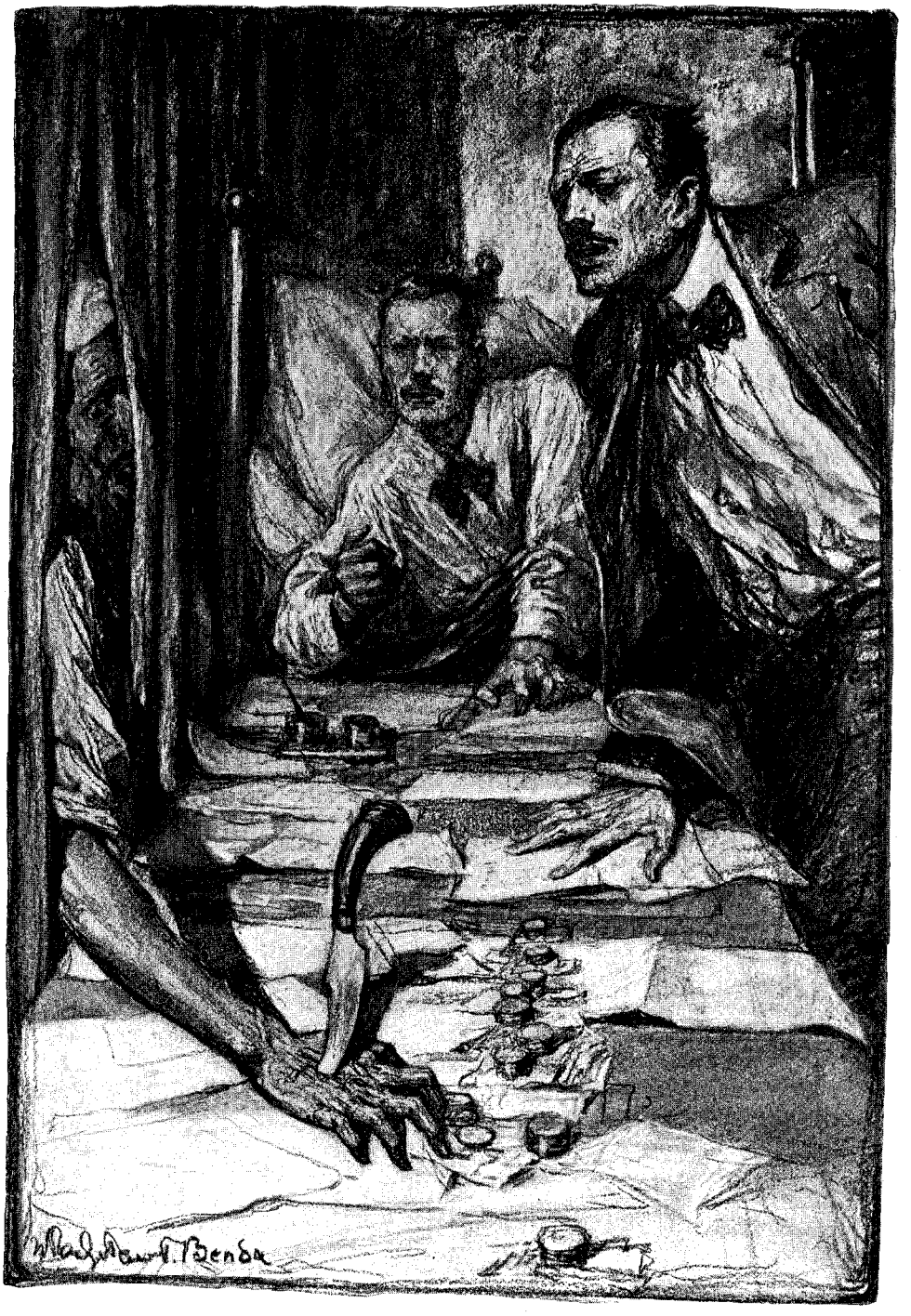

"LOOKING TO SEE WHERE THE BLADE HAD LANDED, HE FOUND IT TRANSFIXING A LONG, BROWN HAND"

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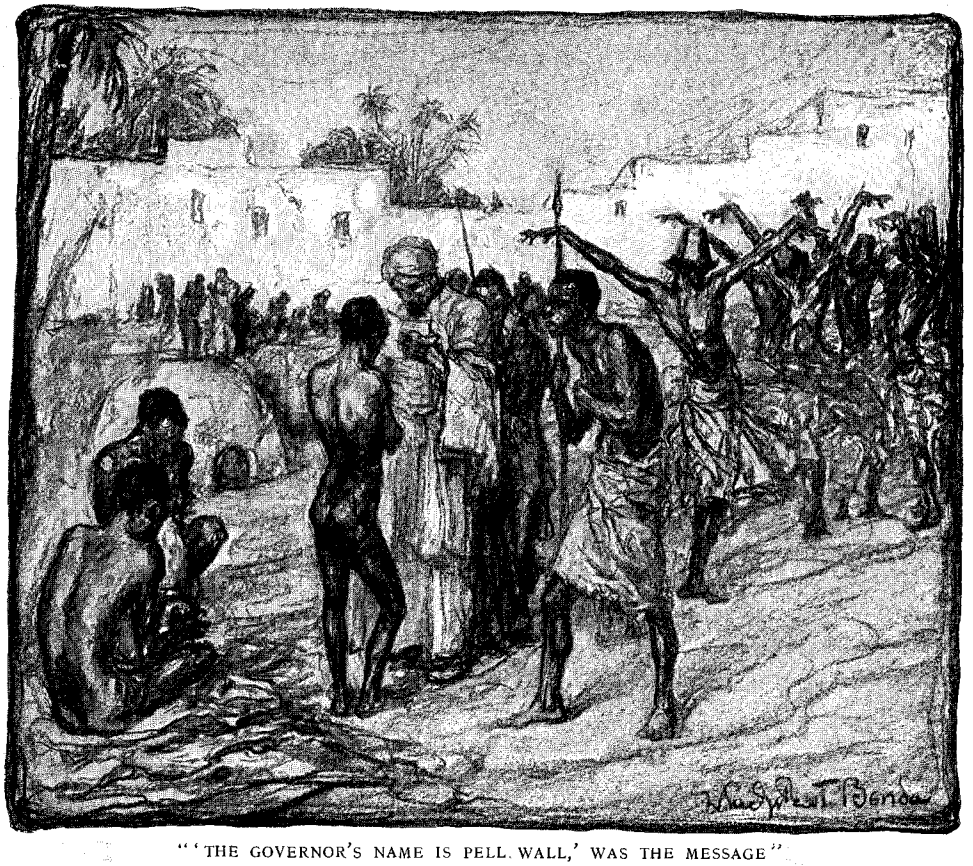

"'THE GOVERNOR'S NAME IS PELL. WALL,' WAS THE MESSAGE"

"At half after four you can," Wall replied rather faintly. "I'm awfully glad to see you, you know, but I'm just about done: post-enteric leg—can't dance round dances for a bit; it's a horrid fag, but I'm really better. Come at half after four, with the maps, to my room."

"Won't you have a doctor or some one to look after you?"

Wall glanced at the bronze statue upon which he leaned with a look of vivid affection. "This old savage, M'barak, does me very well indeed," he replied.

The Tunisian saluted with his free hand, and the blond man and the black moved slowly into the hotel together.

At half after four the sun lay more lightly along the streets, and many carriages went to and fro, passing verandas crowded with "every kindred, every tribe, on this terrestrial ball." Walden knocked very punctually at the door pointed out to him by the Goanese lift operator. A sleepy voice cried, "*Karib*" (draw near).

Wall was lying wrapped in many blankets and propped by many pillows, shivering a little and showing the ravages of illness a great deal. A huge deal table had been shoved to the edge of his bed and was piled with an orderly aggregation of maps and papers and little piles of sovereigns, uniform in height; evidently ready for paying off his men when they should emerge from quarantine.

Behind the table and from the bed's edge to a distance of five feet or less, a rough red curtain, dusty and heavy, screened what might have been a cupboard or the entrance to an adjoining room. The table itself was pushed close against it.

Wall's eyes were inexpressibly tired and looked as if sleep were exiled from them. Walden wondered as he looked at him if his appearance expressed illness or energy more forcibly. He was opening letters with a supple Damascene knife, pointed and mischievous.

He at once inspected the commissioner's maps, comparing his own of three years before. He was brief, courteous, and illuminating, and the commission's work for the Empire was finished before dark.

It was then that they fell to talking, recounting peculiarities in the three grades of humanity, and differences in the black, beige, and Caucasian white.

"Walden," Wall said solemnly, in his husky voice, "don't take this old East too seriously.

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"HE TOOK A PENCIL AND WROTE ON THE STAINED WALL"

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Don't be like the home people, for we've no business to expect the deportment of statesmen from the guests at a children's party, or human standards among beasts. Remember that Orientals have been under the influence of one or two strong ideas for centuries, but we chaps who rule 'em are under the influence of an idea only until it is corrected by experiment or controverted by discovery, or——"

His fellow commissioner was fascinated, listening to his opinions gravely, under the spell of his capacity for work, his clarity of mind and gift of expression. From the depths of his meditation he saw the little knife fly up in the air, watching it as impersonally as one watches a trick at a show.

And looking — always casually — to see where the blade had landed, he found it transfixing a long, brown hand, whose fingers had been tending stealthily toward the piles of gold on the table.

"M'barak," Wall said suavely, "your father sees your heart as through a pane of glass. This sort of stealing is too hard for you. Myself, I saw into your heart this morning and saw the birth of crime there. I say, Walden, draw the curtains, please."

The whole Tunisian then stood revealed, his impaled hand motionless, but the rest of him writhing with shame. The blade of the slim knife was inch deep in the table. Behind him — for background — was an empty room.

II

Walden left Port Said that night, and three weeks later a paragraph in the *London Times* and a letter shown to him in the Foreign Office itself told all that was to be told of M'barak's shamelessness and protracted deceit. His had been the career of no common servant. He had been paid tribute by every one who had worked for Wall in Egypt, and had been found to have stolen and spied where he had seemed most honest and incurious. All items relating to him were thenceforth gathered in an envelop marked: "M'barak, factional leader of Mapala (S. E. Soudan), Islamic agitator of unusual influence and cunning."

Walden met Mrs. Wall one afternoon at an administrative tea-fight, where she attacked the question at once. "Never again," she cried, "does Pell go East without me. He loved M'barak,— I have pages to show he did,— and he was terribly deceived in him. It needs a woman to read human nature, Mr. Walden, especially human nature of the servant world."

Walden nodded. "Wall's a fearfully efficient chap," he said seriously, "but M'barak is a big man. He's a Mullah of sorts, is M'barak, and an *m'towa* (holy man)."

Mrs. Wall looked at the young man with pity. She had small faith in native African greatness. "His destiny is hysteria," she said, "and his pastime infamy. I know him. If they make Pell Governor of Mapala I shall think that commission his death warrant."

Walden cried, "I'll ask for his assistant's billet to-morrow."

"The great pity," Mrs. Walden concluded, just before a solid mass of befeathered ladies separated them, "is that M'barak got away at Port Said. If only one man in the whole of Pell's department had had an idea that he wasn't straight, or if he had been pursued —— "

"Pursued?" Walden cried hotly. "I was there. He drew out the knife and flung it at me. I dodged and rushed for him, but he had melted into the emptiness of a hall bedroom. He was nowhere."

Walden's views of M'barak's importance were justified when, within a fortnight, the Tunisian began to get into the papers. He had been hiring dervishes by the hundred on a contract which called for continuous jumping in return for unlimited *bang;* for, at some point in the increasing contact of India with the African, the holy men of the littoral and hinterland had learned to smoke the "sleeping magic," and one might have seen them jumping drowsily,— but ever jumping,— their heads heavy and to one side, and their dull eyes full of a vagueness of dreams. The blacks *pursang* did otherwise in religious observance, adding beehive brandy to their motions and reverting to their more unpleasant racial customs; feeling, for instance, compelled not to let the bodies of their slain enemies go to waste.

Then M'barak told them of Allah's greatness, while deeply convinced of his own, and sent forth runners to call in the faithful, while the jumpers continued their exercises and the *washenzi* cleaned guns and sharpened spears and knives, until one day a Kavirondo boy ran into the district; he was as modestly naked as a tree-trunk, and was employed to deliver telegrams.

"*Yuko chitti ya Sim,*" he said, which means, "Here's a letter in the manner of Mr. Sim"— who was, by the by, the man who laid the East African cable.

"Where?" M'barak cried. He had received and despatched many telegrams, although, having previously dwelt in the north, he had never seen a Kavirondo; but he reasoned that naked savages having no coats upon their backs are likely to have no pockets.

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The runner raised his arm, interrogated a gash in the flesh below his shoulder on the arm's inner surface, and produced from it a telegram, wrapped in a segment of dried palm leaf. Then he sat down on a stone, awaiting the news with the insatiable curiosity of his kind.

The holy man read the telegram solemnly: "The governor's name is Pell Wall," was the message. He folded the white paper in silence, putting it away in a bag of rubber-cloth. Then he leaped from the ground to whirl in the arms of a revolving dervish, and when he withdrew from the ranks of the holy men he mounted upon a box of kerosene oil and addressed his people, suddenly motionless. A light wind, passing north over the ranks of his followers, reeked with the *bouquet d'Afrique*.

"Allah," he proclaimed, with the searching resonance of a bugle, "has put the fiercest of blasphemers within the grip of his servant. O holy men, know ye me for the Prophet's vengeance, the fighting father of sons who make war. This Pelwalli sins even when he sleeps, and when he thinks, the faithful detect evil odors at a great distance from him; yes, even when his rest is in the land of the Franks who bred him, a stench creeps in our houses, and to the very doors of our mosques. His thoughts then are of us, *Ismali ya Mohammed ya Ali*."

The tidings first read by M'barak were then cried by his friends to those too far away to have caught them at first hand. At evening a thin stream of black men crawled from the *Bara* (hinterland) slowly, like oozing treacle. Night flung out her confused banners of tropic stars above them as they sat in circles within the fence of fire which excluded other beasts. They had wayfared fasting, for the month of Ramazan was upon them, in which they might eat only by night. They clutched their meat with the ugly rapacity of carnivora. Repletion made them over into manhood, so that they desired talk, even before sleep. A sound of the river rippling through papyri swamps and thickets of calla lilies turned their talk to riverways and desert water-holes. A subtle fighter instructed them in poisons for outrageous arrows and such spears as were used in Somaliland's deistic delirium. Then M'barak rose again, and, after further description of the odors of the thoughts of Wall, dwelt on the northern Mullah's warfare against such as he. Before they slept a voice broke from the darkness like a thunder-crack. "*Shinja*," roared the mighty voice, and *shinja* means "kill."

Upon the day of this telegram's date Mr. and Mrs. Wall and Bruce Walden started from Dover Pier for Mapala.

III

Walden's relief at being allowed to serve his country in the capacity of his choice was very great. He had wanted to have a part in the hunt after M'barak; and, that he might do his very best, sought information about him from the French in Tunis, from consuls and merchants, missionaries and hospital women. M'barak had been born in Tunis, but, having gone as a personal servant with an English explorer to Mapala, he had impressed that district with his fitness as a leader, and — as Walden admitted sadly—"the beast had charm."

Mrs. Wall was one of those women who exist to quote their husband's sayings and laud his deeds, and this was visible after they left Cairo and journeyed toward the south.

Everything that was distinctly a sight to be seen was pointed out to Mrs. Wall by Ferruzi, their guide, with whom she had begun friendly intercourse. His eyes were honest and his hands piebald, for he had suffered from a disease which destroys the pigment in black skins; his arms and chest were gay with white spots, of which he spoke gratefully and with simple pride. He apologized for the *bouquet d'Afrique* on board the *Harakar* (the "Hurry"), their river steamer, and switched away the house-flies which settled on cheek and brow with a wet persistence; sometimes four or five of them would land together, and return after successive warnings to the exact places that they had lately quitted in fear of their lives. They blackened the eyes of little children, no higher than the water-pots, at lonely river stations, steeped in sun and bright in colored tatters. Sometimes a social group of flies upon the forehead buzzed confidence to others in the ear cavity; and when darkness hid European faces, these strange plagues of Egypt still communicated with one another in a maddening hum. A French lady, hirsute and sentimental, loudly retailed psychic experiences to her Eurasian maid. They were going to Fashoda to visit her son, a naturalist, to whom she was taking tablets of Metchnikoff's lactobacilline.

They arrived at Tour de Lesseps, the last point whither anything but their own feet could take them, and disembarked, too weary to notice the ugly town or to have aught but perfunctory speech with its inhabitants.

They were glad to set off on the last stage of the trip — their walk to Mapala. The sun touched the leaves and tufts of bunch-grass with a light of such intensity that it seemed white, and above the black and sandy soil, where mica specks glittered intolerably, the still,

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brilliant glare pulsed, sometimes with a vibrating vividness. A vulture held off in the blazing blue, the only relief afforded to the human eye.

Arrived at Mapalala, the district's capital, life suddenly became a confused outpouring of opportunity for Walden. While Wall gave himself up to a projected railway and a dam to be built, and followed up the strategy which had apparently given its quietus to M'barak's rebellion, he studied the question of communication between the river cities of the province and Mapala itself.

The son of the old lady with the lactobacilline tablets had installed telephones in his district which had worked well, and these would be of priceless benefit between Guduru and Tour de Lesseps. The river is narrow and swift at Guduru, and the caravans use flat-bottomed wherries as a necessary link in their progress to the marts of the world. The power to halt commerce is a diplomatic point worth bloodshed, and Guduru with a telephone was many times stronger than Guduru without one; moreover, the prestige alone of such an installation would be very great in this world of deistic furies and fanatic chaos, and the sense of surveillance would imperil native courage. To be able to prevent merchants from crossing the stream without paying the caravan tax would be an almost millennial mitigation of upland commerce, and if the tax could be collected, the salary for a resident white official would be already arranged. The advent of caravans could be telephoned to Tour de Lesseps in the interim, and the tax imposed without cheating. All this knowledge came to Walden in a day, and at the next mail he wrote urgent letters to the French amateur of telephones, who at last consented to leave Fashoda and install a wire between the two towns, declining any pay except for materials and native helpers. He sent photographs of switchboards and scared natives receiving their first message, but declined to undertake the wild walk to Mapala, and neither Wall nor Walden could be spared to speed him on his leave.

The very fact that Wall's administration had achieved a telephone inclined the hearts of the Colonial Office to his railway, so that upon a frightful August morning, with the southwest monsoon languishing two months before its time to die, the Kavirondo telegraph runner sprinted toward the Governor's office; and, from the old slit under his shoulder, he produced a summons to Cairo in December to consider the feasibility of sixty miles of rail. This was the net result of eleven months of administration.

For an instant Walden wondered why his chief had been commanded by wire for a date so distant, but that reverence ever at the heart of real officials assured him that the ways of the "Home End" of foreign administration are past finding out.

They heard but little of M'barak. His jumping and knife-sharpening had eventuated in abortive revolt; eleven Arabs, two Nubians, and a few Goanese government clerks were killed, but the worst feature of the whole disturbance was his own escape and unguessed hiding-place. The mere fact of escape, despite English and French vigilance (and exhaustive German criticism), argued — to the native mind — that the Mullah was indeed *m'towa*, or the very holy person he claimed to be. The Arabs and natives said alike, in the irritating tone of finality so usual to superstition, "Allah is resting his holy son in a sleep peopled with dear dreams of many women, much gold, and loud praise from the faithful." The nine European residents of Mapalala, on the other hand, observed quite as inevitably that they "couldn't see that these niggers got a thing for all the fuss they made."

Mrs. Wall, although she lived within the one European house in many miles, had faded from Walden's consciousness by reason of his absorption in the problem of the wilderness and how to couple it with London's will and dictum. She sat sewing on the veranda, she wrote letters, she walked abroad with Ferruzi; but all Walden could have told the world of her was that the walk in from the river had nearly killed her with fatigue. One day she ran to Walden with a little book. "See," she said, "one of the many natives in the market gave me this for a present."

Walden opened it, and saw his own name neatly written midway a ruled page. It was a faithful transcript in very doubtful Arabic of all that Wall and Walden had done and meant to do in Mapala. Their letters were copied verbatim, and such telegrams as had been received at Tour de Lesseps for forwarding were all set down faithfully. Various small items were entered with a terrible accuracy: "Came flannel shirts to-day from Bennis and Betterdean, six for the great master, six for the little master; came also singlets and 2 bottles Elliman's Embrocation, to rub over a white man's cough in the rains. Came also a mother's letter and pills with no name on the box."

Walden went with a heavy heart to his chief. "No one can find M'barak," he said solemnly, "but this smells like his track, my dear sleuth." He read him the entries, while Wall's face fell also.

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"Looks like we're chaperoned," he said; "but perhaps they have done it to scare us."

"No fear," Walden answered. His heart was lead within him, and nightly he moved a great *almirah* (Indian highboy) against his door and prayed against the powers of darkness of whom M'barak was the chief.

Happily something new existed for Walden now, as a joy to be anticipated — that vague meeting of men in Cairo to consider a railway in a land they had never visited, upon the representation of a person whom they had never met. The scheme had become an obsession with Wall; his mind could not evade it; it soothed him in the aggravation of sweltering nights and inspired him with a double energy at a reviving fall of temperature. In his great hope for a Mapala peaceful and industrially occupied lay his own hope of distinction. The idea lived with him by day and flared in his mind by night in a thousand dreams of commerce and the blacks at useful toil. He longed to trap M'barak, for he needed to safeguard his enterprise by catching him; but the weary marches he made were all to places the Mullah had just quitted, as, ever elusive, he passed from side to side of the province like a shuttle, weaving dissatisfaction in the vivid patterns of Oriental lying. Wall learned that he himself was a cannibal, and had once sold government arms to natives in Uganda, and had bought and sold beauty while in Persia for a Turkish Hareem Syndicate; the idea of a syndicate to supply hareems was M'barak's own, and both Wall and Walden liked it tremendously. But always, in the last analysis, these stories were found to emanate from the truculent, imaginative Arab, the very mouthpiece of confusion.

The day at last came when the Governor set his face toward home, after all the exertions of making over the headship of the province to a substitute. Mr. and Mrs. Wall were spent and white as they took the home trail, but at the end of the second day's walk the river valley was in sight, and the Arab trader's house in Tour de Lesseps showed in a faint cube of white, as the sun dropped from that far corner of the world. The porters sang as they built the fires, themselves afire with the joy of seeing the little steamer again and spending their money in riotous living as afforded by Tour de Lesseps. "O white masters," Ferruzi sang, "put your weight on black shoulders, for they are able to carry much weight."

The walls of empurpled night surrounding them fell down like those of Jericho, and in their stead Walden saw the glare of Port Said, and felt again the breeze from home. He hated the vision, but it grew upon his sight and faded again with a deliberate gradation he could not hasten. Superstitions, presentiments, nameless ideas of coming need, made him miserable. "Ferruzi," he said gently, "for the memory of Mohammed and the holy mind of Ali, stop that song. I heard it first the day I met M'barak ——"

"To speak his name is also an evil omen," Ferruzi answered, and was silent for the rest of the night.

IV

Their descent to the town next morning was a happy scramble. A Khojah, trading about for ivory, explained the eccentricities of the river. Above Tour de Lesseps the water rarely failed to be deep enough for travel, but even now it was falling fast on the way to Egypt. "This is the last trip until the rivers rise again," the Indian said. The telephone was inspected, its French donor praised, and Mrs. Wall conceived the happy idea of erecting a Metchnikoff tablet to commemorate his generosity. They all played about the seven huts and the concrete landing like happy little children, and in the afternoon the faint puffing of the *Harakar* was heard round a bend in the river.

Her gasping grew louder until it seemed to shake the stagnant silence of the humid river town, as the excitement of its arrival stirred its savage hearts. The busy French doctor was the man of the moment, bedecked as quarantine officer, and firm in the dear privilege of boarding her for medical inspection before all others. Before anything of the little craft itself was seen, a bit of the yellow of her quarantine signal showed above a disconsolate group of baobabs.

A clamor rose from black throats, and the men cheered with their ready enthusiasm like mad things, dancing in circles, drunk with excitement, wheeling and singing, and raising the dust in clouds from under their wide, flat feet. The doctor put off in a little native dugout, and they cheered him as he boarded the river steamer upstream. Then a great lull came, for the *Harakar* had anchored so far from the town that not a face could be distinguished among those who traveled on her.

The inspection seemed endless, but at last the doctor appeared on the deck, holding a megaphone in one hand and a sheaf of quarantine papers in the other. He raised the megaphone reluctantly to his mouth before he shouted, "Plague."

Wall nodded, guessing that the Sikhs who had been sent to the south of Mapala had come down with it after embarking on the home trip to India, for he had had news that some of those left behind had succumbed. He cursed M'ba-

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rak, whose rebellion had made the borrowed Sikhs a necessity, for the plague on board the *Harakar* was a heavy blow. Looking at his wife, he saw tears on her eyelashes, and when she looked at him his eyes were fixed in another direction.

The few merchants evidently feared to ship by an infected steamer, and began to move their cargo from the concrete incline to the square Arab house again, while the natives did their bidding with scared and rolling eyes, declaring sickness to be God's will and themselves his servants. After more delay, the doctor rowed along the shore to the landing-place. "Monsieur Wall," he called, again through his megaphone.

The commissioner hurried to him, and they talked together until a new moon showed golden in the darkening alien sky, against which the doctor was also observable, gesticulating his despair. He at last yielded some point which Wall had urged with few words, but with persistency, and turned the dugout upstream again to the tragic quarantine. Wide wings flapped above the town as a few enterprising vultures entered it.

Mrs. Wall rushed to her husband, and Walden followed her; but she felt suddenly that vehemence was useless in the face of silence such as his. His set quiet had the quality of despair in it, the bitterness of defeat. He spoke slowly:

"They've lost sixteen men — ten Indians — of plague, since they started downstream, and this will be the last river trip for three months — the Mapala River is drying out before the rains. I am going on — in view of my errand I must; but I'll not expose you to all this, Anna; no sane man would. But there's the unexpected streak of good luck in it. Lady Alice White is at Guduru with her son, and is going to Entebbe, and then by rail to Mombasa and home by steamer. Walden and you must start for Guduru to-night, and we'll meet in Egypt — soon."

They made the arrangement their separation demanded, and the Indian gave them each sufficient money on their government paper.

Without words or any clamor of distress, three white-robed figures, late at night, took the trail to Guduru: Ferruzi, Walden, and Anna Wall.

A runner overtook them at two miles' distance. He brought this note: "Telephone arrival from Guduru. You may get me before we're off."

Walden said he had been thinking of that, too. "We tested the wire while you were resting," he said to Anna, "and I felt real pride when I saw how well it worked here in darkest Mapala."

Although the walk to Guduru was short, the country changed abruptly before the guides announced the town, and each step they took in darkness led them farther up a steep incline. Ferruzi moved steadily on, showing them much of a dog's love in his uncritical faithfulness, and much of a woman's tenderness under the aloofness of an Arab dignity of manner. He pointed at things looming vague in the blackness of night and told them what they were, and bade them observe how cool the tonic wind was, and how tightly crimped the surface of a tiny lake, as the breezes crossed it under a moon fast declining. The acacias gave out a peculiar tunefulness as the breeze stiffened, and the far forest of *m'vuli* seemed symphonically resonant; the whole primeval world of the *Bara* was full of a moving and elusive music. The hot quiet of Mapalala and Tour de Lesseps was gone, and Walden explained that they were on the level of the Inland Tableland and in the track of the monsoon, asweep over the Great Nyanza. They slept under many blankets, and rose again while it was still very dark.

Ferruzi had made his coffee on the fires of his sentry-line, and its heat was grateful in that chill of equatorial altitude. The first livid streak of dawn showed them that the town was directly above their resting-place, within a stockade; the place was Masai* to the most casual observer: the three kraals or *maneattas* (for bachelors) were recognizable even to those who had only read about the African hinterland in the handbooks of the German steamers; and another evidence to the travelers was a stronger, separate stockade for penning cattle, to the right of the town itself.

Ferruzi stood out in the growing light of day and called a greeting in the few words of Masai he could speak. A tiny wattle door opened in the high fence, and a host of thin-limbed, curious, but unquestioning natives swarmed out like ants whose nests have been assailed.

Lady Alice White and her son had left Guduru for Entebbe, but this was in no sense alarming, for Ferruzi knew the trail, and food was plenty. Walden intended resting Mrs. Wall for two days and pushing on rather briskly to a semi-civilized town. She asked for the telephone, and was told through Ferruzi as interpreter that there was none.

"I spoke to Guduru myself yesterday," Walden declared angrily. "Who's head man in the village?"

From out of the silence about them the name

* A peculiarly interesting and implacable tribe of Semitic-looking negroes, who are usually found near Nairobi, but who have wandered of late years as cattle-raisers.

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"Natiki" broke from twenty throats, not as a shout, but as a statement, with the addition of *hai yuko* (he is not here).

Ferruzi came forward and whispered, "Their speech-tape" (telephone) "has broken — so they say. *B'wana,* but I think they hide it because M'barak says the work of Europe is accursed."

Walden determined on a search when Natiki should have returned from a distant village and could be held responsible.

The day dragged on, and the strong wind again hummed past them, piling great clouds in heroic groups to honor the sun's passing from the African world. While Mrs. Wall still slept, and in the early gleam of day's reappearance, Walden saw Ferruzi step out from the stillness of men asleep, with the stealth of a beast that hunts in the "border hours." Walden felt a sudden grief that he should wish to leave them, even for a day, but his was a reasonable request — a day's hunting.

The afternoon went slowly away under the unending, inarticulate surveillance of the people of Guduru. Walden made tea at four o'clock, near a low, square building of solid masonry at the side of the river. It had been built to accommodate hunters, as a storehouse for ivory, and it had slits for windows not unlike those of a medieval fortress. Mrs. Wall joined him, and they watched a caravan ford the Guduru River where the water was unusually low.

"Odd, about that telephone," she said.

"It's perfect nonsense," Walden answered wearily, "but I can't see why they should lie about it, unless some one has hidden it away for his own ends. These niggers look to me like the type who fear such 'work of Europe' as telephones, and we spoke with this place ourselves yesterday. I'm sure of that, for Wall got the doctor on the wire, who was hurrying out with the last of Lady Alice White's caravan. They may have broken it and been afraid to tell where it is because we should find it damaged; but perhaps Ferruzi's right: they may have waited until we arrived and inspected it, and then, believing our backs turned, broken it."

An Arab had approached them quietly, and stood watching the last of the caravan as they took the trail with much groaning under their shifted packs.

"Hot work," Walden said to the stranger, kindly. There was something familiar to him in the dignity of his acquiescence, in his gait as he moved, key in hand, to the door of the little white building. They moved after him to see what the place contained, and a damp smell spread outward through the open door, and marks of the river's height after the rains were lined in green on the walls.

"It's an odd thing," Walden continued to Mrs. Wall, as they passed in at the gaping doorway, "how all these Arabs look alike. This fellow looks so like a horde of his kind that at first I thought I'd seen him before."

She assented, and asked him to look at the native-made lock on the door, itself a solid piece of *m'vuli* wood, chiseled from a giant tree-trunk and polished with "bull grease." "That lock," the Arab ventured in Swahili, "is no good; it wouldn't keep that door fast if the men here weren't afraid of me. I must get a new one when I go to Tour de Lesseps."

Walden examined it carefully. "It seems a strong lock," he said idly.

The Arab carried a tusk of ivory into the doorway, stooping to examine its tip; then he pushed it beyond the threshold with his foot, catching the door with his hand as if to steady himself. Walden rushed at him, but the door had closed, and the great key had turned smoothly in its well-oiled tread. By the time Mrs. Wall appreciated that the door was fast, the key had already been withdrawn.

"White master, I am M'barak," came softly through the keyhole from the outside world.

V

For the next six hours Walden worked at the lock with passion, while Mrs. Wall sat by, silent, but still mistress of the blind bravery which forbade outcry or tears. He was using her hat-pins as tools for their deliverance, striving wildly to pick the lock with them, and often shouting through the loopholes which gave on the river, frantic with distress, unable to blame himself, but equally unable to help the situation; tricked, trapped, desperate.

Night came, and the walls of their prison exuded a greater chill than before; rats scuttled madly about, and before the light quite failed them they saw the bats leave the beams from which they hung by day and flutter through the loopholes to circle about in the swiftly passing twilight. When he lit a match,— all told, he had but nine in his match-case,— he saw Mrs. Wall praying in a far corner. A brace of lizards were skimming the surface of her linen coat, and her face was pitiful and hopeless. "It will be easier for her if she dies first," he thought.

He spread out his coat for Mrs. Wall, and led her in the darkness to lie down on it. Then he retreated to the far side of the go-down, and lived his life over from its early days to the

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moment M'barak trapped him — that peaceful, sunny moment, with the ripple of the river flowing through it and the seeming peace of a great treachery veneering its rottenness. He dared not think of Wall; he could but pray for him, in the fumbling fashion of a man unused to prayer; nor could he think of Wall's wife with calmness, and the only prayer he prayed for himself was that she might not go mad and rave before the end. He thought of her little boy, to whom this agony would be a mere romance. "The Empire asks nothing of us when it merely demands death in battle," he concluded. So many bullets had missed him to preserve him for future death in a damp Arab storehouse, with a hopeless gentlewoman's fate about his neck. He lit another match, and saw a crocodile's length through the wide cracks in the boarding over the river's edge. Then he slept, and full day broke over him before he woke again, to find the bats inactive in their old places, and Mrs. Wall still sleeping on his coat. The reflection that breakfast was not forthcoming was a bitter one.

He waited with a breathless impatience for Mrs. Wall to wake, realizing the extent to which misery may love company, thinking of his mother with pity for the long days of pained wonder that would elapse before the final word of their end arrived in the Colonial Office. When Mrs. Wall's eyes opened at last, she asked him if he had slept, and he answered, "Like a top, thank you," with the sudden assumption of lying cheerfulness that he felt to be her due.

They chatted almost gaily of the way in which escape would come, until afternoon, when the pains of hunger made her faint — pains which gave place before night to the worse consciousness of thirst. But Walden was possessed of a sudden inspiration. His handkerchief was clean and white, and he lay his whole length to dip it between the boards into the shallows of the retreating river, after which Mrs. Wall sucked it gratefully and revived. It was after this that Walden reached the sacrificial limit of his spiritual career: he had but three cigarettes, and he offered one of them to Mrs. Wall, who accepted it gratefully. The bats got away at their usual hour, and the lizards slid about like jewels in the deepening dusk, the crocodile pushed itself into the bed it had occupied the night before, and night shut down on them, swift and close as a box-lid. "Dear baby!" Mrs. Wall exclaimed softly, just before she slept. She was thinking of her boy, just as Walden had known she would.

Then Walden found tears on his cheeks for the first time in many years. He wished for the gift of sleep with all his soul, but it was denied him, and he dared not smoke one of his two cigarettes when he reflected that they were all that was left of comfort to the poor woman who was walking abreast of him through the martyr's gate to they knew not what degree of consciousness or oblivion. Some commentary of the old Fathers, read in his university days, returned to his mind now, in which the martyr's gate was said to be the road by which souls were compelled to enter heaven, who had declined to gain Paradise by the other paths of good works or a pure spirit. He thought of Livingstone, and recalled Shorthouse's "Sir Percival"— all the thoughts of African deaths, which had remained but a second and separately in his mind heretofore, hurled themselves in a massed attack upon him now. He wet his handkerchief and sucked it in an agony of thirst, and as Mrs. Wall's eyes opened he had it wet again for her.

"Your tea, please, madam," he said playfully, imitating a maid at home.

Her eyes filled with tears, and he saw that he had done the wrong thing; in recalling the far-away comforts, he had conjured up from the depths of their present suffering a score of dearer things. Her eyes rebuked him with meek weeping; he kissed her hand and turned from her. Time seemed ripe for the second cigarette, and he yielded it cheerfully, but sat close to catch the smoke.

"Brother Bruce," she said lightly, "I'm rather a beast, I fancy. Turn and turn about." She looked at his altered face with a shocked glance, although his growing beard hid from her sight the drawn look of privation which was so apparent in her face to his eyes. Her weakness made her sleepy, and in the early afternoon she closed her eyes again with a little unexpected sob.

Walden had called dutifully every day for twenty minutes at a time, consulting his watch and shrieking with the consistency and method that marked what he did in all circumstances. But on the fifth day his voice left him, and Mrs. Wall seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from a sleep that enveloped her senses. The water was fast drying in the river-bed, and the crocodile had moved his resting-place at least four feet during the five days of their confinement, to be ever within plunge of the cover the water afforded him in case of attack. Toward morning on the fifth day a lion purred so near the grim little prison that the noise of it seemed to vibrate in the foul and narrow space. The old hunter's instinct gave some transient stimulus to Walden's fainting powers. With an agility fearfully impaired by weakness, he raised himself to a place in the window and sat

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looking out through the narrow slit which showed him a world in which he had lost his place, a land that should know him no more. The lion had cowered to cover, and the day sent a few cheerless gleams to the surface of the receding river; the almond trees were red, and the acacias had bloomed in bewildering masses of chrome-yellow. He gave Mrs. Wall as much water as she would take, and once more resumed his post as lookout. Neither of them cared for the last cigarette; their sufferings had progressed beyond the power of its comfort.

At five o'clock Walden was lost in a curious speculation. He knew that the next day would find them with all the water gone from under the house, and he looked upon this as God's mercy, and as the one thing that would end their lives for this world with a tolerable swiftness. He gave Mrs. Wall the dripping handkerchief faithfully, but she was now too weak and wandering to realize where she was. He began to turn over some boards and laths lying in the corner. There was a rifle at the very bottom of all the waste, a weapon of obsolete fashion, probably stolen or bought from an expedition as old as Mr. Chanler's. The habit of musing on wild beasts and weapons is strong even in the death of hunters, and he held the thing in his hands, speculating as to whence and how it had reached, and survived in, Guduru. It had been recently used and was loaded. He thanked God for it with solemnity. "When she is gone, I need not wait," he said aloud.

He dragged a heavy board to the window, and found strength to lift it so that it rested on two projecting shelf-like beams or *boriti* which protruded from the walls of masonry. He sank on the floor after the effort, wondering if he should ever, there or thereafter, have strength to mount to his coign of vantage, too lately planned. From far down the river a new sound shook the silence, the short and heavy breathing of some craft whose life was steam.

It was a battle call, a summons to the last stand against the forces of night and darkness. Blundering and sick, he raised himself with more than physical effort, with all the force of nerve and will remaining in him, and attempted to climb, gaining the rough board with a humming in his ears and the desire to be gone from the world swiftly.

He listened, and the sound of the boat told him that it was nearer; he looked, and through the fringe-like border of acacias he saw a slab of moving white, sweeping rapidly to round the point of land opposite the hated town itself. The noise grew louder, although he had lost sight of the craft. He tried to cry out, but all his powers of speech were gone; he felt himself slipping from his own control, and wrung his hands while he gibbered in his effort to make some sound.

The disturbed waters rolled in a wave before the oncoming steamer and rushed under the house, surging up between the planks before it came at last into view. *Harakar* was painted on its sides, and on the deck, no farther than a few yards away, Wall sat gazing out on the land, with Ferruzi behind him. His face was a menace, his eyes were anguished, and his eager hands gripped the rail. Again Walden could make no sound. He raised his rifle and fired, falling from his place aloft to the wet planks below. As he lay there, the water surged up again and covered him for one moment of deep refreshment. When he was able to look out from the narrow window again, he found that the *Harakar* had reversed her engines, backing to the wider channel round the point. Presently he saw her again through the foliage, returning the way she had come.

He looked at Mrs. Wall sleeping herself over the border; he looked above at the bats preparing for their activity at dusk; and in the darkness of this last and coming night he found a heavenly pity shining in his soul.

He put a match to one of the laths, and the sudden flare woke her.

"Somehow," she declared faintly, "I would rather die like this than be murdered quickly."

"It is early days to talk of dying," he answered. "Do you care for this light?"

"Yes."

"Are you in pain?"

"No."

"Why do you whisper?" she asked suddenly.

"I have caught a little cold," he proclaimed cheerfully.

He wondered if his hair were white, wishing that he had a glass to see. The great suspense and trial had passed over him, leaving him trivial; he thought of all the things he liked to eat, and the night wore on in just the way the other nights had gone. The only difference he could see in this evening was that the steamer had come and gone at the time usually devoted to his observation of the lizards, and that he looked toward the dawn with no hope.

He looked up at the narrow window, and saw a part of the descent of a gibbous moon; he looked again, and it was gone. Day was coming, pulsing in wan lights that he had known the world over, the livid twilight preceding dawn.

"My last day," he said slowly. He took a pencil and wrote on the stained wall, "Good-bye,

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mother. Bruce." He looked at the sleeping woman, and wondered at her loss of flesh, before he wrote in another hand, beneath his own message, "Good-bye, dearest. Anna."

"It will comfort the poor fellow," he thought. The useless rifle lay at his feet. "I ought to have shot at the lock of that door," he declared sadly.

He picked it up and went listlessly to the corner where he found it, to put it in its place again. "I might have made better use of you," he whispered to it gravely. Then he knelt. "May God forgive me," he said.

A bell rang under his feet, sharply. His head swam, and he felt himself swaying. It was as if a wave had rolled over him, but when he emerged from the strange seizure the bell still rang. Stooping, he paused before he lifted the light plank which was looser than its fellows, because the day was shining in, in strips of light through the slits of windows. There was no hope in his heart as he kicked the plank away from him, but the noise of that bell had suggested a sound of London's traffic, had brought to his memory a haunting harmony of home, one chord to finish the music of his life before the eternal silence.

A telephone-box was set in a little cement cavity beneath him. It was dusty, but not wet, and he could see that the wire came from across the river; before he answered it, he was looking for an excuse for not having seen the wires in the town.

He raised the receiver. "Are you there?" he whispered.

"Is this Guduru?" came to him in Wall's voice.

As lightning shivers the night's blackness, so a wild hope cleft the nerveless despair that held him.

He rushed to Mrs. Wall, shook her, dragged her, pushed her to the corner where the sun shone brightest. "Wall's on this wire," he hissed, "and I can't answer him. For God's sake, buck up — it's now or never! The telephone's here; it works — but they hid it — oh, hurry on, can't you — rush, rush!"

Shaking, she squatted native fashion on the planks, while he pushed her toward the box, that she might speak into the mouthpiece.

"Pell, dear, we're living, but dying, too, Pell. Hurry. Mr. Walden has been such a sport, but M'barak locked us up. Why didn't you call us up before?"

She listened a long time, joy flaming in her pinched face. When she hung up the receiver, she staggered, as Walden tenderly replaced it. "After they locked us up, the Masai trekked toward Uganda somewhere; they were horribly scared," she explained; "but the Sikhs caught them — three of them and M'barak. Pell's going to hang him," she finished confidentially. She took Walden's watch from the pocket of his filthy tunic. "They can get here by two. They're walking, because even here the river may go dry. Pell's at Tour de Lesseps; he couldn't get north in the *Harakar* — no water."

"He didn't say he came here yesterday?" Walden asked timidly.

"No," she declared, "he didn't say, but the water's failing even as far north as we are — the river's six weeks early this year, Pell says."

It was Ferruzi of Zanzibar who burst the bonds of their door of solid *m'vuli* wood, and his were the kindly piebald hands that gave them their first sips of essence of coffee and beef-juice; he had fled away for help to Tour de Lesseps, and his reward had come when the *Harakar* returned there, finding mud alone where her deepest river channels had been. The upper rivers south of Tour de Lesseps had never failed at this season since Ferruzi's father had owned most of the cattle in Uganda, a parrot's life ago.

Wall was shaken and tearful; he took his wife's hand and read the writing on the wall with burning, boyish sobs.

"I had forgotten I wrote that," Anna said to him long afterward, "but it was a nice idea, dear, wasn't it?"

"You know, old Walden," Wall said every time they talked over the Guduru adventure, "if you hadn't fired that rifle, I should have made the landing and searched the town — and missed you. Of course, I thought when I heard your shot that it was M'barak and that he meant fight; and I knew that his first official act, when Guduru was on a war basis, would be to butcher you and Anna, so I put back as quickly and quietly as I could. When I got back to Tour de Lesseps, Ferruzi learned that M'barak had warned his men there not on any account to use the telephone. I got that out of him in time, and called up Guduru instantly. M'barak just missed it — he should have cut the wires."

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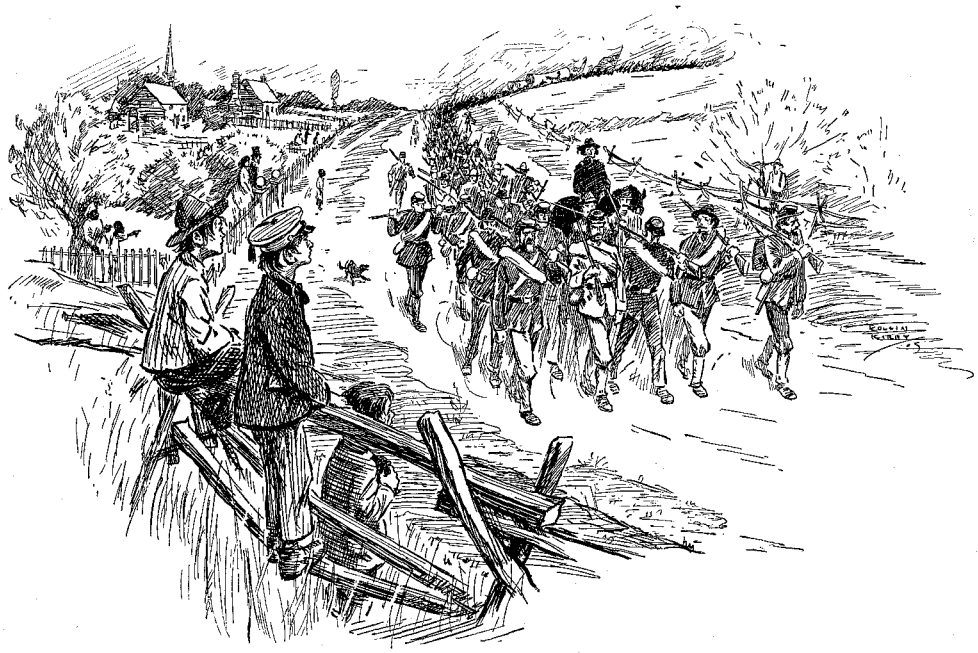

GETTYSBURG: A BOY'S EXPERIENCE OF THE BATTLE

BY

ALBERTUS McCREARY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

GETTYSBURG, Pennsylvania, as I knew it before the War, was a most peaceful little village, surrounded by fields and orchards, stretching in every direction to the distant hills; and peaceful it remained long after the War had begun.

Our only local excitement was the departure for the seat of war of a town company, the "Independent Blues," in response to Lincoln's call for soldiers. That was, as I well remember, a thrilling as well as a sad time. Almost every family had some member among them. My oldest brother marched away with the rest.

How grand they looked! and how eager we boys were to go with them! They were loaded with gifts from their friends, and, I remember, every man was provided with a Bible and woolen socks.

Some months before the battle came a number of scares, rumors of raids. One time when we were expecting a raid, and waiting in fear the coming of the Confederates, up the hill marched a regiment of cavalry. It was just dusk, and they were fully among us before we discovered that they were our own men; and then such cheers as we gave! I remember how hoarse I became from yelling and singing. They camped in the town for the night; and as they rode away the next morning it was a glorious sight, for they were Custer's men, and he was at their head. After him came the buglers. The soldiers wore blue shirts, wide turnover collars, and red neckties, knotted, with the ends flowing over their shoulders. They were equipped with short carbines, swords, and long lances with broad blades ten inches in length. These lances had long handles, the butt resting on the foot; near the blades were red streamers. The bugle notes, the rich coloring, and the glint of lances in the morning sunlight made me think of knights in stories and songs.

At last, after many false alarms, the raiders did arrive. They gathered in the center of the town in the open square and called for the town officials. The burgess and town council-

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men responded. A demand was made upon them, by the officer in command, for seventy thousand dollars and several hundred barrels of flour and pork, with the threat that the town would be burned if the demand was not complied with. The burgess, after much parley, convinced the officer that it would be impossible to agree to their demands, since, having been warned of their coming, the citizens had removed their money and goods to places of safety. The raiders remained throughout the night, camping in the court-house and other buildings. By noon the next day they had all departed, without having done much damage. It had been very exasperating, however, to hear their band through the night playing "Dixie" and other Confederate airs; and they gave us a great scare, for shortly before Chambersburg had been burned during a similar raid.

Things had settled down to comparative quiet, when the papers informed us that Lee, with his whole army, was to invade the North. Next, we heard that our army was marching from the South. The farmers were worried by these reports, for their crops, many of them, were about ready to be gathered; not that any one even dreamed that a great battle would be fought near us, but every one feared the destruction of property from raiding parties, and such disturbances as naturally occur with the passing of an army.

The first indication I saw of the battle was the passing through town, along Washington Street, of parts of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps; they were going to form in line of battle along Seminary Ridge. We boys sat on the fence of High and Washington streets, full of excitement and wonder. I remember saying to one of my companions, "There are enough soldiers here to whip all the 'Rebs' in the South." To us it looked like a great army. It was hours before the last ones had passed.

Boy-like, we followed in the rear, not dreaming that there was going to be actual fighting. We got as far as the Chambersburg Pike, and there we could hear firing over the Ridge. Afterward we learned that this was the actual beginning of the Battle of Gettysburg. General Reynolds held the advance-guard of the army and intercepted the Confederates at this point. He was killed at the beginning of the fight.

The firing seemed to be coming nearer and nearer, and at last shells began to plow through the line on Seminary Ridge. When one fell only a short distance from us and exploded, I concluded that I had better make for home; so I took a short cut through the alleys for my own door. Father was calm, and although some of the family begged him to take us out of town, he soon convinced us that we could not get away (the town was then surrounded by the armies) and were really safest where we were.

It was about noon, and we sat down to our dinner as usual; but before we were through there was so much noise and racket in the street that we all left the table and went to the doors to see just what was going on.

The street was full of Union soldiers, running and pushing each other, sweaty and black from powder and dust. They called to us for

"HANDING ME HIS DRUM, HE SAID, 'KEEP THIS FOR ME'"

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"I ASKED HIM IF THAT WAS ALL HE HAD TO EAT"

water. It was a hot July day. We got great buckets of water and tin dippers, and supplied them as fast as we could from the porch at the side of the house off the main street. Many were the hearty thanks we received. Hundreds thus got a refreshing drink as they fled in full retreat through the town.

While we were carrying water to the soldiers, a small drummer-boy ran up to the porch, and, handing me his drum, said, "Keep this for me." I took it, ran down the cellar steps, and hid it under a pile of shavings. His name and regiment were printed upon it in red letters. Later I wrote to him, but received no answer. I suppose he had been killed. He looked to be about twelve years old.

We were so busy, and the noise and confusion were so great, that we did not notice how close the fighting was, until, about half a block away, we saw hand-to-hand conflicts. It was a complete rout for the Union soldiers.

We kept right on distributing water until an officer rode his horse up on the pavement among the soldiers and said, "All you good people go down in your cellars or you will all be killed." We obeyed him at once. Several neighboring families had sought our house, for it was large and well built, with strong cellar walls of stone.

Hardly were we all down in the cellar, when we heard fighting all around the house, over the porch where a few moments before we had been handing out water, and over the cellar doors in the pavement. I heard a voice say, "Shoot that fellow going over the fence." The order was obeyed, and a shot rang out just by the cellar window. There were several small windows in the walls, and their light cast shadows on the opposite wall, of men rushing back and forth; those shadows filled all of us with horror. There was more and more shooting, until the sound was one continuous racket. I peeped out of one of the windows just in time to see a cannon unlimbered and fired down the street. What a noise it made, and how the dust did fly!

After a time the noise grew less and less, and farther and farther away. We were all waiting to see what would happen next, when suddenly the outer cellar doors were pulled

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open, and five Confederate soldiers jumped down among us. We thought our last day had come. Some of the women cried, while others, with hands clasped, stood rooted to the spot with fear. Father stepped forward and asked what they wanted and begged them not to harm his people.

One fellow — I can see him yet — with a red face covered with freckles, and very red hair, dirty and sweaty, with his gun in his hand, said, "We are looking for Union soldiers."

"There are none here," Father answered. But the soldier said he would have to search, and that we could go upstairs, as the danger was over for a time.

From that time on we had no fear of harm from individual soldiers. We all went upstairs, and the searchers found thirteen of our men hiding in all parts of the house, some under the beds, and one under the piano, and others in closets. The prisoners were brought into the dining-room, where the officer in charge took down their names.

I well remember my father as he said, "Gentlemen, won't you have something to eat?"

The table was just as we had left it such a short time before. They were only too glad to accept the invitation. While all were eating, I went around and took down the names of the prisoners, telling them I would write to their friends. Now that they had stopped fighting, both sides seemed to be on the best of terms, and laughed and chatted like old comrades.

We did not have to take to the cellar again that day, and by nine o'clock it was comparatively quiet about our house, and as we were all worn out from our fears and excitement, we tried to get a little rest, although we did not remove our clothing or go regularly to bed.

From then until the end of the battle we were within the Confederate lines and knew nothing of the state of affairs outside, and were considerably alarmed by the reports given us by the Confederate soldiers. They told us of all sorts of disasters to the Union army. They said their men had taken Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and were nearing Washington, and that it was all up with us. Although we were confined to the house for the next two days, we only took to the cellar at intervals, when there was heavy cannonading. The vibrations could be felt, and the atmosphere was so full of smoke that we could taste saltpeter. One of our party was a deaf and dumb man, who, though he could not hear the firing, plainly felt the vibrations and could tell when the firing was heaviest as well as we. He would spell out on his fingers, "That was a heavy one." The whizzing of the shells overhead and the sharp snap of bullets through the trees in the yard kept us well keyed up.

Our house stood on the corner of Baltimore and High streets, and we did not dare to look out of the windows on the Baltimore Street side. Sharpshooters from Cemetery Hill were watching all the houses for Confederate sharpshooters and picking off every person they saw, since from that distance they could not distinguish citizen from soldier. On the High Street side we could stay out on the porch during the heavy artillery firing.

Along this street from east to west of the town was stretched a line of Confederate infantry in reserve. From time to time they were moved away, and others took their place. I remember how poorly clad they were. Most of them were ragged and dirty, and they had very little to eat. I saw one man with a loaf of moldy bread and a canteen of molasses. He would break off a piece of bread, pour molasses over it, and eat it with what seemed great relish. I asked him if that was all he had to eat. He answered, "Yes, and glad to get it, too." I had many talks with these men as they lay along the pavement and on the cellar doors. They were a sorry lot, poorly equipped and poorly fed. I saw one man passing the house on horseback, without shoes, and with spurs strapped to his bare heels. The officers seemed to be much better cared for.

Diagonally across from us, in the second story of our neighbor's house, a Confederate general had his headquarters. I could see him seated at the window receiving the officers with despatches. If I remember rightly, it was General Ewell.

One day, while I was having a talk with the soldiers, I heard cheering down the street. It seemed to be caused by the passing along High Street, toward our house, of a small body of officers on horseback. As they drew near, the men along our pavement stood and cheered also. One of the men told me it was General Lee and his staff. I had a good look at him as he passed. He looked very much the soldier, sitting very erect in his saddle, with his short-cropped beard and his Confederate gray. The whole staff were a fine-looking set of men — at least, they seemed so to my youthful eyes; and it is needless to say that I gazed at them with keen curiosity. They rode up as far as a slight elevation in the street, stopped, took their glasses, and surveyed Cemetery Hill, where they could see the position of their enemy. This was just before the Louisiana "Tigers" made their famous charge.

What a racket that did make! It was an infantry charge, and the sound was as if a mil-

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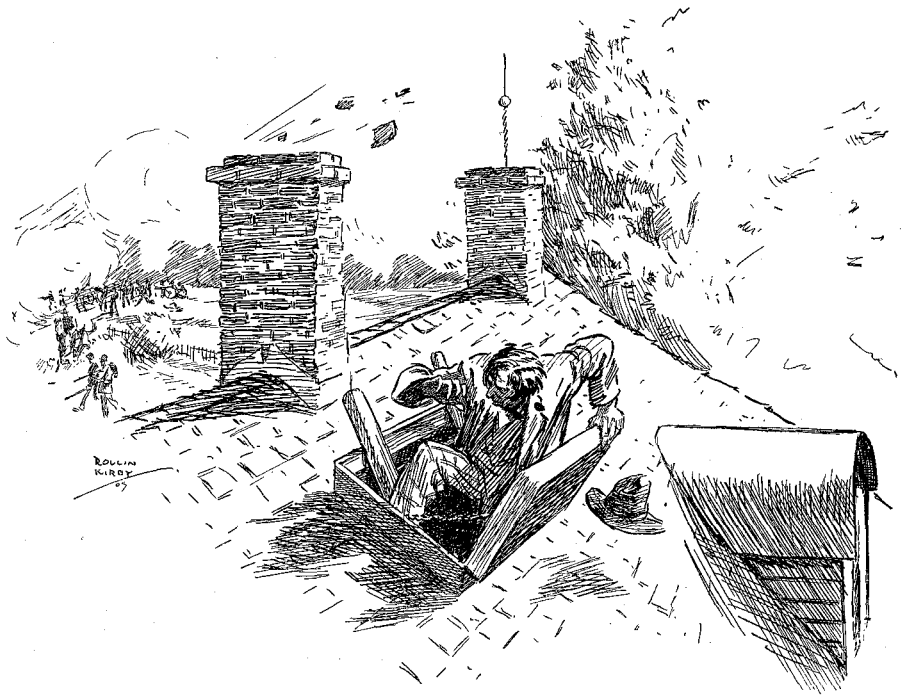
lion boys with sticks were beating on a board fence. It was not in volleys, but continuous.

When this firing began, we took shelter in the cellar, and during the next two days the bullets were continually flying across our yard, so that none of us dared to go to the barn. As we had a number of pet rabbits there, we were very much exercised about feeding them. A Confederate soldier offered to feed them for us, and did cross the yard, with the bullets whizzing around him. I remember how brave we thought him.

Speaking of bravery, there was another Confederate soldier who was so fearless that he climbed a cherry tree in the center of the yard and sat eating cherries in a most unconcerned manner, although the bullets were cutting through the leaves continually. Of course, these were stray bullets, for he could not be seen, but his position was just as dangerous. There was a line of sharpshooters just beyond us.

The soldiers taught us how to distinguish between the sound of a Minié rifle and of a musket ball; also between the different sounds made by the various shells flying over our heads. There were long shells, round shells, and solid shot — each sang its own peculiar song. We soon got to know them all.

Notwithstanding all this flying of shot and shell, there were only three accidents to citizens, and only one of these was fatal. Miss Jennie Wade was killed as she was baking bread for the soldiers. She was shot by a stray bullet that came through an open window and struck her in the breast. In recent years a separate monument has been erected to her honor. She had lived in our family and was personally well known to us all. Mr. McIlhenny, a connection of our family, was wounded slightly in the ankle. The third civilian victim — John Burns — was made famous by his part in the battle. As his fellow townsmen knew the adventure, he was out looking for his cow when he was overtaken by the moving army and became a participant whether he would or no. I refer you to history for another version of the incident.



"A BULLET STRUCK JUST ABOVE HIS HEAD AND KNOCKED OFF A PIECE OF BRICK"

We got used, in a measure, to the fighting, and curiosity got the better of some of us. One of my brothers and I went to the garret, where a trap-door in the roof gave us a good view of Cemetery Hill and of the fields near the Emmetsburg Road. Standing on a ladder, with our heads above the door, we could plainly see the cannon on Cemetery Hill, with the men loading and firing. Every now and then we would see a man drop by the cannon. Once the flagstaff was broken, and the flag fell, but it was quickly put up again.

From this trap-door we saw Pickett's charge.

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A wonderful thing it was to see that long line of Confederates charge across the fields in good order, until they struck the masked batteries. When these batteries opened on them, everything fell into the greatest confusion, and soon clouds of smoke hid them from our sight. While we were watching this charge, a neighbor was watching it also, from his trap-door. He was peeping around the chimney, when a bullet struck just above his head and knocked off a piece of brick. He disappeared so quickly that we both laughed. Almost immediately two bullets struck within a foot of my head in the shingles of the roof, and we followed our neighbor's example and dropped out of sight also. We found that Union sharpshooters on Cemetery Hill had seen our heads and shot at us, thinking that we were Confederate sharpshooters. Many of the houses along this ridge were sheltering sharpshooters.

Our interest in what was going on was so great that we could not resist trying to look out again; but we took the precaution this time to put up a board, so that we could look beneath, and were not so much exposed. We could see one house on a side street that seemed to be full of sharpshooters; we saw the flash and puff of smoke every time one fired. They were evidently doing so much harm to the batteries on Cemetery Hill that a gun was trained on this house, and in a very few moments it was filled full of holes, and the occupants were all driven out. Many of the sharpshooters were killed in various houses in town.

In the house of an uncle of mine a man was killed in an upper room whose windows overlooked the Cemetery. Years after the battle, the postmaster of Gettysburg received a letter from a man in the North who, describing the house exactly, said he was anxious to know if a soldier had been killed in that room during the battle; he wrote that he had shot at a man standing at one of those windows, and had seen him drop.

Once, hearing laughter outside, I looked out and saw a young boy standing in the middle of the street, throwing stones at the windows on either side and laughing loudly every time he broke a glass. Bullets were flying down the street, and every time one whizzed near him he would duck his head, laugh, and immediately renew his efforts to break windows. I saw that he was not one of the town boys, and asked the soldiers who he was. One of them said, "Oh! that little devil followed the army up from the South." He seemed to be having great fun breaking Yankee windows. I do not know what became of him.

I was standing on the side porch at a time when it was safe for me to do so, when a surgeon rode up and, dismounting, called to me to hold his horse. I went up, and was standing by its head with the rein in my hand, when I heard a shell coming toward me. The noise came nearer and nearer until it seemed just above my head. I could stand it no longer. I dropped the rein and made for the other side of the street. I reached it none too soon, for as I gained the porch the shell struck near where I had been standing. It made a tremendous noise when it exploded. The horse I had been holding, it is needless to say, went down the street at a swift pace. I do not know whether his master ever saw him again.

Before the battle I had been wearing my soldier's cap, but an incident occurred that led me to discard it for one of another kind until more peaceful times. I was standing on the pavement in front of our own door, watching a squad of Confederates approaching (we had lost our fear of them by this time). When they came opposite me, the officer in charge called, "Halt!" and pointed at me.

Two of the men left the ranks, came over to me, and took me by the arms, saying, "Come on."

I was greatly frightened at this, and called for my father, who happened to be just inside. He at once came out, and the whole family with him, and asked what they wanted.

"He is in the army and must come with us," they said.

Father laughed and said, "Oh, he is only a school-boy"; but they started off with me, and it was only when a number of the neighbors, who had come out of their houses on hearing the commotion, finally persuaded them to believe I was not in the army, that they let me off.

Oh, how frightened I was! I cannot convey to any one the feeling that swept over me as I was being led away, as I thought, to a Southern prison and death.

A number of citizens had been taken during the raids into Pennsylvania, and carried to Southern prisons. For this reason my father remained in the background when our house was searched for ammunition and soldiers, and made me go forward and show them about. One officer I remember especially. He was very polite and apologized for giving us so much trouble, saying he had to obey orders. He had a very beautiful stiletto with a pearl handle. I begged him to give it to me, but he said he might need it.

I had picked up eight rifles in the yard on the first day and hid them in a shed under a pile of leaves. The third day a squad of soldiers came in search of guns and ammunition; I think they were getting short of both.

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I went out as usual and asked them what they wanted. They said they were looking for guns. One fellow took me by the shoulders and said, "Now, Johnny, I know you have a lot of guns hid; show me where they are." I denied that I had any. He marched me along, and every little while would say, "Where are they?" And I still denied having any. At last they neared the shed. I stuck out that I hadn't any guns, but when they reached the door I was feeling pretty panicky; I did not know what they might do with me if they found the guns under the leaves. Then the fellow pushed open the door and kicked among the leaves. "Oh, oh!" he exclaimed, and looked hard at me. My face must have betrayed my fears, for he burst out laughing and patted me on the back, saying in a kind tone, "Too bad, too bad!" But the guns were gathered up and taken away.

"BEING LED AWAY, AS I THOUGHT, TO PRISON AND DEATH"

I saw a great many wounded men making their way to the hospitals which had been hastily established in many places in the town. One poor fellow came limping on one foot, with his hand on his horse for support. He stopped at our steps for a few moments. I ran into the house, got a broom, sawed off the handle, tacked a cross-piece to the end, and soon had a crutch that would enable him to get on more comfortably. He thanked me for it and went on his way more rapidly.

At another time two men came along, one helping the other by the arm. The face of one of them was so covered with bandages that we could see only his eyes. The other man said that his lower jaw had been shot away. He was suffering greatly and made a sign for water. I ran quickly and brought it, but he could not drink. He held his head back, and I poured the water on the bandages about his mouth, and it soaked through the bandages into his throat. The unwounded soldier thanked me and gave me a battered quarter which he said he had found in the fire at Fredericksburg.

Another soldier, who had his wrist wrapped up, stopped at our steps. A surgeon who was in the house came out and asked the soldier what was the matter, and was told that a bullet was in the wrist. The surgeon quickly unwrapped the bandages, and sure enough there was a hole on one side and a big lump on the other. He made a slight cut over the lump, and out dropped the bullet. It became a very sore wound and gave the man much trouble. He stayed with us several days, until he was sent home.

Two men were carrying another on a stretcher and stopped to rest at our door. Father asked how the injured man was wounded, as he seemed to be suffering great pain. They answered that his hip was broken and that it caused him great suffering to be moved. Father had them bring him into the house, as we still had a bed to spare. He was a captain, and had been in the Mexican War. He refused to have his leg amputated—said he would die first. We sent for his wife, who came on with their little daughter. They were with us six weeks. All the doctors could do did not save him. He died from lockjaw, and his shrieks of pain could be heard half a block away. We never knew what became of the wife and child; we never heard from them after they left with his body.

There were a number of hospitals within a block of us. The Presbyterian church just across the street, the Catholic church a few doors above, the United Presbyterian church back of our lot, and the German Reformed at the end of High Street, were used as hospitals;

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two school-houses, half a block up High Street, and the court-house, a short distance down Baltimore Street, and many private residences near by were all turned to the same account. We were saved much annoyance by having a red flag put up at our door, to show that the house was a hospital. All of our beds were occupied, and we boys slept on the floor and ate at the Sanitary Commission for weeks. We thought hard-tack and bacon fried together a great treat. The provisions we had in the house were soon consumed, and had it not been for the Commission we should have starved to death. Their wagon stopped every morning with supplies of meat and bread and anything they had to distribute. We not only cooked for the patients in the house, but sent quantities of food to those in the church across the street. The pews in the church were covered with boards, and then straw and blankets were spread on them to make beds for the wounded. There were many cases of severe wounds and many deaths in that church. The dead were buried in trenches behind it. One day I was watching them bury the dead in this trench, when men with a stretcher brought out a body covered only with a sheet. They drew back the sheet and disclosed the form of a young man perfect in every way, with only a small black hole in his breast.

A number of colored people lived in the western part of the town, and on the first day a great many of them were gathered together by the Confederate soldiers and marched out of town. As they passed our house our old washerwoman called out, "Good-by; we are going back to slavery." Most of them were crying and moaning.

We never expected to see "Old Liz" again, but the day after the battle ended she came walking in, exclaiming, "Thank God, I's alive yet." We all crowded around her, anxious to know how she had got away. I wish I could repeat her story as she told it to us; that is more than I can undertake, but the main fact was this: She was marched with the rest down the street, and there was such a crowd that when they were opposite the Lutheran church, in the confusion she slipped into the church without being seen, and climbed up into the belfry; she stayed there for the two days without anything to eat or drink.

A Union soldier came to the house for something to eat on the morning of the fourth day, and said that he had been hid in the belfry of the school-house from the morning of the first day until then. He had run in during the retreat, and there was no way of getting out without being captured. He was almost starved, for he had had only a few drops of water in his canteen and a little hard-tack. We soon fixed him up, and, refreshed with food and water, he started out to find his regiment.

I was asleep on the floor the night of the third day, and was awakened just at daybreak by a booming. I sprang up, saying to myself, "Well, another day of it!"

My brother entered the room just then, his face all smiles.

"What is it?" I asked.

"What's what?" he answered.

"What was that firing?" I said.

"Oh, that was David falling out of bed. But look out of the window!"

I looked, and gave a cheer, for there were our blue-coated men marching down the street. The battle was over. But we were not yet safe. A rumor was spread that filled us with a new fear: the Confederates, we were told, were about to shell the town. Happily, the rumor was a false one; there was no more firing, and we were able to go out to look about us.

There were some sorry-looking homes in our neighborhood. The Confederate soldiers had entered them during their occupation of the town and tried to see how much damage they could do. I went home with a young friend of mine, whose family had been in a neighboring cellar during the three days of the battle, and found that almost everything had either been cut to pieces or destroyed in some way. Pieces of furniture were burned and broken, a desk had been destroyed, bookcases knocked down, and the books torn and shattered. To add more to the disorder and destruction, the soldiers had taken a half-barrel of flour, mixed it with water to make a thin paste, put into this the feathers from feather-beds, and thrown it over everything — walls, furniture, and down the stairways. Of course, the owners were indignant and angry, for it meant great loss to them; but there was nothing to be done about it.

We had an old cow that had been in the family for years, and the morning of the first day of the fight we had put her in pasture as usual. This pasture was near the edge of town. Of course, we saw nothing of her during the three days of fighting. Often one of us would say, "I wonder what has become of the old cow." The general opinion was that we had seen the last of her. On the morning of the fourth day, Father, my brother, and I took a walk over the field to see if we could find any trace of her. We saw many terrible sights. Dead soldiers were lying around thick, dead horses, and many cow skins and heads;

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"A UNION SOLDIER, ALMOST STARVED, CAME TO THE HOUSE FOR SOMETHING TO EAT"

from this last we soon came to the conclusion that our cow had been killed for food like the rest, so we gave her up. As we were eating supper one evening a week or more after the battle, we heard a familiar bellowing in the street. Everybody sprang from the table and rushed out. There stood our dear old cow, looking as happy as it is possible for a cow to look at being home again. We petted and hugged her in our pleasure at finding her alive, and soon had her in the stable in her own familiar stall. Then we discovered that she had a bullet-hole in her neck and one in her side. She was not severely hurt, however, and both bullets came out eventually. We found out later that all the cows in that particular field had got out in some way the first day of the fight and had wandered off about ten miles from town, beyond the firing-line. After the battle they all found their way back to town.

In going over the field that first day after the fight, the many strange and terrible sights made a strong and lasting impression on my mind. In one place there were as many as forty dead horses — where a battery had been planked; the bodies were much swollen, the feet standing up in the air. Broken wagons and guns, belts, cartridge-boxes and canteens, blankets, and all sorts of soldier equipment were lying around everywhere. The fences were all down; only a few posts, here and there, were left, like sentinels on guard.

Dead soldiers were everywhere. Near a small house lay the bodies of two Confederate soldiers, and on looking into the house I saw two others, one on a bed and the other on the floor. I went in to see if the one on the bed might not be alive. He was dead. He was a young man, and on his breast was a medal of some order. I was tempted to take it off, but I did not because I thought it might lead to his identification.

The stench from the battle-field after the fight was so bad that every one went about with a bottle of pennyroyal or peppermint oil. The burial of the dead commenced at once, and many were buried along the line where they fought and fell, and, in many cases, so near the surface that their clothing came through the earth.

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We made a long tramp that first day and did not reach home until late in the afternoon. There we found plenty to take up our time and attention. The surgeons were at work in the hospital that adjoined our back yard. I spent hours on the fence watching them operating on the wounded. On a table out of doors operations of all kinds were performed. I must say I got pretty well hardened to such sights.

One day shortly after the battle, as we were walking over the field, we came to a squad of soldiers who had opened a trench where some of the dead had been hastily buried. They were taking up the bodies and placing them in coffins to be buried in the National Cemetery. The sight became so horrible that we could not endure it and quickly left the spot.

A man came to the town with patent coffins, and many a poor fellow took his last journey in one of them. The lid had a box in which ice was placed, thus making it possible to take bodies any distance.

It was a sad sight to see relatives visiting the fields in search of some dear one. Sometimes they would find him in one of the many hospitals, but more often among the dead. One young lady came to our house in search of a brother who had been wounded. She came on the late train and stayed at the house until morning. When morning came she went with my brother to find him, but he had died during the night.

At the extreme end of our lot there was a large barn which was used as a prison for Confederate soldiers; there were four hundred in it at one time. The barn and yard around it were full of men. For food they gave them boxes of hard-tack and water from our pump. This was all they had. One poor fellow came up to the house with his head tied up, and said he had a bullet wound in the back part of it, and that his head was so sore he could not eat hard-tack. My sister made him some broth, and he was allowed to sleep on a bench in the yard by the house. The next day the men were moved away to some Northern prison; but they did not take the graybacks with them. The barn was so alive with them that no one dared go into it until it had been thoroughly whitewashed inside and out.

Ten years after the battle the postmaster of Gettysburg received a letter from a man in North Carolina, who said he had been wounded in the head at the Battle of Gettysburg, was taken prisoner, and kept in a barn overnight; that a young lady made some broth for him, and that he would like to have her address, as he wished to correspond with her with a view to matrimony. He said he was well off, and had a fine vineyard. We were glad to know that all was well with him, but there was no correspondence.

At the time of the War lead was very scarce, and we could get thirteen cents a pound for it, so all the boys hunted lead bullets. We would go along Culp's Hill, poke among the leaves, and sometimes find what we called pockets, a lot of bullets in a pile — eight or ten pounds; as it took only eight of a certain kind to make a pound, I gathered many pounds myself in this way. The large shells were full of bullets, and we found many of them that had not exploded; we would unscrew the cap-end, and, if we were careful, fill the shell with water before we undertook to extract the bullets.

Sometimes boys became careless. A schoolmate of mine, with others of us, had been hunting bullets on Cemetery Hill. He found a shell, and, the contents not coming out fast enough for him, he struck it upon a rock upon which he was sitting, and made a spark which exploded the shell. We carried him to his home, and the surgeons did what they could for him, but he never regained consciousness and died in about an hour. With all my familiarity with horrors, I nearly fainted when I saw the surgeons probing his wound.

I often wonder why more boys were not injured. Almost every boy had a can of powder hidden in the house or barn, with rifles or carbines to shoot it off in. We would go to Brick-yard Lane, a favorite resort of the boys, load the rifles good and strong, leaving the ramrod in, and then shoot into the air. We never knew where the ramrods went. Another trick was to go to the woods, place five or six large Wentworth shells among dry leaves and sticks, set fire to the pile, and run off to a safe distance and wait for the explosion. It made a racket that put Fourth of July in the shade.

The only other accident that I witnessed happened a year after the battle. I was passing along High Street, and had reached Power's Stone-yard, when I heard a terrible explosion behind me. I turned back to see what had happened. There I saw a young schoolmate lying on his back with his bowels blown away. He looked at me for a second, then closed his eyes in death. Near him was a man almost torn to pieces, his hands hanging in shreds.

He was promptly cared for, and, although badly wounded, losing both his hands and one leg, he lived. He was a stranger in the place, and was there to visit the battle-field. He was trying to empty a shell he had found on the field. A lady in a house opposite had seen the boy come out of the stone-yard and say to the man that hitting the shell on a stone was

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a very dangerous thing to do. Just as he spoke, down came the shell on the stone and exploded.

Visitors soon began to come to see the battle-field, and all wanted relics. We were always on the lookout for bullets and pieces of shell, in fact, anything that could be easily handled, to sell to them. We found that a piece of tree with a bullet embedded in it was a great prize and a good seller. Every boy went out with a hatchet to chop pieces from the trees in which bullets had lodged. I found several trees with bullets in them that had met in mid-air and stuck together. These were considered a great find. Lamps were made of round shells. The caps were taken out, a tube for a wick was placed in them, and the shell was fastened to a square block of wood, thus making a very useful and convenient relic. The guide-books that soon came out were another source of revenue to the boys, and continue so to the present day.

It was not until 1865 that we again had a stirring time.

The National Cemetery had been laid out, and bodies were brought from all parts of the field and buried there. The Cemetery was to be dedicated, and Mr. Lincoln was to be there. It was a great day for the boys when he arrived. We all wanted to see him, and my strongest wish was to shake hands with him. I saw him several times, and was thrilled with patriotic enthusiasm every time. He stopped at a house at York Street and the corner of Diamond, and I got close to the open door and had a good view of him walking up and down the hall. He seemed very tall and gaunt to me, but his face was wonderful to look upon. It was such a sad face and so full of kindly feeling that one felt at home with him at once. I was fascinated, and kept going up to the steps a step at a time until I was at the very door and very near to him. He did not look up, but kept walking up and down, no doubt thinking over the great speech he was about to deliver. I watched him until he turned into the parlor and the door shut.

In the afternoon there was a parade, and great crowds went out to the Cemetery. A platform had been raised near the monument for the speakers, and it is estimated that twenty-five thousand people gathered about it to hear that address.

I squeezed my way through the mass of people until I was about ten feet from the platform on which, of course, sat Mr. Lincoln and Edward Everett. I waited for Mr. Everett to get through his speech with what patience I could. It was long, I remember, but what he said made no lodgment in my mind; I was only waiting to hear Mr. Lincoln. At last he arose, and as he stood up he seemed taller than ever, in contrast to Mr. Everett; I am sure he was listened to with greater attention, though only a few really understood the greatness of the words there and then spoken. I have always been proud that I heard them.

In the evening there was a meeting in the Presbyterian church, and it was reported that Mr. Lincoln was to be there. The church was so crowded that many were turned away. I managed to work myself past the guard at the door and about half way down the aisle; the aisle was blocked with others unable to get seats. I looked every way for a sight of Mr. Lincoln, and by the time the services were nearly over I felt sure he was not there.

As the people arose to leave, I turned around to leave also, and there was Mr. Lincoln in the pew just at my side. I held my ground until he was in the aisle near me, when I put out my hand and said, "Mr. Lincoln, will you shake hands with me?"

"Certainly," he said, and gave me a good, strong grasp.

He moved on and was soon lost to view, but I was a proud boy, and to this day feel a thrill of pride to have pressed the hand of one of the greatest men the world has known.

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WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT CANCER

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHAT is the medical profession in this country doing to stop the ravages of cancer? A short time ago Professor Ehrlich, the great German investigator, in the course of a visit to our most important cancer laboratories, made several statements which partly answer this question. As a result of recent progress in cancer research, he declared, the beginning of the end of the cancer problem is in sight. The ultimate conquest of the disease, added Ehrlich, is as certain as was the capture of Port Arthur after the Japanese had taken the first trench. It is to the cancer laboratories of the United States, he continued, that European investigators now look for the most important results. As a matter of fact, many of the discoveries upon which Ehrlich based his optimistic statements were made first on this side of the Atlantic.

The medical profession has learned more about cancer in the last six years than in the preceding six thousand. True as this statement is, however, it must not be misconstrued. No cancer "cure" has been discovered. Investigators have penetrated many secrets of the disease, but they have not yet restored a single human sufferer to health. From the standpoint of science, however, the discovery of new principles of eternal applicability is far more important than the discovery of specific remedies. Thus Pasteur's demonstration that living microbes cause contagious diseases meant more to medical science than his successful treatment of hydrophobia, which was merely one application of this general principle. Likewise, the cancer investigations of the last few years have revealed certain hitherto unknown principles that will eventually assume great importance in the practical treatment of the disease.

One in Every Eight Women Past the Age of Thirty-five Dies of Cancer

It is peculiarly appropriate that the United States should take a leading part in this work. In all probability, cancer is the worst physical scourge with which we have to deal. It annually destroys half as many lives as tuberculosis; but it is an even greater menace, because, whereas the mortality from tuberculosis steadily decreases year by year, that from cancer steadily increases. The actual facts even medical men themselves hesitate to discuss. How many realize, for example, that, in England, of all women who have

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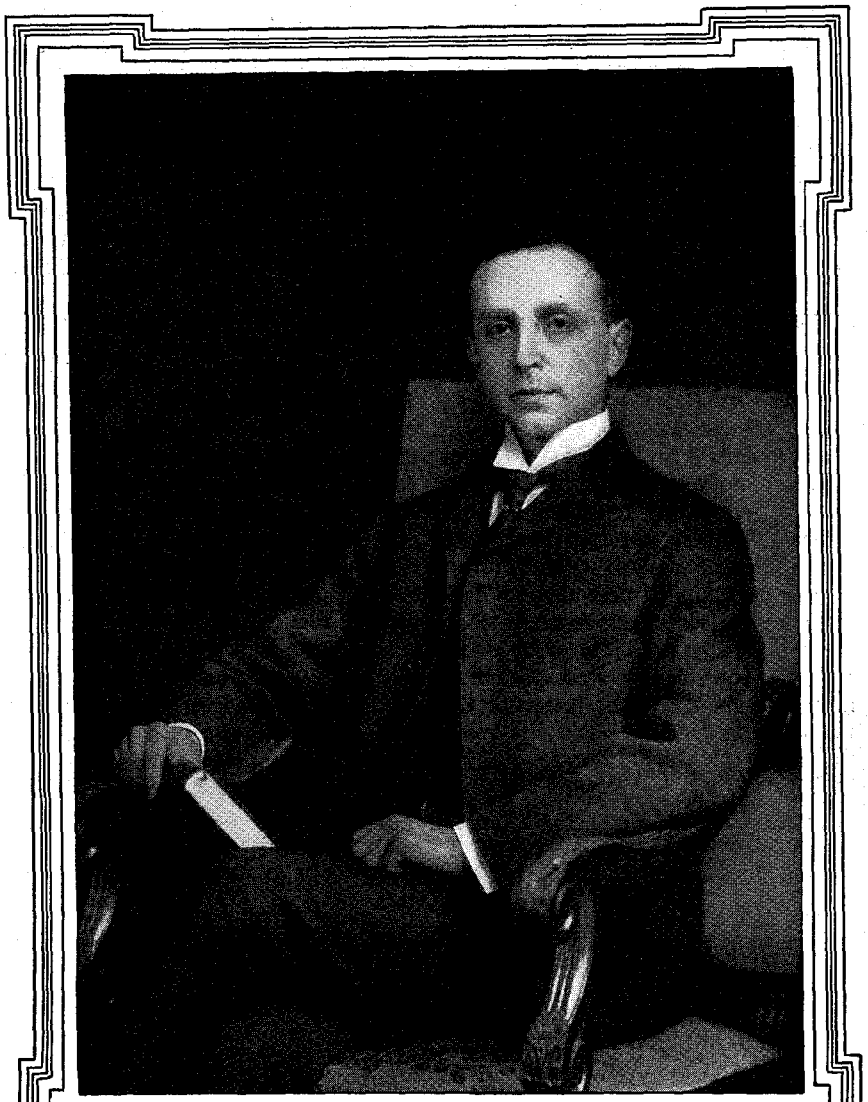

PROFESSOR LEO LOEB

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA; THE PIONEER CANCER INVESTIGATOR IN THIS COUNTRY

reached the age of thirty-five years, one in every eight dies of cancer, and one in every eleven men? Yet the latest official report of the Registrar General of England coldly declares that this is the present situation. Whether the same figures apply to the United States cannot be determined with available statistics; but as living conditions and medical practice represent about the same standards in both countries, the probability is that they do.

Indeed, medical science would not be surprised to learn that the mortality is greater in the United States than elsewhere. We pride ourselves upon our general prosperity and enlightenment, and those seem precisely the two factors that chiefly encourage the growth of cancer. Spread out a map of the world, and mark the countries that have progressed farthest in material well-being, in education, government, sanitation, and other essentials of modern civilization; those are the countries that suffer most from the cancer plague. In the eastern world, not Asia or Africa, but enlightened Europe; in the western, not Mexico,

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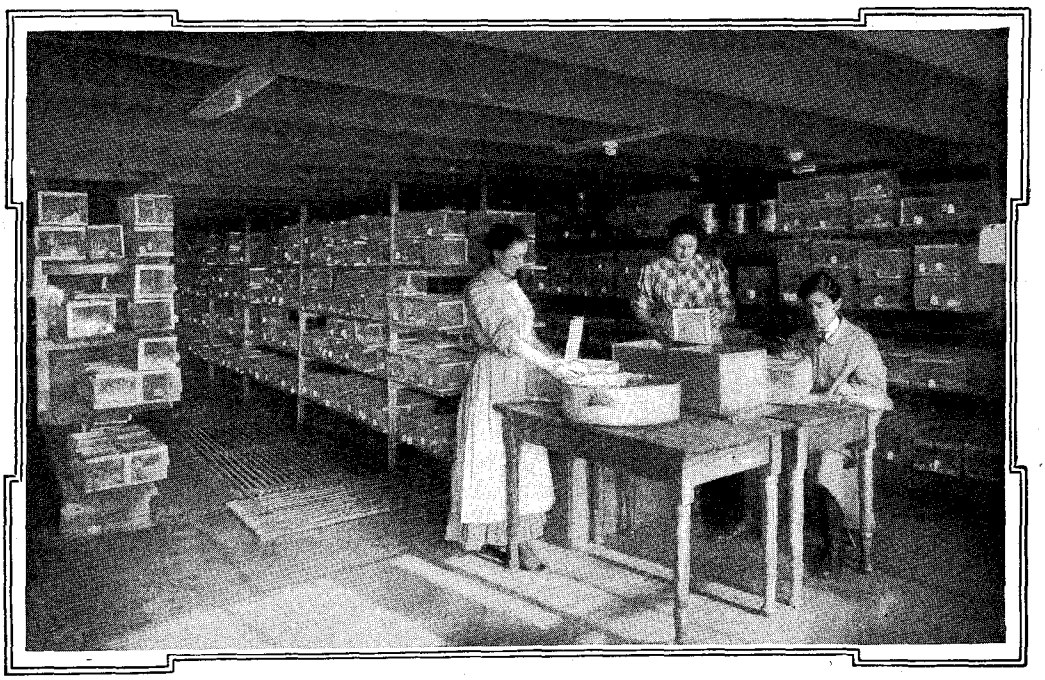
Honduras, or Panama, but the United States and Canada — these are the countries most grievously afflicted. No savage tribe is absolutely immune, but cancer assails most violently those peoples that have reached the highest points in civilization. And not only this, but it apparently bears heaviest upon the most sanitary and enlightened parts of these countries. In Europe the nations that suffer most are not Russia or Hungary or Italy or Spain, but Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, and, above all, England. In London, the greatest mortality is found, not in the East End, but in Hampstead, Marylebone, and Chelsea, which include the city's wealthiest parts. Similarly, in New York, the Russian Jews and Italians who so largely populate the crowded tenement sections are comparatively immune, whereas the more sanitary parts of the town are favorite breeding-places. Where diseases of known contagiousness, like tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and pneumonia, most abound, cancer seems to find a less strong foothold than in other more salubrious sections; as by some mysterious and inexorable law of compensation it finds its way mainly into the homes of the prosperous and enlightened.

Cancer a Disease of Highly Developed Civilization

Thus cancer, like death itself, apparently loves a shining mark. It strikes, not so frequently at the vicious, the uncleanly, the miserable, but at those lives that promise most to themselves and their communities. In prisons, insane asylums, and workhouses it is only exceptionally found. Among men, according to experienced investigators, few drunkards become cancerous, and, among women, few prostitutes. Married women more frequently die from this cause than unmarried, and fertile women more frequently than barren. Among animals, reptiles are practically the only species in which cancers have not been found, but it is the domesticated animals, or those living in closest association with man, that suffer most. Thus horses, cows, pigs, parrots, canary-birds, cats, mice, rats — all these have cancer; and it is the closest animal associate of man, the dog, that is the most commonly afflicted. If all the lap-dogs of Fifth Avenue and our other fashionable quarters were examined, a considerable proportion would be found to be afflicted with one or more malignant tumors.

In all probability, this prevalence of cancer in the most civilized communities and in the most sanitary quarters is explained by the fact that it is an affliction of middle and post-middle life. Among savage peoples and nations where only elementary sanitation is practised, and the food supply is irregular, the death rate is higher, the average length of life is shorter, and infant mortality is greater. A smaller percentage of



LABORATORY FOR THE EXPERIMENTAL STUDY OF CANCER, CONTAINING 5,000 WHITE MICE AND WHITE RATS IN SEVERAL STAGES OF THE DISEASE

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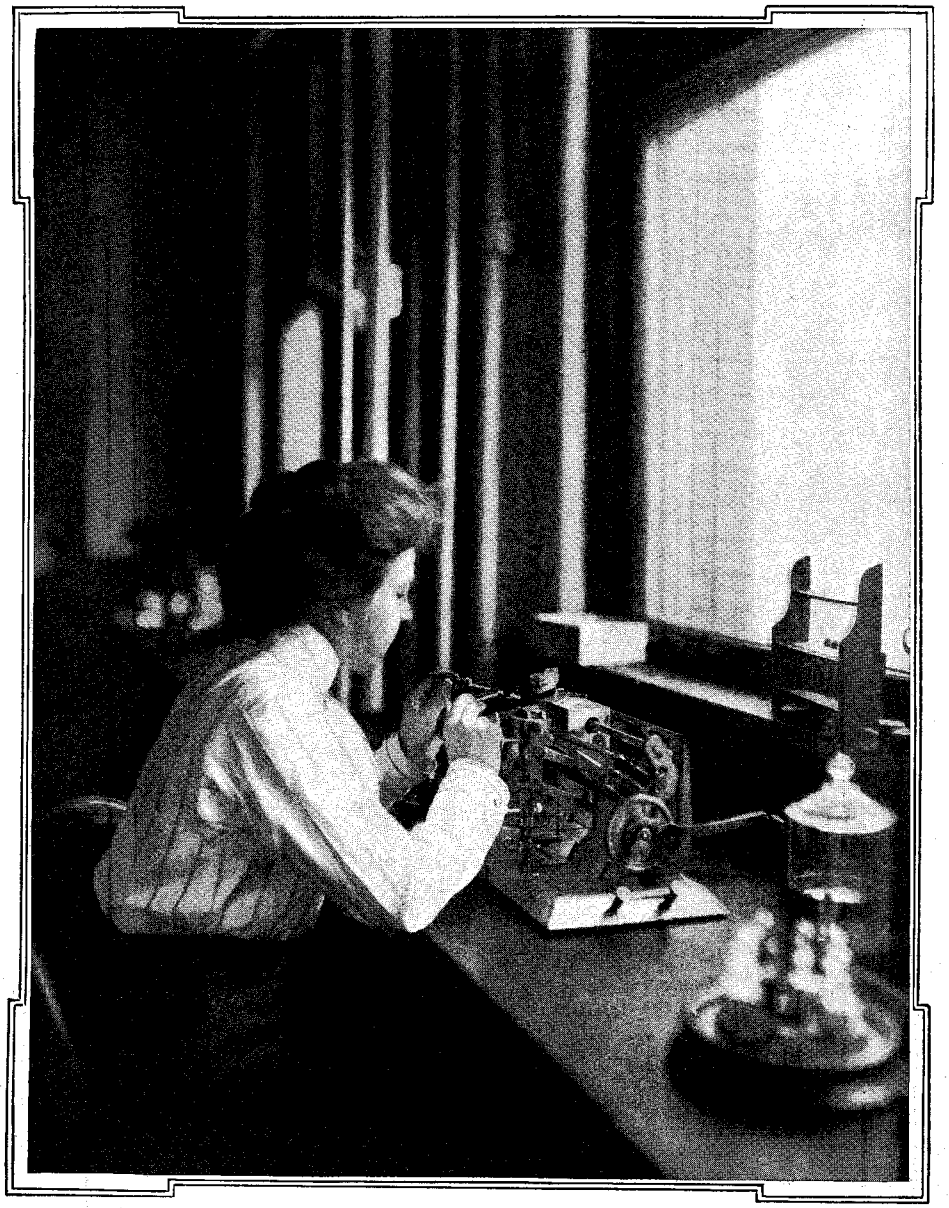

LABORATORY ASSISTANT PREPARING CANCER TISSUE FOR THE MICROSCOPE

the population, in other words, reaches the cancerous age. Thus most scientists would explain the comparative absence of cancer among prostitutes by the brutal truth that only a small number live long enough to become subject to the disease. These considerations bring us face to face with a most startling circumstance: that nature seems to be subtly attempting to undo much of the work of modern medical science. We save yearly by diphtheria antitoxin the lives of thousands of babies and children, only that they may grow up to become victims of cancer. We rescue many thousands of young men and women from tuberculosis, so that they may reap, as their whirlwind, an even more dreadful malady. Some economists have explained the great famines of India on the ground that modern sanitation has so decreased the death rate that the country cannot sustain the increased population; and likewise the increase in cancer may probably be accounted for, not by any absolute increase in virulence, but by the fact that modern medical science, in its merciful work of prolonging life, is simply providing the disease with more abundant soil.

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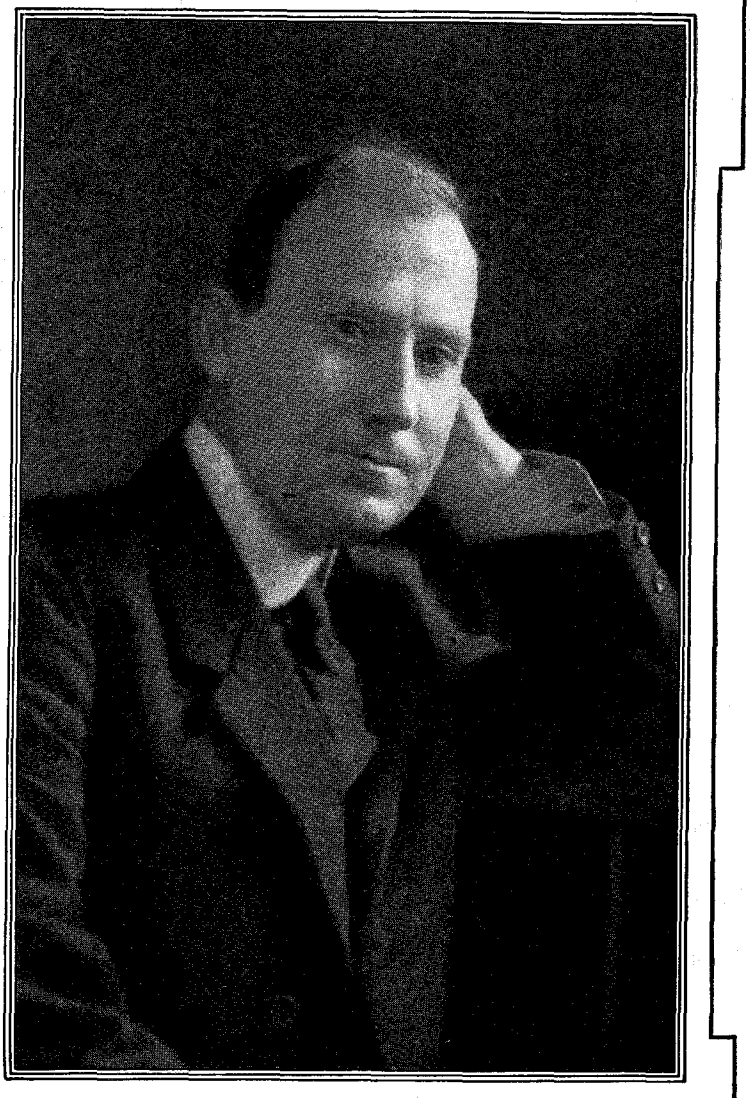

DR. JAMES W. JOBLING

WHO, IN ASSOCIATION WITH DR. SIMON FLEXNER, HAS HAD CHARGE OF CANCER EXPERIMENTATION AT THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE

Inasmuch as sanitation has reached a high development in this country, the likelihood is that, unless the malady is checked, it will become our greatest national scourge. Until 1900, however, little progress had been made. The attitude of science had been for many years one of hopeless pessimism. Modern medical progress had almost scratched the word "incurable" from its lexicon; cancer, however, was still looked upon as one of the fundamental facts of nature, like death itself, with which we could hardly interfere. The cause of the disease had been the age-long riddle of pathological science. The greatest medical minds of the nineteenth century had attacked the problem and had retired humiliated. The endless search for the cancer parasite, the fact that forty or fifty different organisms had been described as the specific cause, had brought the whole subject more or less into disrepute.

But up to this time the investigators had not had a fair chance at the problem. In the

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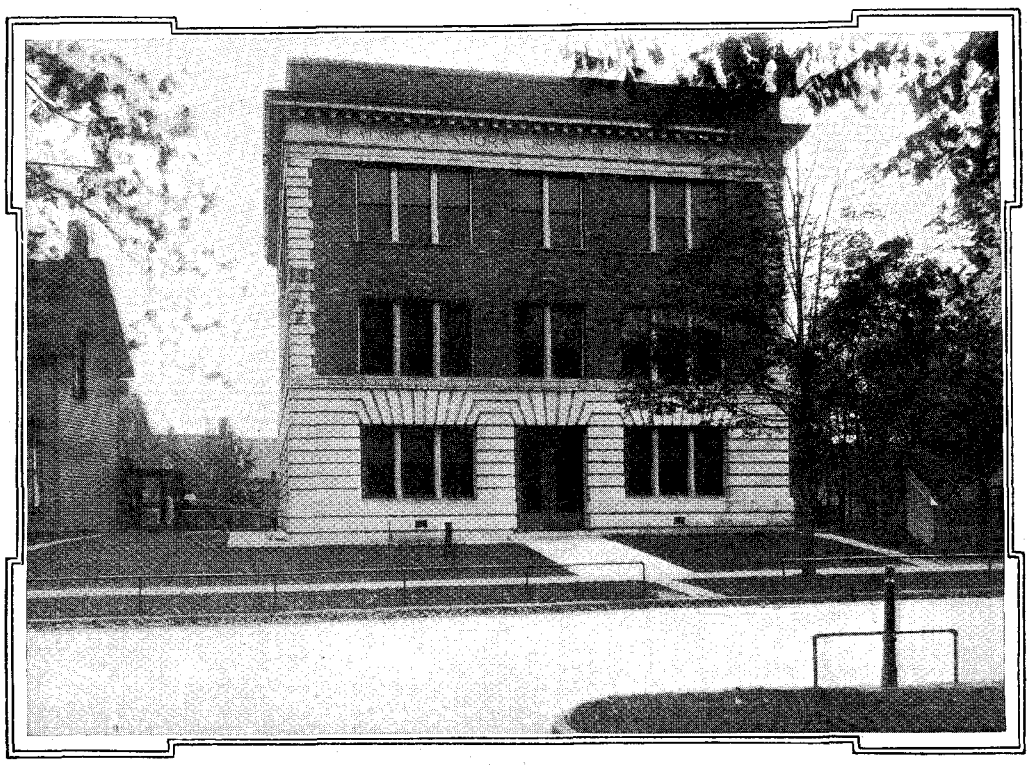

GRATWICK LABORATORY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

BUILT BY MRS. WILLIAM H. GRATWICK, FOR CANCER RESEARCH. THIS WAS THE FIRST INSTITUTION FOUNDED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE STUDY OF THIS SUBJECT

study of cancer they had not been able to utilize the experimental method. History discloses the fact that nearly all great medical discoveries are the result of experiments on living animals. From the time when Galen cut open the arteries of a dog and found that they actually contained blood, and not, as the most respectable schoolmen declared, simply "air," to the day when Behring evolved the diphtheria anti-toxin by experimenting upon guinea-pigs, animals have supplied the basis of nearly all real medical progress. And in the study of contagious diseases great advancement has been made only in those affections that can readily be transmitted to animals. We know much about typhoid fever and tuberculosis, for laboratory animals can be readily infected with these diseases and thus furnish the groundwork for experimentation; we know little about scarlet fever and measles — we have not even discovered the causative germs — because animals are naturally immune to these infections. A similar condition of affairs had blocked cancer research. Nearly all animals have the disease in nature, but no method had been found of readily transmitting it to them. Several investigators had even experimented upon themselves, injecting under their own skins small pieces of human cancer; in no case, however, had a malignant growth supervened. One or two investigators, especially Hanau in Germany and Moreau in France, had reported actual success in transplanting cancerous tumors from mouse to mouse; but their results had made little impression, and, by the time the new interest in the subject began, had been entirely forgotten.

Inside a Cancer Laboratory

But all this has changed. There are five American laboratories now in which animal experimentation in cancer is extensively carried on — the Gratwick Laboratory at Buffalo, the Medical Schools of Cornell, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania, and the Rockefeller Institute in New York. White mice and white rats and a smaller number of dogs furnish the foundation for this work. The average cancer laboratory looks more like a breeder's establishment than a scientific headquarters. Upon the shelves are dozens of cages, filled with hundreds, in some cases thousands, of white mice and rats in different stages of the disease. The first sensation, on entering such a room, is naturally one of repulsion; on closer inspection, however, the situation is not as painful as the

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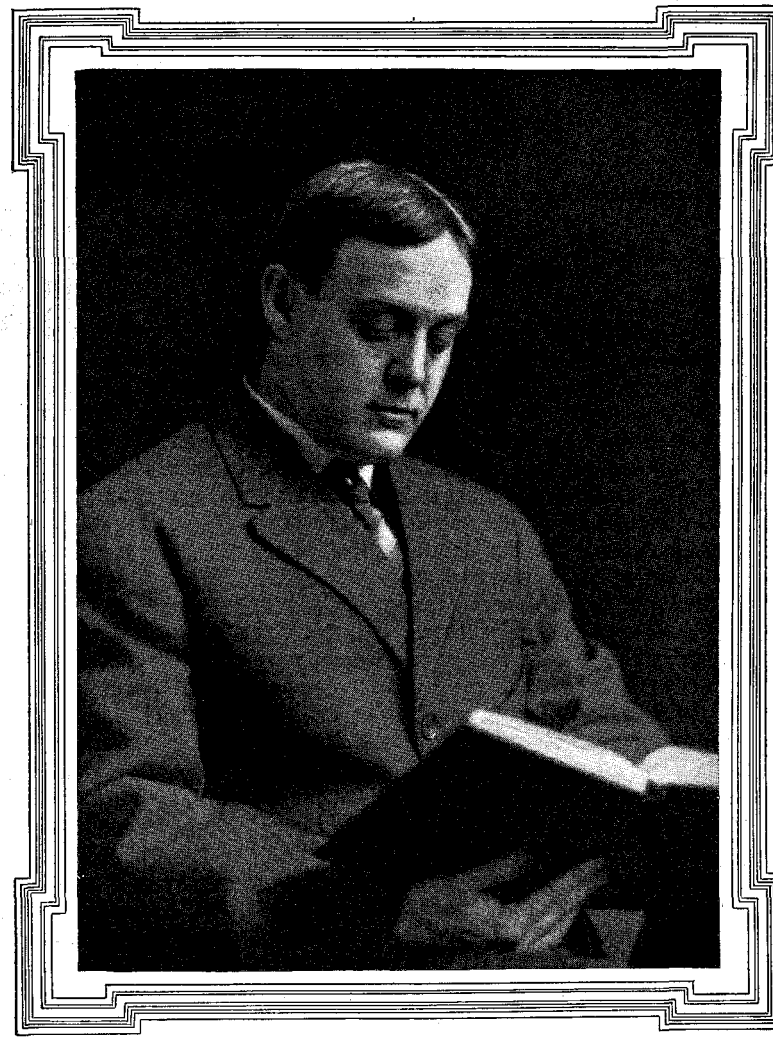
imagination at first conceives. If the animals suffer, they give few outward indications of the fact. The mice are active, playful, sometimes quarrelsome — that is, they behave in every way like normal animals; they keep their coats clean and glossy, eat voraciously, and run about their cages as actively as their healthy brethren. Even mice in which good-sized tumors have developed frequently give birth to young, and suckle and care for them; and in some cases, in search for society, they eat through the cages into those adjoining. Among human beings there is no physical suffering from cancer except in the latest stages, and thousands of patients do not suffer acutely even then. It is something of a relief to learn, therefore, that practically no mice used for experimental purposes, and very few rats, ever reach the period when really acute pain sets in. Their tumors, for the most part, are hard nodules; if you pinch them tightly, the animal does not give the slightest indication of pain. As soon as they ulcerate — the period when, in human beings, suffering begins — the mice almost invariably die. If they do not, they are chloroformed, for they have then lost their usefulness for experimental purposes.

Each animal is carefully marked — a dash of purple dye on the tail, a spot of red on the back — for identification. To each is assigned a special card in an elaborate card catalogue; and upon this one can read its life history and trace the day-by-day development of its affliction.

Eight years ago Dr. Leo Loeb, then of the Chicago Polyclinic and now Assistant Professor



DR. HARVEY R. GAYLORD

DIRECTOR OF THE GRATWICK LABORATORY, FAMOUS FOR ITS DISCOVERY THAT THE LAWS OF IMMUNITY APPLY TO CANCER

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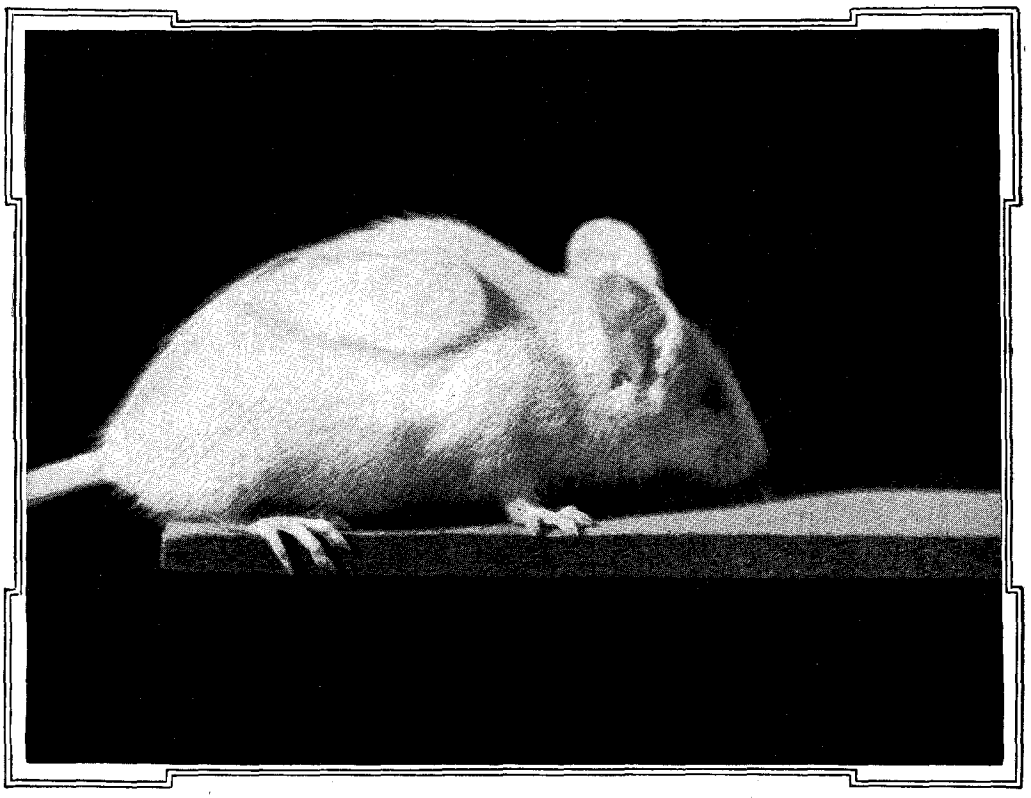
of Pathology at the University of Pennsylvania, exhibited before a medical society in Boston several white rats with large growing malignant tumors. Dr. Loeb explained that these growths had not developed naturally upon the animals, but had been transplanted to them. He had discovered a white rat with a large sarcomatous cancer on the thyroid gland, and had injected small pièces into the exhibited animals. The medical world at first refused to consider the matter seriously; in fact, Dr. Loeb had not only conclusively demonstrated the transplantability of cancer, but had made the first accurate observations of its method of growth. He clearly proved that a malignant tumor could be transferred from one animal of a particular species to another animal of identically the same species. Thus rat cancer, such as he originally experimented with, could be transferred only to a rat. He tried it upon guinea-pigs and hens, but always failed, and he could not even make it grow upon mice. More remarkable still, this sarcoma, which found its first habitat on a white rat, would not develop upon a gray one. The only exception was furnished by a hybrid animal — a cross between a gray and white rat — upon which a transplantation was finally made. In later experiments, Dr. Loeb, as well as his successors, had similar experiences. A few years ago he came into possession of a Japanese waltzing-mouse — a little gray and white rodent that has the peculiarity of almost constant circular motion — upon which a natural cancer was growing.



THIS MOUSE, AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS, COMPLETELY RECOVERED FROM LARGE GROWING CANCERS. AFTER RECOVERY, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE CANCER GROW ON THEM AGAIN. THESE EXPERIMENTS PROVED THAT CANCER WAS NOT AN INCURABLE DISEASE

All attempts to transplant this upon popular American varieties of white and gray mice failed, and Dr. Loeb had to ransack the market to find more of the Japanese breed. When he finally succeeded, he had no difficulty in making the tumor grow upon them.

No Cancer Cells Where There Have Not Been Cancer Cells Before

More interesting still was Dr. Loeb's demonstration of the manner in which the cancers grew. His method was to take a small section, perhaps no larger than a pin-head, and inject it under the skin. It was always at this point of inoculation that the malignant tumor ultimately appeared. Dr. Loeb soon observed that in no

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DR. G. H. A. CLOWES

ONE OF THE LEADING CANCER INVESTIGATORS IN THE UNITED STATES

case had he really started a new growth. The tumor that had spontaneously developed in his first animal simply continued to grow upon the second. A microscopic examination disclosed that, when the small piece of cancer was implanted in the new body, its central portion soon died and became putrescent, only the edges, which came into contact with the tissue of the host, remaining alive. It was always from these peripheral cells that the growth developed. Never did it start from the tissue of the new animal. The transplanted cells, that is, did not set the surrounding tissues on fire — did not infect them. No cancer cells developed where there had not been cancer cells before. Dr. Loeb had done precisely what the gardener does when he takes a plant from one garden and places it in another; he does not create a new growth, he simply finds new soil for an old one. This is exactly what happens when a human being, sick with cancer, develops secondary growths in other parts of the body. These "metastases," as they are called scientifically, are not independent tumors; they are caused by the fact that certain cells of the primary growth get into the blood or lymph and are lodged in other parts of the body, where they grow. This is evident from the fact that the secondary growths have all the characteristics of the first. If a cancer of the lung, for example, forms a metastasis in the liver, the new tumor is formed, not of liver tissue, but of lung. A piece of lung, that is, starts growing on the liver. If a cancer of the stomach metastasizes in the breast, a piece of stomach simply arises on this exterior surface.

At first blush this seemed to do away with the idea that a specific organism caused cancer, or that the disease was contagious. Apparently Dr. Loeb had at last found the cancer microbe—

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and this turned out to be merely the cancer cell; and apparently the only way of transmitting it was the deliberate transplantation of this cell from one animal body into another of the same species. Further experiments also seemed to indicate that cancer was not contagious, at least in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. Large pieces were placed in cages full of rats, but no animals became infected. Cancer cells were mixed with their food, but the rats which devoured them in large quantities did not "catch" the disease. Dr. Loeb injected into selected animals certain fluids present in cancer growths; these frequently developed cancers, but an examination of the fluids showed, in all cases, that they contained cancer cells. He then subjected the cancerous tissue to certain chemical processes that killed the cells, but which, in all probability, would not have killed the microbes, had any been present. But he obtained no cancer grafts from any material in which the life of the cell itself had been destroyed.

These and other experiments which soon followed, notably those of Professor C. O. Jensen of Copenhagen, aroused universal interest in the study of cancer. Experimentalists began ransacking the world for mice and rats in which natural malignant tumors had developed. Professional dealers, tempted by large rewards, kept the closest watch upon their stock, and, up to the present time, have sent nearly one thousand such animals to the several laboratories engaged in the work. The living mouse thus becomes for cancer research what the test tube is for ordinary bacteriological work. In no field of investigation are such quantities of animals used. The Imperial Cancer Research Fund in London has had thirty thousand in six years. In three years the Buffalo Laboratory has used twenty thousand. In the same time the Rockefeller Institute has had fifteen thousand rats and mice under observation. The necessity of having so many animals explains why the experiments are practically limited to rats and mice, and are not applied to horses and cows. Not only is the initial cost lower, but the little rodents are easier to watch and care for.

Attention has been called to certain facts that seem to controvert the microbe theory; in one important respect, however, cancer growth resembles that of bacteria and disease-bearing parasites. Like disease germs, the cancer cell has unlimited power of proliferation. And, again, as with microbes, this power increases in virulence as the cells are transplanted from animal to animal. If you inject a culture of typhoid bacteria into a guinea-pig, it grows at first only with moderation. If you take this culture from this guinea-pig and inject it into another, it reproduces more rapidly; and so on from animal to animal. As long as soil — or food — is provided, there is practically no limit to growth.

Cancer Cell the Anarchist of the Body

Cancer cells behave in practically the same way, and it is only in its marvelous reproductive capacity that cancer tissue materially differs from normal tissue. Under the microscope the cancer cell and the normal cell appear as virtually the same thing. In our imagination we associate cancer with everything disgusting and horrible; looked at through the microscope, however, it is really very beautiful. It assumes millions of delicate, intricate forms, resembling hoar-frost in its fine network, its crystalline and constantly varying tracery. This tissue becomes a menace only because it has the power of persistent and unlimited growth. General body cells reproduce themselves only slightly: normal tissue is constantly wearing out, and new cells grow to take its place; the body cells, that is, reproduce only for regenerative purposes. One's thumb, for example, reaches a certain size and then stops; the tissue cells that compose it multiply only to replace wear and tear. If the cells did continuously proliferate, in a few years our thumbs would become several feet long; if all the body cells grew uninterruptedly we should all develop into frightful Brobdingnagians. But a subtle influence, called by scientists the power of organization, supervises this growth, keeps each member in check, and makes it develop symmetrically in accordance with the requirements of the body and the external world. But this power of organization has no influence upon the cancer cell. It is the anarchist of the body; it defies all laws, acknowledges no responsibilities — simply starts off on an absolutely aimless course of its own, and grows and grows and grows. It is normal tissue gone wild — running amuck. In clumsy fashion it reproduces the form and sometimes the functions of the particular part of the body on which it starts. A cancer of the breast in women secretes a rudimentary casein; a cancer of the stomach has traces of the gastric juices; a cancer of the pancreas has vestiges of trypsin — the digestive fluid which the normal pancreas provides; a cancer of the skin, like the skin itself, tends to hornify. So far as science can discover, this cancer tissue in itself contains no death-dealing properties. It simply grows and grows, digs down into surrounding tissue and frequently involves and destroys a bodily organ, such as the stomach or liver, which is indis-

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pensable to human life. In the large majority of cases, the unequal pressure upon the growing mass causes part of the cancer tissue to die, ulceration sets in, and the wound, like any other exposed wound, becomes infected with blood-poisoning bacteria. Cancer victims die, that is, not from any destructive toxin inherent in the cancer growth itself, but usually from toxemia.

Cancer Tissue Apparently Immortal

How tremendous is this capacity for growth the recent experiments on animals have for the first time made clear. In the early attempts there were only a small proportion of "takes." Thus, the first experimenters failed because they used only one or two, or, at most, a dozen animals. But one of the important facts learned is that, in the first transplantations, only a few animals, even of the same species, are susceptible to these grafts. Sometimes only one mouse in a hundred can be inoculated. At the Imperial Cancer Institute in London, a primary tumor has been transplanted nearly four hundred times without being made to grow on a single mouse. But after a naturally growing cancer has been transferred from the first animal into the second, it can be transplanted much more readily into the third. Clinical observations long ago established the fact that any irritating interference with a cancer almost always stimulates its growth. In his earliest experiments Dr. Loeb found that, by merely drawing a silk thread through a dormant or slowly developing tumor, he could transform it into a rapidly growing one. Cutting with a knife produced the same effect. This accounts for the commonly observed fact that, when extirpated cancers in human beings recur, they increase in size much more rapidly than the original growth.

In 1902 Professor C. O. Jensen of Copenhagen came into possession of a white mouse afflicted with a cancer on the mammary gland. He transplanted this into hundreds of other animals and sent them to all parts of the world — to Berlin, Frankfort, Paris, Rome, Tokio, London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Buffalo. This tumor, which has been transplanted into hundreds of thousands of mice, has developed a most amazing virulence. It has been steadily growing for six years, and has already reached its one hundredth generation. Apparently nothing can stop it; from present indications it may be growing thousands of years hence. As long as it regularly receives soil and nourishment — that is, animals to grow upon — it is immortal. Several tons have already accumulated. When we consider that two hundred mice can be inoculated from a piece no bigger than the tip of one's finger, and that each of these two hundred can in turn be used to inoculate two hundred more, its possibilities of growth are seen to be measurable only by the infinite. A single inoculation, if transplanted as many times and into as many animals as possible, in a short time would consume, in its growth, all the earth's nitrogen. In a single year, according to an ingenious mathematical computation, it would attain a bulk eight hundred and ninety times larger than the sun and fill a space that it would take light one hundred and five years to traverse. And the amazing thing is that the uncountable cells that would make up this mass would all be lineal descendants of the cancer cells first found upon the little Copenhagen mouse. The scientist who to-day places under the microscope a Jensen tumor from any of the numerous laboratories in which they are growing, will find the structure of the cells to be identically the same. In all these transplantations they have not once taken on the character of the tissues of the animal in which they have grown, but have maintained their own individuality.

In the minds of some investigators, this power of endless growth strongly supports the theory that cancer is of parasitic origin. What gives cancer this inexhaustible vitality and this increasing virulence? Only life itself, they believe, could furnish such a stimulus; only in bacteria and parasitic organisms is anything found comparable with it. It is hardly worth while to treat in detail this vexed question. That cancer is contagious in the sense in which contagion is generally understood — that is, something readily transmissible through a micro-organism from individual to individual — nobody at present believes; that, however, a microörganism may be present, and, in some obscure, complex, roundabout fashion, may find its way from the sick to the well, many leading authorities, such as Borrel, of the Pasteur Institute, and Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, of the Gratwick Laboratory at Buffalo, think entirely probable.

The Question of Heredity in Cancer

Results recently obtained in experimental breeding, however, indicate that cancer is hereditary — at least in mice. In the whole perplexing subject there has probably been no more controversial topic than this. Families in which cancer seems abnormally prevalent are familiar facts of every-day life. Several of these apparently cancerous families, the most notable being the Bonapartes, have figured in history. Napoleon himself died of cancer of

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the stomach, as did his father, his brother Lucien, and his sisters Caroline and Pauline. Among human beings, however, cancer is so common that any large family is almost certain to have its victims. On the other hand, the fact that when cancer is common in a family it almost always takes the same shape in all sufferers — the cancerous Bonapartes, for example, all dying of cancer of the stomach — supports the popular idea that heredity is an important factor. Recent experiments at the Harvard Medical School, conducted by Dr. E. E. Tyzzer, tend to substantiate this impression.

Dr. Tyzzer found a female mouse with a large growing tumor and mated her with a normal healthy mouse. In a short time this couple had one hundred descendants, all of which were kept under close observation. It takes about five months for a mouse to reach maturity — reach the period, that is, when it becomes susceptible to cancer. Mortality among the young animals is high, and of this brood, one hundred strong, thirty-five died of common mice infections before attaining mature age. Of the sixty-five that reached the cancerous period, twenty developed natural tumors, of which they ultimately died. One in every three, in other words, fell victims to the mother's disease. According to Dr. Bashford, of the British Cancer Institute, one out of every twenty-five hundred mice naturally develops cancer. Unquestionably the disease is far more common than this; but the frightful mortality among Dr. Tyzzer's one hundred mice can be explained only on the grounds of heredity. That the descendants of this cancerous parent inherited the disease outright, that the cancer cell or possibly a cancer parasite was directly transmitted from mother to offspring, does not necessarily follow. The tuberculous children of tuberculous parents inherit, not the disease, but a constitution especially adaptable to it, and so these cancerous mice probably derive from their parent an increased susceptibility.

It was at the Buffalo Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Gaylord and Dr. G. A. Clowes, that one of the most important modern discoveries concerning cancer was made. Because they believed that cancer was a contagious disease, Drs. Gaylord and Clowes were led to investigate the question of immunity.

Does Nature Ever Cure Cancer?

Medical science has now established one fundamental fact: that, in practically all bacterial infections, the employment of drugs, as direct curatives, is virtually useless. No factor, extrinsic to the body itself, ever cured a human being of typhoid fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, or any other bacterial disease.* The really curative agency is this great physical power called immunity. This may be defined as the resistance manifested by the normal body to any extrinsic forces that seek to destroy it. The animal organism is not passive in the face of these attacks; when assailed, it rouses itself and brings against the invader powerful though hitherto quiescent forces. For every body that assails it from without, it produces an anti-body within; for every toxin evolved by the invading bacteria, it produces its anti-toxin. Though these forces in some shape always exist within us, it is only when the specific disease appears that they manifest themselves in useful form. Thus, when the diphtheria toxin assails us, the body in turn manufactures its diphtheria anti-toxin to destroy it. If the patient recovers, these anti-toxins remain in the blood indefinitely — which explains why, when once we have rid ourselves of a specific contagious disease, we seldom contract it again. Now, medical science, in its attempts to cure these infections, aims merely to assist nature herself — to repeat artificially nature's process. In many cases of diphtheria the afflicted body produces sufficient anti-toxins to destroy the disease, but in a large number of cases it fails, and death results. In order to assist nature in her work, the physician reinforces these anti-toxins with enormous quantities manufactured outside, usually in the body of a horse which has recovered from the disease, and whose blood therefore contains these properties. The modern method, that is, is to find out how nature herself cures the disease and then attempt to do the same thing artificially.

In the minds of those who believed that cancer was contagious, the question naturally arose, Do the laws of immunity apply to it? When the cancer cell began its destructive work, did the human body lie supine and helpless, or did it attempt to throw it off? If so, did it ever succeed? In human cases, natural recoveries from cancer were hardly known; this did not necessarily imply that the body manifested no resistance to it. Thirty years ago, tuberculosis was regarded as hopelessly incurable; now we know that its cause is a specific microörganism; that the body manufactures a natural resistance against it; and that, if attacked properly at the right time, it can be cured. In other words, nature herself can cure tuberculosis; when human ingenuity discovers the mechanism that it uses, and evolves some way of applying it artificially, this affliction will cease to be a universal terror.

* The only apparent exceptions to this rule are the successful use of quinine in malaria and mercury in syphilis. These diseases, however, are caused, not by (vegetable) bacteria, but by animal parasites.

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The question now arose with cancer, Does nature herself ever cure this malady? If so, do the general principles of immunity apply to it? If we recover from it once, can we ever have it again? If nature does resist it, will it be possible to discover and apply the principles according to which nature works?

Some Mice Can be Inoculated with Cancers, Others Not: Why?

In the early part of 1904, Dr. Gaylord, returning from a professional visit to Europe, brought back to this country two of Professor Jensen's cancerous mice. Both died on the train between New York and Buffalo, but, from the cancer of one of them, several hundred mice were ultimately inoculated. At this time the tumor possessed high virulence, and, of every one hundred animals in which it was transplanted, sixty fell ill with the disease. Hitherto cancer investigators had all recorded the fact that a variable proportion of inoculated mice failed to develop tumors, but had attached no particular importance to it. When investigating the question of immunity, however, this initial circumstance might signify much. Here the experimenter injects one hundred mice of practically the same size, age, and breed with identically the same cancer cells; sixty contract the disease and forty do not. Why do these forty escape? Manifestly there must be an explanation; and this explanation must be found inside the animals themselves, inasmuch as the extrinsic conditions of the experiment were identically the same in the one hundred cases. Did the forty mice that went through the experiment unharmed develop a natural resistance that destroyed the cancer cells and prevented their growth? Only experiment could show; meanwhile it was sufficient to observe that precisely the same thing happened in diseases in which the laws of immunity appeared. If you injected pure cultures of diphtheria germs into a hundred children, a large proportion would take the disease, while a few would escape. The immunity of the latter, that is, would be so powerful that the disease, even in its first stages, could make no headway.

In two years the Buffalo Laboratory inoculated 1,600 mice with the Jensen strain of tumor, and, of these, 1,250 proved absolutely resistant. The remaining 350 animals, in which cancers developed, were kept under the closest observation. For this purpose, the Buffalo experimenters evolved an ingenious method of keeping records. For each animal, in addition to elaborate statistics, a separate chart was made. This represented a series of outline figures of a mouse, and upon these, at different intervals, were drawn in silhouette pictures giving the shape and exact size of the growing tumor. Thus, after a few months, by glancing at these drawings, one saw precisely how the growth developed.

These records soon disclosed a momentous fact. While most of the cancers kept increasing in size until the animal died, a few clearly stopped growing, and others began to retrogress, in many cases diminishing to the vanishing-point. An inspection of the animals more graphically emphasized the same fact. In some the cancers grew as large as a hazelnut or an almond, and then slowly began to grow smaller. When they disappeared, they left absolutely no trace, not even a scar, and there was no recurrence. The skin and hair above the spot where this malignant tumor had been became white, glossy, and indistinguishable from the remaining surface. In the course of two years' observation it developed that about twenty per cent of all mouse cancers ultimately disappeared. In a few cases these were fairly large; in most instances they were quite small, perhaps an eighth of an inch in diameter. In other words, the smaller the tumor, the greater chance it had to become absorbed.

Cancer, in Principle, Is Not an Incurable Disease

What did this mean? Simply this: that cancer was a curable disease; the destructive cells did not necessarily mean death. Clearly nature herself knew how to rid the animal body of this malignant growth. The presence of the cancer cell started into life certain forces that arose in all their might and threw off the incubus. These simple experiments for all time took human cancer out of the class of incurable diseases. Precisely how nature accomplished this work is not known now, may indeed never be known; the method may be too complex for the human mind to grasp: but, in principle, the disease can be mastered.

And now investigators began to recall certain incidents that had for years spasmodically figured in medical literature, but which had never received serious consideration. These were the stories of so-called "spontaneous cures" of cancer in human beings. Now and then for the last two hundred years practitioners have arisen in their local medical societies and entertained their colleagues with marvelous tales. A patient had fallen ill of malignant cancer; the growth had rapidly progressed; it had been cut out, and recurred; it had been extirpated again, and again it had come back, and the patient at last had been hopelessly returned to his friends to die. A few months

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had passed, and lo! the cancer had entirely disappeared. The patient had become healthy and busy about his daily tasks. Learned medical societies usually howled down these picturesque anecdotes; the physician who countenanced them was discredited and sometimes absolutely disgraced. Dr. Gaylord's mice, however, proved that many of these stories were unquestionably true. Ask Dr. James Ewing of Cornell, Professor Ehrlich, Dr. E. H. Bashford, or any of the leading cancer experts, this question: "Do human beings ever spontaneously recover from cancer?" and the answer is always a quiet "Yes." Dr. Gaylord has ransacked medical literature for specific instances; and, amid a mass of more or less uncertain matter, has found fourteen cases concerning which there cannot be the slightest scientific doubt. Unquestionably there are thousands that are not recorded, and many more of which the medical profession, and even the patients themselves, know nothing.*

Perhaps Most of Us, at Some Time, Have Had Cancers

The mice experiments show that most recoveries take place when the cancers are very small. Upon all of us little cancers may have appeared and then vanished without our knowledge. Especially would this be the case if they attacked the internal organs, as they constantly do. Autopsies show, by the presence of little atrophied nodules, that nearly all human beings at some time have had tuberculosis and, in many cases, have recovered; perhaps likewise we have nearly all of us had cancer. In the case of cancer, autopsies would not disclose this, were it a fact, for, when the cancers disappear, they leave almost no trace.

If You Have Cancer Once, and Get Well, You Will Not Have It Again

Thus nature, in cancer as in diphtheria, starts forces that sometimes rid the body of the disease. And Dr. Gaylord and Dr. Clowes showed that the parallel extended further; in cancer, also, these new resisting forces remained in the animal and protected it against a second attack. If you have cancer once, and recover from it, you will almost never have it again! In other words, the great principle of immunity applies to this affliction as much as to measles, smallpox, and other contagious diseases. The animals in the Buffalo Laboratory that had spontaneously recovered were used for these further experiments, thirty mice that had spontaneously recovered being inoculated again. In these no tumors developed. Ten were inoculated a third time and still were adamant to the cancer cell. Recent experiments, while not weakening the general principle, have shown that immunity in cancer is not quite so constant as this. It is now found that a very small proportion of spontaneously recovered mice can be inoculated again; but that practically all that survive this second inoculation are proof against a third. Even in contagious diseases the immunity principle does not always work, instances not being uncommon in which one person may have the same disease twice in the same year.

This Buffalo demonstration of cancer immunity was so revolutionary that the medical world did not readily accept it. Dr. E. H. Bashford, the English expert, officially published his disbelief in the accuracy of the observations, and explained in detail how Dr. Gaylord had made the mistake. The so-called regressing cancers, he said, were not cancers at all; they were merely little ulcerous swellings caused by the needle with which the inoculations had been made. In a few months, however, practically all the cancer laboratories in the world — including that of Dr. Bashford — had repeated the Buffalo experiments and confirmed them.

Immunity in Cancer Not the Same as in Bacterial Diseases

Clearly there was immunity in cancer; but was it of the same nature as that which exists in bacterial diseases? In these latter infections the molecules that destroy the destructive bacteria and their poisons exist in the serum, or the liquid part of the blood. Medical science cures diphtheria, dysentery, spinal meningitis, and sometimes tetanus by injecting the serum of an animal that has recovered from the disease. The action of this serum is constant and well understood. It degenerates the bacteria in the diseased body, sometimes destroys them outright, and prepares them for final extermination within the white blood corpuscles. Does the serum of the recovered cancer patient have a similar effect upon the cancer cells? In order to answer this question, Dr. Gaylord injected the serum of spontaneously recovered mice into animals with large growing cancers. The first cases promised well, but subsequent experiments, in this country and in Europe, have not yielded similarly encouraging results. The leading investigators do not now believe that these immune properties are present in the serum. The immune serum does not act upon the cancer cell as does the immune serum in a bacterial disease; that is, it does not destroy the

* For practical reasons it should be emphasized that the cancers which disappeared in these mice were those which had been inoculated. The disappearance of natural tumors, as indicated in the text, is a rare occurrence. Of course no human patient, in the early stages of cancer, should delay an operation in the hope that the tumor may disappear spontaneously.

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cancer cell or have much appreciable influence upon its growth.

No, natural protection and normal resistance against cancer exists, but it is different from anything known. The most trifling circumstances frequently inhibit the growth of the cancer cell. How transplanted tumors grow only in animals of the same species, and how a transplantation cannot be made from a white rat to a gray rat, and vice versa, has already been described. Moreover, in many cases cancers can be transplanted from one mouse only to another mouse of the same color and species and living in the same locality. Thus it has been found that Berlin white mice will take tumors that have grown on other Berlin white mice, but that Christiania white mice will not. These and other facts make it clear that, while a definite immunity has been established, it is something more delicate, more subtle, more illusive than anything hitherto known.

To the lay mind, the demonstration of immunity in cancer would seem an added indication that the disease must be contagious. According to the scientist, however, this does not necessarily follow. The point involves too many technicalities for discussion in this place; it is well known, however, that immunity reactions exist toward other extrinsic forces than microbic infections.

Animals Can be Vaccinated Against Cancer

When the law according to which this immunity works is discovered, the solution of the cancer problem will be finally in hand. Meanwhile, though the things learned so far are of the utmost importance, they cannot yet be put to practical use. Thus Ehrlich has demonstrated, as a principle, that animals, and probably human beings, can be vaccinated against cancer. He inoculates a mouse with a weak strain, a new tumor grows, and in the majority of cases it retrogresses. The mouse is then proof against inoculation with more malignant strains. The difficulty, however, is that, in order to secure protection, an original tumor must develop, and, in a small proportion of cases, this does not regress, but becomes malignant and kills the animal. If we used this system of vaccination with men and women, therefore, we should kill a considerable percentage of all those treated.

Dogs Can be Cured of Cancer

Though we cannot cure cancer in human beings, we can cure it in dogs. Among these animals, a particular cancerous growth, known technically as a lymphosarcoma, is a virtual scourge. It is especially prevalent among high-bred animals,— aristocratic bulldogs, pet spaniels, and the like,— though also frequent among common breeds. Though not infectious in the technical sense, it has a certain analogy to infectious disease, which fact has led Dr. Bashford, the English expert, to deny that it is a cancer at all. All the leading German, French, and American investigators totally disagree with him; microscopic examination, as well as its method of growth and transplantation, clearly demonstrates its cancerous nature. Dr. James Ewing, Professor of Pathology at Cornell University, has studied this tumor thoroughly, and definitely proved that it is a cancer. It was at the Loomis Laboratory, through experiments conducted by Dr. S. P. Beebe and Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland, that its curability was demonstrated.

At these experiments nine dogs in succession were cured of malignant growths and restored to normal health. The experimenters accomplished this result simply by transfusing into the diseased animals the blood of other dogs that were demonstrated to be immune to this type of cancer. They inoculated a considerable number of dogs; in some the tumor developed and in others it failed to do so. The latter were therefore regarded as resistant to the disease. After the growth had gained marked headway and the patients manifested nearly all the symptoms of cancer in its last stages, practically all the blood in their bodies was drained off. In its place was transfused the blood of animals which had proved resistant to inoculation. In nine out of ten cases the sick dogs got well; their tumors entirely disappeared, their condition became normal, and their own blood could then be used to effect similar cures. These experiments seem to indicate that, while the immune properties in cancer are not found in the serum when it is separated from the blood, they may be found when the whole body of the blood is used. Another explanation is that the blood of the diseased animal contained nourishment especially adaptable to the cancer cell, and that when this was withdrawn, the cancer cell was virtually deprived of its food. On the other hand, the blood of the second animal furnished no nourishment to the cancer, as evidenced by the fact that, after the inoculation of the growth, it failed to develop. When this blood, therefore, was transfused into the body of the diseased dog, it supplied wholesome nourishment to his normal tissues, but absolutely none to the cancer cells, which consequently atrophied and disappeared.

For dogs afflicted with this particular tumor science has thus discovered that great medical

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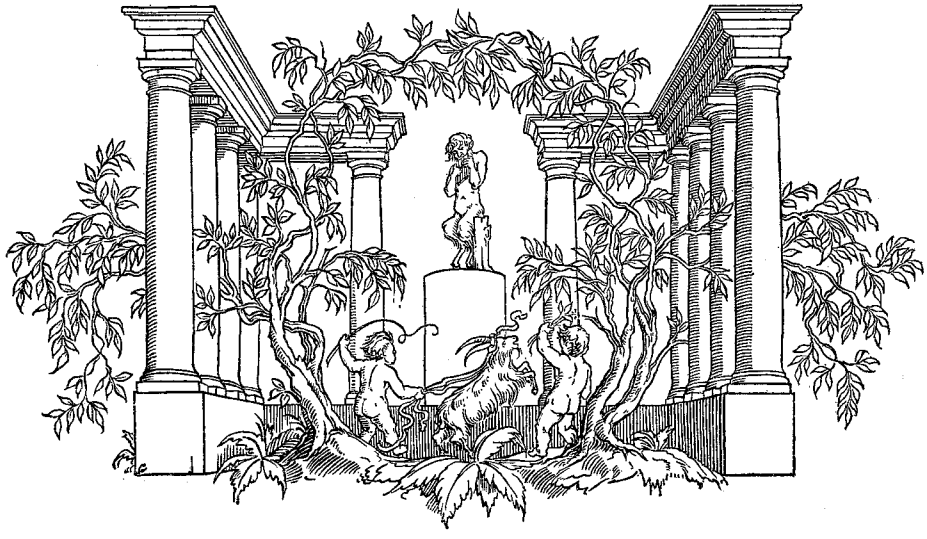
desideratum — an actual cure for cancer. In the course of the writer's visit to the Buffalo Laboratory, a large, fine, valuable English bulldog was brought in fearfully afflicted with this disease; the treatment was at once begun, and in a few weeks he will unquestionably be sent back entirely well. Whether dogs suffering from other forms of malignant tumor can be similarly cured is not known, inasmuch as this lymphosarcoma is the only type with which they can be inoculated. It is impossible to repeat the experiment on mice, because their veins and arteries are so small and delicate that blood transfusions cannot be made. With human beings the reproduction of the conditions of the experiment is absolutely impossible. We should be compelled to bring together two individuals, one suffering from a particular type of cancer and one who had spontaneously recovered from identically the same affliction. For practical purposes it would be impossible to accomplish this, and the experiments, therefore, outside of their practical importance in restoring suffering dogs to health, are interesting chiefly for the new light which they shed upon the general problem, and for the additional demonstration that cancer, in itself, is not incurable.

All the facts described above, indeed, have placed the question upon an entirely new footing. Medical science is now on tiptoe in the face of this problem. Everything is expectation. The important facts already learned have only stimulated the desire for more. After finding out so many things, it is not likely that experimental science has reached its limit. No new fact about cancer would now surprise the medical world. No one has yet succeeded in assimilating all these new facts, in placing them in their proper sequence and wringing from them the great generalization that will yield the secret. But then, the experimental science of cancer is really less than ten years old. This malady is by no means so mysterious to the present generation as were the common contagious diseases to our grandfathers. It was not until that wonderful genius, Louis Pasteur, brushed away the superstitions and absurdities of three thousand years and showed the cause of these infections, that modern medical science and modern sanitation began. That some similarly penetrating mind — perhaps it is at work even now in some obscure pathological laboratory — will penetrate the meaning of all the recently discovered facts is the general expectation. The age-long pessimism has disappeared. Scientists now know that, in the usual sense of the term, cancer is not contagious. They know that heredity plays an important part in its development. Above everything else, they know what, ten years ago, they would hardly have dared to imagine: That cancer is not necessarily an incurable disease; that animals and human beings have it and spontaneously get well. They know that nature has her own method of curing it, that the great principles of immunity are applicable to it, and that underlying all these facts is some broad general law which, when unearthed, will bring relief to hundreds of thousands of sufferers.



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LILLIE

BY

HARRIS MERTON LYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

IN a certain part of the swampy country of southern Missouri we used to gather each November, some ten or twelve of us, because of the excellent shooting there. Duck abounded through the crisp marshes,— teal and mallard and canvasback and wood-duck,— quail, and plenty of cottontail rabbits. We were very cozy, with our long tramps by day and our log fires by night. We practically took possession of an old hotel (called Miller's Rest), brought down our own whiskies and liqueurs and cigars from the city, and gathered every evening around our smoking game dinners for a jovial meal and a long, intimate talk afterward. Every member of this little hunting club was happy. The brisk air, the eagerness of the hunt, the tension of muscles, the clean breeze in our eyes and ears all day out in the open, brought back upon us — we were, mostly, middle-aged men — a sort of boyishness. In the evenings, therefore, we relaxed. Sometimes we drowsed, from having been in the wind. Oftener we chatted about this and that, a whim, an inconsequential affair, a woman or two, a certain vintage, a good shot, a bad shot, . . . a story. Such stories! Sometimes the Judge, who wore a neat purple corduroy coat and parted his hair every morning before setting out with his shotgun, would tell of an amusing case tried before him; sometimes the Doctor, a loutishly built and dressed man with a heart of gold, gave us glimpses into human life such as physicians alone obtain. Sometimes one, sometimes another spoke, idly, at random, over the cigars.

Well, one night the girl who worked in the hotel brought in our coffee, and as she swung easily out of the door with the tray under her arm, Norrbin looked after her intently. Norrbin is described in a word — ten words. Swede, soldier of fortune, forty-four, swordsman, crack shot, friend of Oom Paul, Captain of Obaldia's guard, Paris agent of the Terrorists — and so on. Clean-cut, decent . . . and, after all that, bashful!

The Doctor noted the keen glance. "That kind is a nice, stupid kind of woman," he said idly, "who moves safely through a stupid girlhood to a stupid marriage. All happy and nice and safe."

"Does she?" asked the Swede, quickly. "Listen to me, then." And he told this story:

This girl reminded me of a girl. Her name was Lillie. That is all I know. No, indeed, I am not digging up one of my own lost romances. But — you said something about this girl here being happy. Happy, you said. And so I am eager to tell you about the girl named Lillie.

This happened when I was investigating sociological conditions — in Massachusetts. I was working then under a State commission on immigration. I have seen some sights there — and that means a great deal; for I have traveled this world thoroughly, and I am a Swede. Swedes, you may not know, are very moody and introspective. They get it from their snow and mountains and frost.

Well, I was in Fall River, where they have cotton mills. Almost everybody there works, works hard, very many, many hours a day, as many hours as the law will let them. The father of a family works in the mills, the mother, the sons, the daughters — every one except the babies. Sometimes it is a great deal of trouble to take care of the babies at home and to work in the mills at the same time. But somehow it is done, and the world wags on, and you and I go shooting.

Almost all the people there are foreigners — Portuguese, and so on. Oh! A little bit of everything. That's how I came to be there with my sociological census and my fountain-pen and my questions. Knock on a door, pry in, ask questions. I was a fascinated busybody. Sometimes I would laugh with these people — generally only an old man or a very young girl tending a baby was about the house

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"WE GATHERED EVERY EVENING AROUND OUR SMOKING GAME DINNERS FOR A JOVIAL MEAL AND A LONG, INTIMATE TALK AFTERWARD"

— and sometimes I would bite my lip and think hard, very hard, as I came away. It was peculiar work for a man of guns and sabers!

Well, late one afternoon I knocked at the door of a flat. The door was opened slowly and in a very trembling fashion by a broken-down old man. He did not tremble in fear. It was more as if he had lost the direction of his muscles. Except for a baby girl in a chair, he was alone. His name was Jansen — Sigurd Jansen. He was a Swede, of course, and we talked in Swedish. How many in his family? His wife, the baby, two little sons, and a daughter. Any dead? No. Any ill with tuberculosis? No. How many wage-earners? All, except himself — and the baby. They worked in "the mills," at one task and another. His daughter Lillie was a weaver who made ten dollars a week. He, too, had worked there . . . but he had broken down and now could do nothing. Fortunately for him and the baby, all were making good wages. Lillie was doing especially well.

It is peculiar, my friends, that the men in these families generally "break down," as they call it, first of all. The mother, in spite of being weakened by child-bearing, seems to be able to endure longer. In fact, these men move in a certain definite line through life. You can figure them mathematically. It is pitiful. It is like plotting a curve in calculus. You can easily plot the curve of the poor man's life! It is ascending in his youth from poverty; when he marries, it climbs still higher, for his wife is always a wage-earner herself, you see. They get so that they can live in comparative comfort. Then comes the first child. The curve of this man's life begins its downward bend there. Gradually, very gently. But the next child, and the next, and the next — they have a regular rabble of children, these people! — carry him farther down into penury. For a while, when his children grow up, they support him and his wife. Then they begin to have troubles of their own,— old age, misery, starvation. . . . There you are! And this law, this curve, works steadily. You can get from the tables a grand percentage on it. It is very interesting.

Old Jansen was glad to talk his language with a stranger, and so he invited me in. I

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call him old. He could not have been more than fifty; yet his back was palsied, his hands were cramped, his eyes as expressionless as an absinthe-drinker's. He looked at me as if he were very weary, and dreaming, and sad. When I spoke of Stockholm, the boat from Hull, the mountains up in the Lapland country, he smiled, but he smiled as if somebody had said a very bitter thing to him which could no longer hurt him.

"I am quite content here," he said very hesitatingly, "if things go on as they are and we all stay well. But if any one should get sick! These doctor bills!"

It was Lillie this and Lillie that in that house. So I found out, in fifteen minutes. The meals, the mending, the boys' lessons . . . you know. One of these lads was fourteen; the other twelve. One earned four dollars a week; the other two and a half. You would have smiled if you had sat and listened. Mention the name of a Jansen, and in the next breath you got the wages he made! Well, it was a very important point to the old man with the broken back. I assure you, I did not smile.

That was on a Saturday night, when they all brought their wages home. I was introduced around. It is an odd sight, these Saturday nights of the poor.

The mother sat at the table, with the lamp near by. She put on a pair of cheap spectacles. Without a word each child came up and placed his wages in her hand. She spreads it out on the table, if there are nickels and pennies to be counted. Then she gives back to each a little pocket money. That is all, you see, that each worker gets out of his week's work . . . that, and a roof over his head. It is very primitive, isn't it? Patriarchal . . . with the mother as patriarch. But only in this way can the home survive; and the home is the all-important thing, after all. Isn't it? Mrs. Jansen made six dollars. Lillie proudly stepped up — just such a looking girl as the one that went out that door — and put her ten dollars in the pool. The boys laid down six dollars and a half. A fortune! A Golconda, believe me. Twenty-two dollars and a half a week, and only five people and a baby to support. No wonder that every now and then Lillie got a new waist, or a neck-ribbon, or a pair of shoes. That night we had a Swedish punch in celebration. And I went out and bought beer, and a fine cigar for the old man, and candy, and a baby's rattle. I tell you truthfully it was very, very pleasant indeed.

All except one thing. I had a word or two with Lillie, aside. She said: "It has been a great deal of fun to-night. But I am beginning to be a very unhappy woman."

Then my work took me elsewhere, and I came back . . . later . . . in the spring. The old man was alone again with the baby; sitting by the open window, looking out. He did not move. He cried, "Come in!" when I knocked. When he recognized me, he broke into Swedish greetings, and then he sat silent again, looking out of his window. I did not know what to say, to take up our friendship where it had left off. Old men and old women, you know, are so imperturbable. It is hard to break through them into their hearts; they seem strangers at once, even if you leave for but a few moments. I think they must live in a strange country, these old people.

"THE GIRL . . . SWUNG OUT OF THE DO R WITH THE TRAY UNDER HER ARM"

Finally Jansen began of his own accord. "It is spring," he murmured. . . . "Spring! I suppose that is it." Then he looked up. "Lillie wants to get married," he said, very simply.

I waited a moment, wondering keenly if he

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"WITHOUT A WORD EACH CHILD CAME UP AND PLACED HIS WAGES IN HER HAND"

would bring in right there that subject which was all-important to him; and he did. "We would lose her wages," he remarked. He twirled one thumb against the other very gravely, intent upon his nails, it seemed. But he really was a sweet-hearted man, and his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Who can blame her, Norrbin?" he went on. "In the spring? Heh? The spring . . . youth . . . love." His Swedish was full of melody to hear. "How the gladness runs through young things in such a month as this! I have watched her . . . I, her old father . . . here in this room. How she sucks in the air and trembles! How she broods! How she is sad! She is a Swede, Norrbin. It is a fine thing to be a Swede, and young, and feel the spring. That is what is the matter with our Lillie."

"Who is the fellow?" I asked.

"You cannot stop her. Not in a month like this.— He is a teamster.— This is the time of the heart, of a young girl's heart.— A nice fellow, too. He makes seven dollars and a half a week, a dollar and a quarter a day.— I was young once . . . in Upsala. In Upsala it was that I fell in love, with my own Sophie here. And so I have told Sophie over and over again,"— he nodded his head at me, stupidly, like a wise man,—"but she is bitter. She will not hear of it. Hard work has made Sophie forget her own young days. We have not done as well as we thought we would do in this country, and that presses in on the heart . . . you know how. But I do not like what Sophie is doing. I don't."

"What is Mrs. Jansen doing?" I said bluntly.

"She is trying to frighten Lillie. I don't like that. It will do no good, anyway. I tell you, it is the spring!" he shouted, in exasperation. "Who has a hand or a tongue or a law that can stop the spring in a human heart? Heh?"

"A law?" I said.

"Yes. She — Lillie doesn't know anything, of course — Sophie tells her she will have her arrested if she marries Tom. You see, it is hard. We would only have twelve dollars and

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a half each week, if she left us; well . . . see? Sophie is what you might call desperate about it. That she may be, too,— twelve dollars and a half a week! And me a cripple, just like this. And Sophie getting older every day, and the boys a long way off from being any good to us. Sorrow and sorrow and sorrow! We bring them up to break our hearts and strip our home." He turned to the window again.

"Something has happened that I want to tell you about, and ask your advice about," remarked the old man. He took his pipe out of his mouth and wet his lips. "You remember the moonlight night? No? It was two nights ago. You should pay attention to moonlight nights, my son; they are very rare and very beautiful. Much more so than the days. If you were in love, now, you would have noticed that night. I never saw anything sweeter or softer. The whiteness was all hazy like a dream. It seemed to float up off the trees and the roofs out there into this window. It had something about it that seemed like a fairy tale. Beautiful! It reminded me of an old boating-song my mother used to sing ——" And abruptly he broke off, crooning a bar of it— in Swedish, of course. His talk was always in Swedish, very simple, but very pleasant to me.

"Have you ever gone walking through the lanes with your sweetheart on a moonlight night, Norrbin? Do you recall how something moist gets into your eyes, and how your hands grow tender toward her? Yes. There was something of that in this white night I am telling you about. It was very, very soft and mild and gentle.

"Well, Lillie wanted to go walking with Tom that night. Oh, I do not blame her! Not I! But she came in here to put on her hat, and her mother forbade her to go.

"'Why?' asked my Lillie, very quick.

"'Because it only makes things worse,' answered Sophie. 'You two cannot get married. If you go out on a night like this it will just make it harder for you to give each other up.' Lillie stood straight, and her eyes slumbered like stars. She started to say something, but her mother went ahead quickly: 'And you *must* give each other up. I won't have it. You *must*.'

"'*Must*— must?' said Lillie, her voice very hard.

"And Sophie answered: 'Don't use that voice to me, daughter. Obey.'

"'Obey?' asked Lillie, and she looked very queer to me; but I smoked my pipe and made no noise. 'Obey?' she said. 'I will not obey. Do you not think I am a woman, too? Am I to have no *youth?* No love? *You* had it. Am I to work and work — nothing but work — forever, as long as I can swing my arms? And you are my mother.' Here my Lillie began crying. 'Not as mother to daughter, but as woman to woman,— answer me, and tell me what right you have to take your love and deprive me of mine. It is because of the money, the money, the money that you do this. Well, I do not care for money. I want something that money cannot buy. I want it while I am young, I want it myself and *now!* I will work as hard as you have worked; and you know why you have worked so hard so gladly. It is because you are a woman who loved and who got what you wanted. So will I. . . . But first I must have what I want. I have a right to some happiness, I think. I am not a weaving-machine. I am a woman, a woman nineteen years old. Don't you forget that. Don't you forget that.'

"Her mother was angry and crying and trembling all at once. What could I do? What she had said was true, all of it. And then, it is no use talking to women in a scene like that. Suddenly Sophie said very quietly:

"'Now, young lady, you shall hear my side. I shall be very particular with you, young lady. I shall not talk to you as a mother — if you want it so. I shall answer you "woman to woman," and here is what I shall say to you in cold truth: Remember that I am a human being who has built up a home. A *home*, do you understand? All that I have to show for my years of work and worry is this home of ours, this roof over your head. Have you any idea how jealously I guard this home? No, you haven't. You are nineteen years old. But you don't know that I plan and skimp and scrape and save; and that I lie awake nights and that I work all day. You do know that I take all your money every Saturday night. You do know that I make you all to go without carfare and better clothes, make you sometimes when it hurts me very deeply to have to do it. You do know, and sneer at me for it, that I think all the time about "the money, the money, the money." Yes, all this is true. Now, let me tell you why: You see that roof? I don't want that roof to come down, and I am the one who holds the roof up in place! It depends upon me, me, *me!* Not upon you, nor your poor father, nor the little ones; but upon me. And do you think that I want to keep that roof there for my own miserable head? Do you think that I am selfish? If you do, you have no idea of what a woman will sacrifice for her home. Sacrifice! Yes.

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And now here is the bitter pill for you to swallow, Lillie. Oh, my poor, dear, sweet little girl, I will even sacrifice *you* and your happiness to keep that roof there! Yes, that is the truth. I will do it — and not because I want to (you know that in your heart!), but because I must. You are but one in six of us. *I must think of the other five!* Day and night and night and day I must think of the other five. It is very hard to say this, but it is the only way I know. If you leave us, I am afraid that roof will fall; for I am getting older and making less and then she went on: 'Think what it means to me, working there in those miserable mills all day, day after day, to have somebody love me! To have somebody whisper to me that I am pretty, that my lips are sweet, that my hair is soft! Oh, you can understand if you will only remember! Think what it means to me to have somebody bring me little gifts — think of *my* having *presents!* To have somebody say nice things about my dress and neck-ribbons! To have somebody take me places — to picnics, to dances, where I can hear music!

'THAT NIGHT WE HAD A SWEDISH PUNCH IN CELEBRATION"

money every day, and it is a long time yet before the boys can help. Don't you see now, Lillie?'

"That was the way my wife talked to her.

"But my Lillie held on like death: 'I want my chance, though. You care for your home, of course. You ought to. But I don't. I want to begin my own home. Can you blame me? I have found a man, and he is a good man and he loves me. He is young and I am young. Haven't I a right to his love? It seems to me I have. It seems to me very natural that I should go out and build a roof of my own. And, after me, some day the boys there. Even the baby there some day. That is the way the world goes on. I must, I must have my Tom.' She stopped and cried a little. Do you think I can give these things up? Remember, I am very, very tired of work.'

"Then Lillie did a remarkable thing: she called her mother by her name — Sophie! She said:

"'I am going out with Tom now, Sophie. We will talk all this over later to-night!' She slammed the door behind her.

"My wife looked at me and said: 'You heard? You know what it means? . . . She is a grown woman to-night.'"

The old man relit his pipe and looked at me a long time.

"Now, I want to ask your advice. What are we to do?"

Believe me, my friends, I was — as you call it —"stumped." So I said: "The women will

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"HER MOTHER FORBADE HER TO GO"

work it out, somehow. Lillie will probably do as she thinks best, I should imagine."

He nodded as if he agreed with me. "When you come back again we shall probably know."

Well, Lillie married. The old man told me: "She came in to see me, her old father, late one afternoon here. I was sitting in this very chair, just like this. Her mother was out at the stores for a long time. Lillie ran across the floor and fell on her knees with her head against my breast. She was so happy! She was so happy that I cried and she cried and we kissed each other and sat still. Then she laid three dollars and a half in my lap and said:

"'I am going to bring that to you, old daddy, just for yourself, every week. Tom and I between us make seventeen dollars and a half. It is fine! The first money I ever had! He gives me his wages every Saturday.'

"But it was not that that she had come to see me about. She had come to set herself straight with me, her father. She had come, you might say, to confess.

"'I just had to, daddy,' she said. 'It may have been the moonlight. It may have been Tom. It may have been something inside of me that was pulling. I would turn and look into his eyes, in the shadow, daddy, and all at once my blood would rush through me, and I would close my eyes. When he put his arms around me and kissed me, I gave in. I promised. I forgot everything that mother had said. I forgot this old home of ours. I took his face in my hands, I ran my fingers through his hair. It was sweet, oh, so sweet, daddy! — and so wonderful!'

"I told her yes, I knew all about it. You know what I said to you, Norrbin, about nights like that? Heh? So, soon after, she went away — back to her own home. Tom has been to see me, too. They are really happy. After a while they will come when Sophie is here, and it will be all right again."

"I hope so," I said to Jansen.

"For a while, for a while," he said, patiently. "When *they* begin to have their own children, though, that will make a difference. Then their own troubles will come, and they will have to look after themselves. Then our troubles will come thicker. Who knows where we will go? What our end will be?"

It was true. Not long after the old man had to take to his bed with some sort of trouble in his back. The dreaded doctor bills! And the older boy twisted his foot and could not work. One little thing after another like that. Finally, in time, Lillie had her first baby. "Her own troubles had come." The old Jansen family moved somewhere else where the rent was cheaper. That is all. Except that Lillie sent me a Christmas card when I was in New York. She was very proud of her baby, it said.

Norrbin finished in a somewhat excited manner and looked around.

"A very interesting, perhaps pitiful case," said the Doctor. "But not a case for philanthropy."

"Philanthropy? No," announced the Judge confidently. "That Jansen case is being taken care of by a higher philanthropy — I mean the philanthropy of Nature herself. There are too many such families."

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THE STORY OF A REFORMER'S WIFE

AN ACCOUNT OF THE KIDNAPPING OF FREMONT OLDER, THE SHOOTING OF FRANCIS J. HENEY, AND THE SAN FRANCISCO DYNAMITE PLOTS

BY MRS. FREMONT OLDER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHAT was the motive of the San Francisco Graft Prosecution? has been repeatedly asked. Why was it started? Was it a business revenge of Rudolph Spreckels? For the reason that I have been in the closest possible association with the investigation from its beginning, and have lived through the fever and throb of its successes and failures, I have been asked to write what I know of its history.

When, in 1901, Eugene Schmitz was elected Mayor on the Union-Labor ticket, little was known of him save that he was the well-looking leader of an orchestra. Fremont Older, the managing editor of the *Bulletin*, however, shared in the common belief that the new Mayor's political manager, Abraham Ruef, for years had walked the tight rope of anti-social crime, and had approached close to the gates of San Quentin. Even at that time Ruef's fellow-conspirator in substituting an heir was serving a term in prison. Although during the campaign the *Bulletin* did not support Schmitz, Mr. Older thought kindly of him and desired to see him make himself a national figure as a Union-Labor Mayor. The editor, having a slight acquaintance with Schmitz, sent word to him by a friend that he could not afford an alliance with a corrupt force like Ruef, and warned the new Mayor that Ruef would bring about his ultimate political ruin. Schmitz's answer was to write a letter to the newspapers, publicly proclaiming Ruef his agent. To announce this was to hoist the black flag of the buccaneer.

At first it was little, squalid graft — blackmailing gamblers and the nether world; one could feel graft, breathe it, do all but see and prove it. The town knew everything was for sale; the town cynically smiled; Ruef, they said was a smart fellow. The public prints were silent. Mr. Older, however, was not silent, and San Francisco smelt the first smoke of the Graft Prosecution when the *Bulletin* attacked Schmitz and Ruef.

With the Mayor's reëlection, in 1903, by an increased majority, he obtained control of all the commissions; hitherto these had been held by ex-Mayor Phelan's appointees. Now the large graft began; the saloons sold "municipal" whisky; Chinatown paid heavy tribute to the police; the administration profited from the earnings of the women of the dives. Mr. Older, believing these to be the facts, not only daily criticized Schmitz and Ruef, but as early as this he had the idea of bringing about a Grand Jury investigation. He was not long, however, in discovering that this body, as drawn in 1904, consisted of Schmitzes and Ruefs. The boss was master of the many ways in which the slips of paper on which the names were written could be juggled. Nevertheless, Mr. Older determined that for once the Grand Jury should consist of good citizens. Mr. Symmes, the president of the Merchants' Association, was asked by the editor to accompany him to the court-room where the drawing was to take place. The two men stood over the box containing the written names and took care that they were not gummed together. The result of the morning's work was the Andrews Grand Jury. It was a group of men ready to do their duty; but the District Attorney was spineless and complaisant.

Frequently the *Bulletin* charged that the Chinese gamblers were bribing the police to secure immunity from arrest; the police commissioners back-fired the attack by summoning Mr. Older before them for the purpose of

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investigating his source of information. Although the editor induced Sergeant Ellis of the Chinatown squad to confess and to lay thirteen hundred dollars blackmail money upon the desk in the Grand Jury room, no indictments could be obtained.

The *Bulletin* was becoming too active for the mental tranquillity of Ruef and Schmitz. Mr. Crothers, the proprietor, and Mr. Older received letters threatening their lives. One evening, as Mr. Crothers was passing through an alley on his way to the *Bulletin* office, he was waylaid, felled to the ground, and left for dead; this was the first casualty in the battle for good government.

Intimidation and violence, however, could not alter the policy of the *Bulletin*. The following day both Mr. Crothers and Mr. Older engaged body-guards; in an editorial they announced that the fight would go on until an honest government was installed in the city. Once or twice Mr. Older met Rudolph Spreckels, with whom he was slightly acquainted; they were bright moments; outside of the *Bulletin* office Mr. Spreckels was the first thoroughly fighting-mad citizen Mr. Older had met.

The editor watched every move of the administration. Early in 1905 the police commissioners withdrew the licenses from the French restaurants. At the end of a week, for an esoteric reason, the licenses were regranted. Mr. Older called on the proprietor of Marchand's.

"Pierre, tell me," the editor began, "why the police commissioners turned a somersault?"

Pierre's smile was one of revelation. "I was very seeck, monsieur. I send for ze docteur. Ruef is a very good docteur. I am well."

Mr. Older in the *Bulletin* interpreted the esoteric reason accurately; it was ten thousand dollars. Ruef afterward confessed it. Schmitz was tried and condemned to prison for it. Notwithstanding the abundance of proof of this clear case of official extortion, at that time no other newspaper published a word concerning the occurrence.

Early in 1905 Arthur McEwen, who was widely known and admired on the Pacific Coast, returned from New York to utter in the columns of the *Bulletin* his protest against corruption.

II

An election was approaching. Ruef and Schmitz hoped to capture the city for the third time. Now Ruef saw big goals; it should be Governor Schmitz; it should be United States Senator Ruef. That editor, yelping of his crimes, disturbed the boss's dream. Ruef determined that the *Bulletin* should not be sold or distributed; it should not exist. To this end he organized a band of thugs who called themselves newsboys. Carriers were assaulted; they afterward voted for Schmitz. Merchants were struck with stones and bricks for buying the paper; they afterward voted for Schmitz. Windows were broken in the *Bulletin* office. Horses were unhitched from the delivery-wagons. Men were maimed for life. The police looked the other way. Mr. Older was followed to the very door of the Palace Hotel by a howling mob which threw sticks and stones at him. The deputy sheriffs who were called in looked the other way. Some old women at length ventured to hold the paper up in the streets. They alone were able to dispose of a few copies, but even purchasers were assaulted. When the *Bulletin* organized a body of men of its own, there was daily fighting in the streets; but only in this way, after a loss of many thousands of dollars, was the paper allowed to continue in circulation.

One day in the summer of 1905 Mr. Spreckels indicated to Mr. Older that he had a remedy to suggest, and the two men came together. "My idea," said the capitalist, "is to organize fifteen representative men, taken from all walks of life, into what might be called an unarmed vigilance committee. Their ostensible duties shall be to see that public moneys are honestly expended. In pursuing the investigations necessary, all this graft that you are writing about will be uncovered."

For four years, unaided, Mr. Older had been fighting for decent government. When Rudolph Spreckels made this suggestion, it was like a helping hand held out to one sinking at sea. "Good," the editor answered; "let's start now to select the men."

Later these enthusiasts were to know their San Francisco better than they did in the summer of 1905; but they set to work and compiled an array of imposing stuffed respectabilities. At that time, both artlessly believed that large property-holders in a community would have a deeper interest in the administration of affairs than men not on the assessment roll. Rudolph Spreckels was then but thirty-three. He had the beautiful self-confidence of a young emperor. "I'll see these men myself," he said. He did.

Mr. Older broke the silence that followed by asking a fortnight later over the telephone, "What has become of our committee?"

"Not one man would serve," Spreckels answered. "They said they couldn't afford to mix up with anything that would hurt business."

Even at this early time, what San Francisco has since denominated the "higher-up" de-

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fined itself, but neither the editor nor the millionaire classified the genus.

It had been a pleasant two weeks of vain hope; Mr. Older went back to the old fight. After all, there seemed no way of bringing about a new order of things except at the polls. The editor had no doubt that the fire in his brain would become a general intellectual conflagration. He saw a city of indignant citizens who were only awaiting an opportunity to cleanse the municipal government. In order that no minds should be led by party loyalty into diminishing the vote against Schmitz, Mr. Older now took up the task of effecting coalition between the Republican and Democratic tickets. Because Mr. Older was not a spoilsman, his request had weight. He urged the Democratic leaders to accept the Republican candidate for Mayor. When they yielded, he felt that the election was carried. Now, at last, he would see the end of the reign of graft. Ruef himself evidently believed his organization to be in great danger. Several times he hired halls and theaters, packed them with his hangers-on, and for hours heaped vile abuse upon Mr. Older, Mr. Crothers, and every decent citizen who was opposing him. A small subsidized paper published his harangue in full; Ruef paid to have a copy of the issue laid on every door-step in San Francisco.

The bitterly contested campaign of 1905 closed one Saturday night with a large political meeting held in Mechanics' Pavilion; twelve thousand men and women were present. I recall only one speech of the evening; it was made by a man who was a stranger to most of those present — a spectacled man with a boyish grin and a peculiar nasal drawl now familiar to Californians. "When you are ready," the speaker closed, "send for me. I'll come back here and put Abe Ruef in San Quentin."

"Who is he?" was asked. "Who is he?"

"It's Frank Heney," came the answer. "He's been prosecuting the Oregon land thieves."

As yet Mr. Heney was acquainted with none of the forces that were to bring him to San Francisco.

On election day victory or defeat is felt in the air. In the streets and in the big shops, which I intentionally visited the following Tuesday, I heard nothing but "Schmitz." My confidence was shaken by the frequent utterance of the name. About half-past five I went to the *Bulletin* editorial rooms. There I encountered none of the currents of contest, the heat of struggle that are usually sensed in a newspaper office when election returns are coming in. There were two or three shadowy figures of reporters in the dark local room. Arthur McEwen was with Mr. Older in his office.

"Have you heard anything?" I asked.

Mr. Older is six feet two. His chair was leaning against the wall. His head was sunken, and he seemed short and crumpled.

"It's the worst defeat we ever had."

"Don't you give up too soon?" was my question.

He pointed to the papers on his desk. "Look at those returns from the Western Addition!"

This portion of the town was the residence section of the arch-respectable, the wealthy; it had gone overwhelmingly for the boss's candidate. Schmitz was no longer the Mayor of the poor. He belonged to the rich; they could buy him.

A man who can work alone four years for a hopeless cause is one to know to the bitterest what the defeat of the right, the triumph of the wrong, means. I recall that as we sat there in the twilight Mr. Older would not speak. Arthur McEwen said: "Fremont looks as if he had received a mortal wound. I wouldn't waste my time in this mud-hole of a San Francisco. California has been a railroad plantation too long." Soon afterward Mr. McEwen did leave the paper and return to New York.

Some one came to say that Ruef supervisors had been elected.

"That's good," said Mr. Older bitterly; "they'll loot the town. Now the people will get the kind of government they deserve: the worst the city has ever known."

The reporters drifted away and did not hear or see when the victors, shouting, drunk, carried Ruef on their shoulders before the editorial rooms. A few hours later, about midnight, we and all those living at the Palace Hotel were awakened and warned out of the building. A Schmitz rocket of victory had set fire to a structure on the opposite side of the street. We packed some bags, and as we stood shivering, watching the firemen struggling to subdue the flames, it seemed a fit conclusion to the day.

During the fortnight of sick despair that followed, nothing concerning the administration was published in the *Bulletin*. The latest returns showed that the vote for Schmitz had fallen off in the laboring districts, but increased largely among the well-to-do.

"What is there I can say or do?" Mr. Older used to repeat. "It has all been gone over again and again in type of every size. San Francisco wants a corrupt government. Let her have it. I can't make a new people."

III

But Mr. Older gained second breath. It was impossible for him to cease fighting. Now

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he began in a new way; what was afterward termed the Graft Prosecution began. "I've decided, after all, that I've misjudged the people," he said one day. "They really do want a good government. They simply haven't believed me. I haven't convinced them of the truth of what I have stated, but I'll prove it to them in a court of law. Then the city will be a unit."

"How will you set about it?"

"I'm going to Washington to ask Frank Heney to come here. He's the only man who can save the situation. I'll try to interest the President. Maybe he'll allow Heney to drop his government work and help us out."

His hope seemed improbable of fulfilment, but Mr. Crothers and I agreed that after such a long struggle Mr. Older needed a vacation. It was necessary that the greatest secrecy should be maintained concerning his mission; only Mr. Crothers and I knew where he had gone. In Washington the editor met Mr. Heney for the first time.

"You said in your speech last fall," he explained to the prosecutor, "that if ever we wanted you in San Francisco to go after Ruef and Schmitz, you'd come. Although no one knows I've taken this trip to see you, I believe from a conversation I had last summer with Rudolph Spreckels that he's as much interested in cleaning out San Francisco as I am. I think he and James D. Phelan will give money for a big investigation, if you'll come out and conduct it."

"I'll be ready," said Heney, "just as soon as I get these Oregon land-fraud cases off my hands, but I want William J. Burns to go with me. I am only a lawyer; Burns has marvelous capacity for digging up evidence. Besides, he's absolutely honest."

"How much money do you think an investigation like the one necessary would cost?" asked Mr. Older.

"We should need to be able to count on a hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Heney estimated.

Mr. Older made the acquaintance of Mr. Burns in the afternoon; now three of the forces of the Graft Prosecution had come together. In response to the editor's statement of the purpose of his visit to Washington, Mr. Burns said, "I'll go with Mr. Heney to San Francisco if it means that the bribe-givers as well as the bribe-takers are to be prosecuted. It's very difficult to catch the big fellows, but extremely necessary for a thorough cleaning up."

Mr. Older gave the assurance, "We're going after rich and poor — every one."

"Then it's agreed," was Mr. Burns' decision. "I'll come when I can get a release from the government."

It was part of Theodore Roosevelt's greatness as President that he looked through all the eclipsing pomp of his position straight out into the nation. Fremont Older had no need to tell the President that the respectable people, the church people, the wealthy people of San Francisco had reëlected to office the Mayor who was notoriously living on the underworld; whose agents of corruption skulked in dark places; whose reception day at home was a pretext for the receipt of bribes. The President knew the full shame of it. "Yes," he said, "Ruef and Schmitz are both scoundrels and should be in State's prison. Heney and Burns are just the men to put them there."

IV

When Mr. Older returned to San Francisco, the first person he went to see was ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, whose sense of civic duty never fails to respond to a call. Mr. Phelan, upon hearing what Mr. Older had done in Washington, said without hesitation, "We'll raise the money."

Rudolph Spreckels was the second man Mr. Older visited. When he related his interview with Mr. Heney,— Mr. Spreckels had then never met the attorney with whom he was to be so intimately associated,— the millionaire rose from his chair.

"I'll go into that. I'll put my money into it."

Mr. Spreckels had gone to the window and was looking out. Now he turned round.

"But I won't put up a five-cent piece unless we reach for Herrin. It will all be money wasted unless we get that man who for years has been debauching the State."

Mr. Herrin is the lieutenant of Mr. E. H. Harriman in California; some of his duties are occult.

"That's a bargain," promised Mr. Older. "We'll go after Herrin, too."

Rudolph Spreckels has been accused of guaranteeing the fund for the Graft Prosecution because of business rivalry with Patrick Calhoun, the indicted president of the United Railways. Mr. Spreckels gave this pledge of the money to Mr. Older four months before Patrick Calhoun bribed the supervisors. The crime was not committed until April, after the fire. This conversation occurred in the preceding December. Patrick Calhoun was merely an unexpected big fish caught in the net of the investigators.

Fearing lest a long time would pass before Mr. Burns would be permitted to come to San Francisco, Mr. Older now set about hastening

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the arrival of the Secret Service man; he went on a hunt for Federal graft. The editor knew of violations of the restriction law; Chinese women were being illegally landed. If the President could be rendered reasonably sure of this, Mr. Older felt that Mr. Burns would be ordered to San Francisco to investigate. Once in the city, the Secret Service man would be in a position to observe municipal conditions. The *Bulletin* engaged some detectives, who, with a talented reporter, Mr. Scott, were sent into Chinatown. After working several weeks they obtained sufficient evidence to warrant a Federal inquiry. Mr. Older went again to the White House.

"This is very important," said Mr. Roosevelt, on looking over the evidence; "I'll write Heney to-day."

On the editor's return to San Francisco he found that the President had inclosed the report of the *Bulletin* detectives in a letter to Mr. Heney in which the prosecutor was requested to ask Mr. Burns to investigate Federal corruption. Shortly afterward two Burns men arrived. This was a big step toward the Graft Prosecution; in searching for the men who were landing Chinese women, the detectives found that Federal graft was intergrown with municipal rottenness.

Francis Heney came in January, and for the first time met Rudolph Spreckels, at a luncheon given by ex-Mayor James D. Phelan. The famous prosecutor formally promised Mr. Spreckels to return to San Francisco as soon as he should have completed his work in Oregon.

At this time knowledge of the embryotic investigation was closely guarded; not more than eight men in the United States were cognizant of it. In those days the character-sifting of the citizens of San Francisco had not begun. Too often the worthiness of associates had been insufficiently tested. So it happened that one of the little band of reformers confided to a close friend the purpose of the men thus in secrecy allied. Within twenty-four hours the information came straight to Mr. Older that Ruef knew of the intended inquiry; the railroad knew of it. The little boss, enmeshed in crime, was terror-stricken. Who the confidant was that turned informer is an interesting question. The answer is even more interesting: a justice of the Supreme Court of California. With this knowledge tucked away in the back of their heads, the members of the Graft Prosecution were not so astonished as was the country when the Supreme Court, on deciding that judicial notice could not be taken of the fact that Schmitz was Mayor of San Francisco or that Ruef was its boss, turned them free.

The earthquake and the fire came. Sins were sponged out; brotherly love prevailed; every one was poor. It was the best day in the history of San Francisco. Schmitz was a good Mayor for a week. Ruef vanished from the public eye; but at the end of seven days he returned from his sham disappearance. While San Francisco was still burning, he trafficked in its ruins. Ashes and bricks were his auction-place. When the boss was appointed by Schmitz a member of the Committee of Forty, Rudolph Spreckels alone of that body of men resigned; Mr. Spreckels read in the act that the penitent Mayor had become a looter. That very day, in Fillmore Street, Fremont Older met Francis Heney for the first time since the 18th of April. The editor was publishing the *Bulletin* in Oakland; the prosecutor was without an office; but the resolution of these men had not gone into the flames. They went into a grocery store and, seated on cracker-boxes, they began to plan.

"We'd better go after those crooks," said Mr. Heney. "How does Spreckels feel?"

"I haven't talked to him about it," answered Mr. Older, "but I'm ready for business."

"I wish you would see him," said Mr. Heney, "and write me at Portland. I'm going up there to-morrow."

When Fremont Older called on Rudolph Spreckels the following day, the capitalist seemed oblivious to the fact that he had lost millions in the fire; he was possessed with indignation that the Mayor, at this crisis, had dared give Ruef a place of honor. "I've just resigned from the Committee of Forty," exclaimed Mr. Spreckels; "I won't serve with Ruef. Schmitz's appointment of him shows that both he and the Mayor are going on with graft. Our investigation is the only thing. Last summer I tried to get fifteen men, then ten, eight, six, three. Even that was impossible. Now I've decided to go it alone. I'll raise the money myself. Where's Heney?"

"He wants me to write him your decision in Portland."

"Well, tell him to come down here as soon as possible," Mr. Spreckels said.

Among some telegrams I find this one:

PORTLAND, OREGON,
July 30, 1906.

FREMONT OLDER,
The Bulletin, San Francisco.

Expect to be able to leave next Saturday night and reach city Monday morning. Will be sure to go at end of present trial. Have written.

FRANCIS J. HENEY.

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Mr. Heney came. In the presence of Mr. Older, Rudolph Spreckels asked the prosecutor, "What will your fee be?"

Mr. Heney is not a rich man; he perhaps had not more than thirty thousand dollars at that time. His services were in demand by the Department of Justice. Had he continued in that work, to-day he would be worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. Yet his answer was:

"I'll put my time against your money. I passed all my boyhood in San Francisco. I like the place, and I owe that much to the old town."

"That's very fine," answered Mr. Spreckels.

They parted. Mr. Heney returned to Portland; Mr. Spreckels went about raising the funds. William J. Burns arrived in September. There was pandemonium in the Ruef camp. When a criminal realizes that he is being watched by a Secret Service man,—one who never fails, who can be bought with nothing coined by the mint,—it is time for him to be afraid. Already the Union-Labor District Attorney was a disappointment to Ruef. Mr. Langdon believed he was elected to his office to serve the people; the boss believed Mr. Langdon was elected to serve him.

One day, when Fremont Older called on the District Attorney to ask what he would do toward punishing the municipal grafters if they were discovered, Mr. Langdon held up a volume of the Penal Code.

"This book," said the District Attorney, "contains laws which I didn't make, but they're there; I'm going to enforce them. I shall punish crime wherever I find it."

There were many nightly conferences of which Ruef was aware; an army of detectives dogged the steps of the investigators. The boss knew the worst when District Attorney Langdon appointed Francis J. Heney his assistant, when Rudolph Spreckels publicly announced that he guaranteed a fund of one hundred thousand dollars for the uncovering of grafters. These statements gave surprise; Ruef's counter-charge produced amazement.

On the evening before Francis J. Heney was to appear in Judge Graham's court for the drawing of the new Grand Jury, Fremont Older, who was living in the suburb San Rafael, was called to the telephone by Rudolph Spreckels. When Mr. Older returned to the group with whom he had been sitting, he announced:

"The Mayor has removed Langdon and appointed Ruef District Attorney."

Our faces were as blank as his. No one spoke. We could easily imagine the sensations of people in medieval times when a blood-stained usurper seized the throne. Finally one man said quietly, "That means the rope to-morrow." There was no need of another word.

I went to town with Mr. Older the next day. It was a pleasure to see strangers in the train and on the boat as indignant as we were. White-haired old vigilantes shook their heads, their fists, and recalled the days of Fort Gunny-bags and '56. They'd see that scoundrel hanged, they declared, before he should defeat an investigation. Langdon should be returned to office. For the first time, San Francisco was thoroughly aroused to the fact that there was something to investigate. The city was in fine fighting trim.

V

We felt that we were living once more in a law-abiding community when we read that during the night Judge Seawell had issued a writ prohibiting Ruef from taking possession of the office of District Attorney. Now it was for Judge Graham to determine whether Ruef or Langdon should be recognized at the jury drawing. But Judge Graham, after all, did not decide it. Mr. Older hurried to his office. From there he issued twenty-five thousand papers which were distributed free in the streets, on the ferry-boats, wherever men were assembled. For the first time in San Francisco, a daily paper was given away.

There was nothing startling on the first page; only, in type of medium size, the request that all good citizens assemble in front of Judge Graham's court to see that District Attorney Langdon be not deposed from office. Many of the police and all of the deputy sheriffs in the city were at the synagogue where Judge Graham was holding court; they were needed to keep in order five thousand of the most prominent men in San Francisco who responded to the call. Armed, ropes in pockets, the citizens glared at Judge Graham when he entered his court-room. They peered at him through the windows. They decided it. It was Ruef's first Black Friday.

When the police shunted Rudolph Spreckels out of the crowded entrance to the synagogue, and he squared his shoulders, thrust out his elbows, looked at the officers, I have never seen any one so white with fury as he was, except, perhaps, the excited boy of about eighteen who rushed up to the capitalist and said, "Mr. Spreckels, you've only to give the word. I'll go anywhere you lead, do anything you say."

Mr. Spreckels' lips were trembling with anger, but he answered, "Keep calm."

By a curiously dramatic fate, Ruef appeared in the house of worship of his fathers to be judged. I was crowded out of the crushing,

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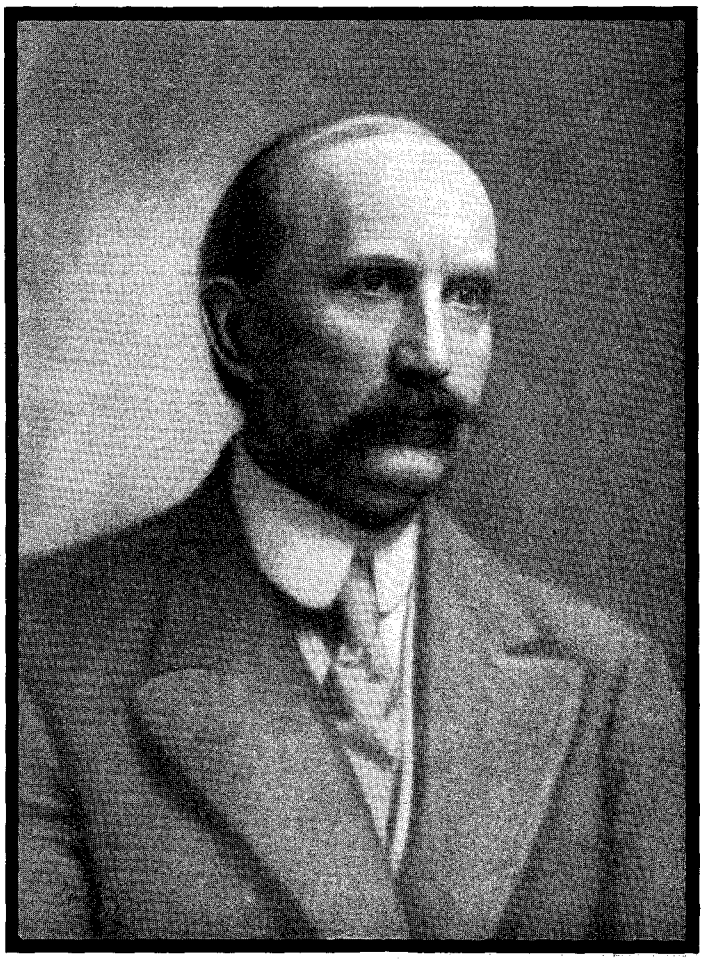
stifling mob in the synagogue. Standing on the seat of an automobile, I watched the throng. Here I had an excellent view of the resolute faces of the silent men among whom the police rode back and forth.

Finally it was announced that the judge had recognized Langdon; the Mayor was powerless to remove a county officer. There was a big cheer of triumph. When District Attorney Langdon emerged from the building, when Francis J. Heney appeared in the doorway, when Rudolph Spreckels, when William J. Burns, when Fremont Older came, it was like an introduction of the Graft Prosecution to the men of San Francisco. Ruef, guarded by the police, showed himself last.



FREMONT OLDER
MANAGING EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO "BULLETIN"

A physician struck at the boss — a young man who afterward was to remain day and night with Francis J. Heney when he was thought to be dying. The blow of the zealot acted as a suggestion. The throng surged forward like a wave. There was the voice one reads of, but rarely hears; when you have heard it you try to forget it: the voice of human beings so filled with hatred that they growl for blood.

"They've killed Ruef," said the chauffeur standing near me.

We ran onward with the others, but I turned back, sick at the thought of the boss mangled by a mob. After all, what was he but a mean little man?

Ruef was saved by the police. His troubles were not ended; they were only begun.

At this stage of the investigation the laboring men were disgruntled; they believed that the Graft Prosecution was organized for the purpose of convicting Union-Labor officials. It was useless for Francis J. Heney to say that no one, rich or poor, was to be spared. The workmen had been deceived too often; they doubted every one. The wealthy believed with the poor that the Graft Prosecution was to rid the city of some undesirable Union-Labor supervisors and stop there. All clamored for the investigation to proceed. Some millionaires contributed handsomely to the fund; they afterward closed their purses and opened their mouths. The newspapers were of one voice in favor of the prosecution. The only blemish on the inquiry, in the minds of the editors, was the report that it had been instigated by Fremont Older, although he himself had claimed no credit for it in the *Bulletin*. Many journalists did not like to think of themselves as carrying another man's grist to the mill.

The evidence in the French restaurant extortion case which Mr. Older had begun to gather two years before was turned over to Mr. Burns. The Secret Service man pieced it together and verified the statements. Mr.

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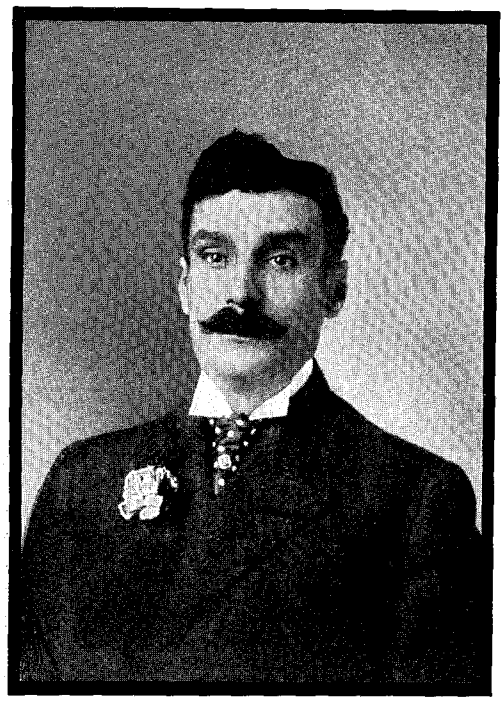


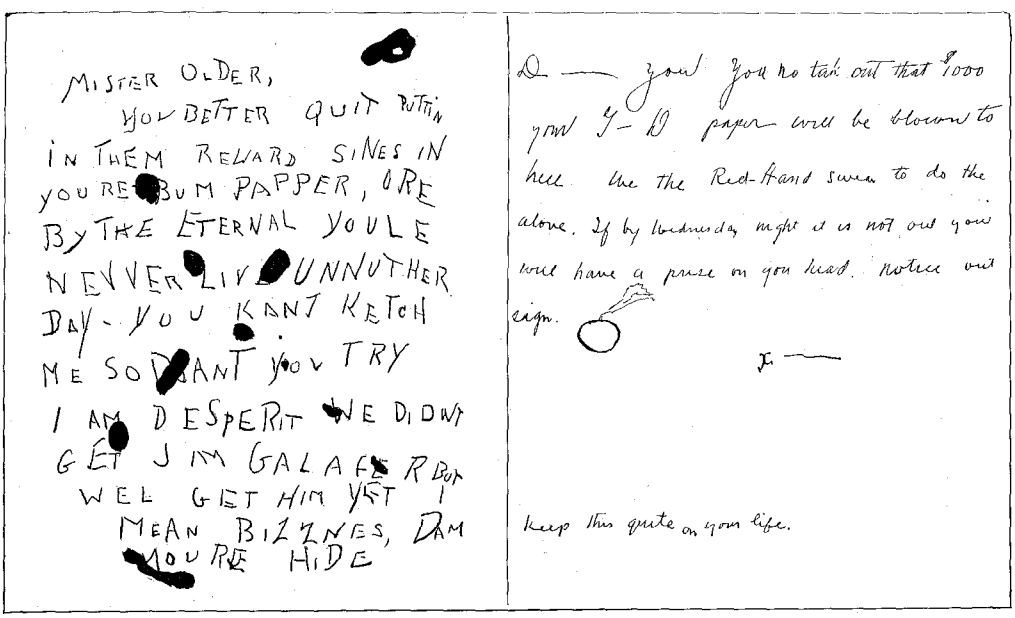
FELIX PAODEAUVERIS

THE GREEK WHO PAID THE CLAUDIANOS BROTHERS TO DYNAMITE THE HOUSE OF JAMES GALLAGHER

Heney declared he had a perfect case. He took it before the Grand Jury and obtained indictments against Ruef and Schmitz. William J. Burns' son, who trailed Mayor Schmitz in Europe,— in fact, sailed with him on the steamer when he left New York,— tells how Schmitz looked in the London hotel when, gray and shaking, he opened the telegram giving information of his indictment for extortion. On the other hand, Abraham Ruef, whose life had for many years been made up of deceptions, surprises, and effronteries, went whistling through the town. His admirers said, "That Ruef is too smart; they'll never catch him."

He said it, too; but always there was a buzzing in the head from which he could not escape. Eighteen supervisors — he was in their hands; eighteen greedy, blind little pigs who would feed at any trough. He was at their mercy. He felt Burns reaching out for them. In the darkness a soundless battle was going on for them; they were the strategic point. Every Sunday evening Ruef was their pastor. He preached to them to avoid the devil, Burns; to take money from none but their savior, Ruef. It was the only way to escape prison. The supervisors followed the word of their leader; vainly the prosecution laid traps for the eighteen wary little pigs.

Finally Fremont Older persuaded G. M. Roy, who had been associated with Schmitz and by him ungratefully treated, in secret to join forces with the prosecution. Mr. Roy knew all the supervisors; they had confidence in him. He pretended that he wanted a skating-rink ordinance killed; in return he offered to pay them for their votes. It was arranged that the



TWO OF THE THREATENING LETTERS RECEIVED BY FREMONT OLDER AFTER THE "BULLETIN" OFFERED A $1,000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE GALLAGHER DYNAMITING

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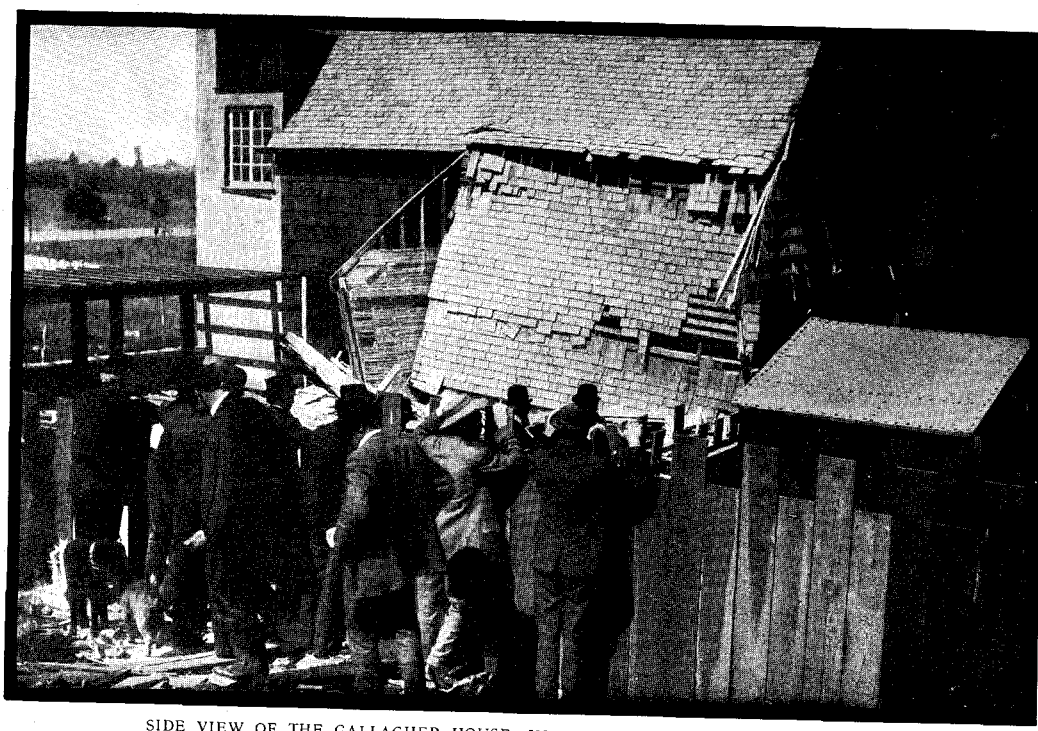

SIDE VIEW OF THE GALLAGHER HOUSE, IN OAKLAND, AFTER THE DYNAMITING

supervisors should receive their bribes in Mr. Roy's own rink.

William J. Burns was the stage director, and G. M. Roy proved to be a great actor. After Mr. Older witnessed the first repetition of the performance which has since been so often recounted in the public prints, he said, "It will never happen, Roy. Nothing like that ever

FRONT VIEW OF THE GALLAGHER HOUSE, SHOWING WRECK CAUSED BY DYNAMITE

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came off outside the melodrama." Nevertheless the rehearsals for the play went on while Ruef was on trial in Judge Dunne's court.

Suddenly the boss went into hiding. After three days Mr. Burns found him at a roadhouse near the city. Ruef had forfeited his bail; he came back one night a prisoner.

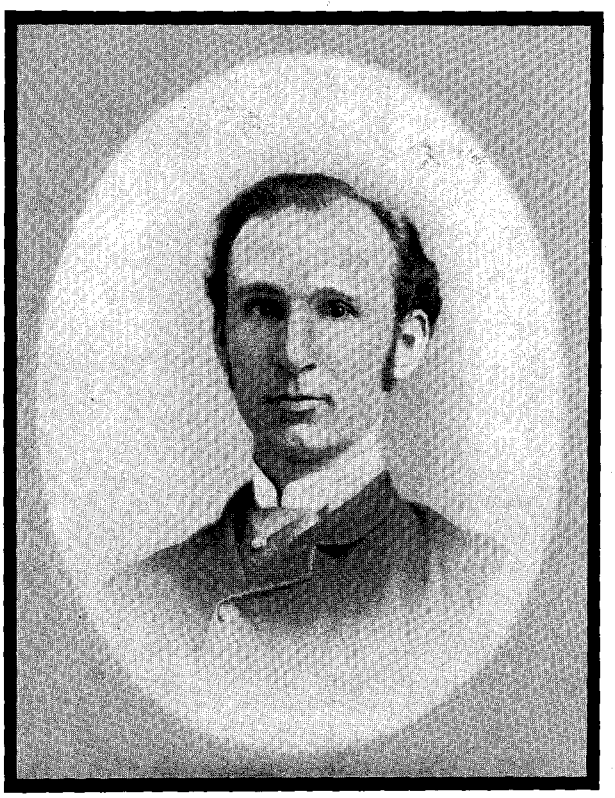
Just as the Burns automobile appeared before the little red "Prosecution House" in Franklin Street, by accident Mr. Older's motorcar drove up. The machines stood eyes to eyes. Ruef, sitting on the front seat, recognized Older over the chauffeur's head.

"My God!" he said to Mr. Burns, as if he had encountered an ill omen, "there's Older; that's the last straw." It was.

Ruef was no longer able to preach to the supervisors. Stage director Burns and actor Roy went on with their drama; all depended on it. One misstep would so alarm the supervisors that they could never again be tempted by the Burns trough.

I was made aware that all had gone well, that the first and only performance had met with success, when one day I was summoned to town from San Rafael, where we lived after the fire. Mr. Older met me at the ferry. I was with a party of friends. Before greeting me he said under his breath, "Lornegan." Then he went on talking with the others. However, the whisper told me that Lornegan, the supervisor, was caught; that the first pillar of the big graft structure had fallen; that it would pile upon its builders like a tomb. During the following three days all the supervisors confessed, and the whole flimsy structure of municipal graft toppled over.

At this time the Graft Prosecution knew its greatest local favor. One thousand banqueting merchants stood on their chairs as they cheered Francis J. Heney, William J. Burns, and Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. Spreckels was a hero worthy of a monument. People forgot that Mr. Older for years had bored them with his talk of corruption. Now he was a far-sighted journalist. Mere acquaintances called to congratulate him. Every one connected with the Graft Prosecution was endowed with all the godlike attributes of the successful.



R. A. CROTHERS, THE FEARLESS OWNER OF THE "BULLETIN"

VI

Mr. Burns continued his work. Ruef confessed before the Grand Jury. Indictment followed indictment; millionaires, social leaders bearing great names, were arrested for giving bribes; the fame of house after house was besmirched. Patrick Calhoun, descendant of John C. Calhoun and Patrick Henry, was weighed on the same scales with Lornegan, the baker.

It was a new justice in San Francisco: a justice that punished the tempter as well as the tempted. Applause ceased. Now Francis J. Heney had a different look. Men no longer crossed the street to shake Rudolph Spreckels' hand; he was a suspicious character on trial. Fremont Older's popularity faded. It required more moral courage than the average person possessed to walk in public with any member of the Graft Prosecution. To ask whether one believed in looting the city became a delicate personal question.

Members of the prosecution were not bidden to entertainments where people of fashion gathered; old friends fell away. Men in the clubs and judges of the higher courts fraternized with the corruptors of the city's government; women reserved their sweetest smiles for the candidates for State's prison.

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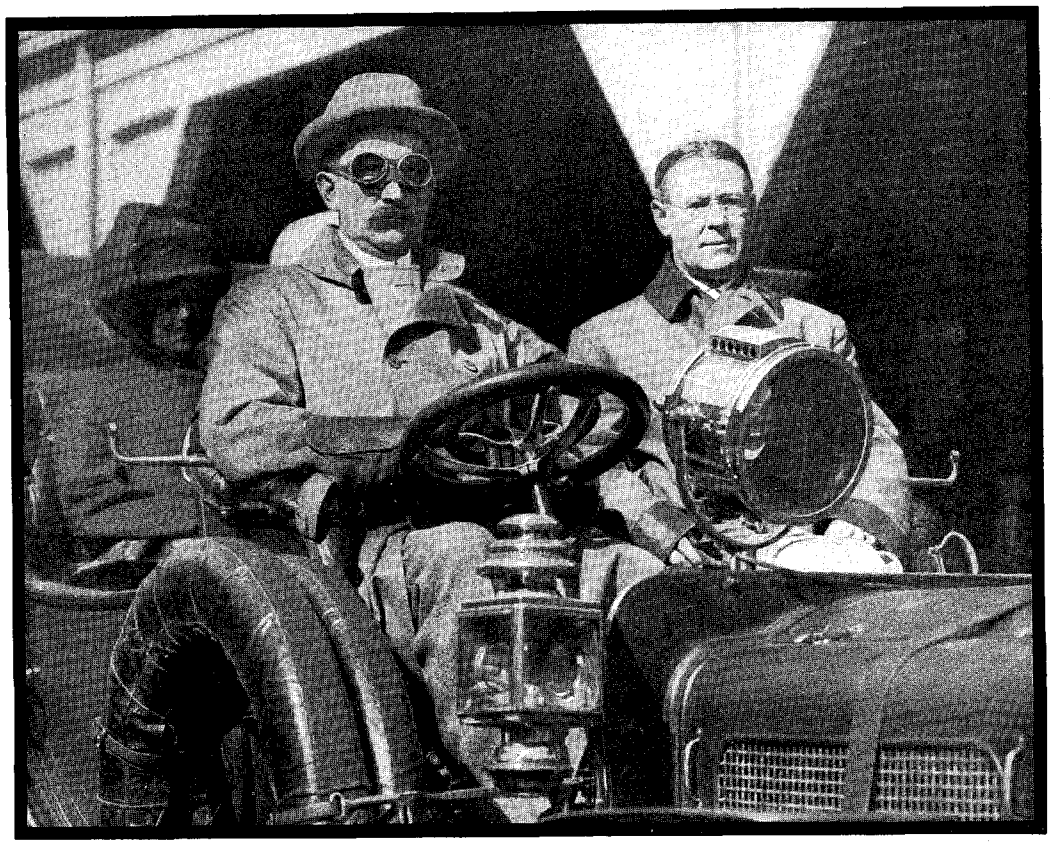

FRANCIS J. HENEY, MRS. HENEY, AND MR. AND MRS. FREMONT OLDER, IN MR. OLDER'S AUTOMOBILE; MR. OLDER AT THE WHEEL

THE SNAP-SHOT WAS TAKEN ON MR. HENEY'S FIRST OUTING AFTER THE SHOOTING. THE SAME AUTOMOBILE BROUGHT MRS. HENEY TO THE BEDSIDE OF HER HUSBAND WHEN HE WAS THOUGHT TO BE DYING, AND TOOK HIM FROM THE HOSPITAL WHEN HE WAS CONVALESCING

Even some of the courageous ministers suffered. The pastor of a wealthy congregation, on daring to urge men to dare to do right, was deserted by a third of his parishioners. One multi-millionairess found herself without a church where she could worship. In town her clergyman actually thought the rich could commit crimes; in the country her rector was equally benighted. If men of the cloth thus interpreted the Word of God she could see no salvation for her soul save in remaining at home.

A grocer who voted to convict a bribe-giver lost fifteen hundred dollars a month as a result of his act. Mr. Oliver, the foreman of the Grand Jury which indicted the millionaires, one morning woke without a real estate business; he had been boycotted by the "higher-ups." Unshaken by the great pressure brought to bear upon him during the deliberation of the inquisitorial body, he told Mr. Older that when he listened to the recountal of what men would do for gain he became ashamed of money-making. Not long ago Mr. Oliver was asked by the editor concerning his business property. "I have no business," he answered. "I'm straightening up my affairs to leave town. Perhaps my partner can do better with me away; he has nothing to live down."

The moral health of a community is dependent in a great measure upon the honesty of its newspapers. Unfortunately, many California publications are openly venal; others salve their consciences with the advertising contracts of the big corporations. Three quarters of the press come under one head or another; such papers quickly found their place. No money was to be had from the Graft Prosecution; the reformers were fighting six hundred millions. The great body of publications began poisoning the public mind for the "higher-ups."

As the trials of the bribe-givers progressed, every possible means was employed by the indicted men to prove that the law cannot worst money. Rudolph Spreckels was erecting buildings; they were avoided by tenants as though plague-infested. Rich people withdrew their accounts from his bank. The *Bulletin*, as the

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SNAP-SHOT OF WILLIAM H. LANGDON AND RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

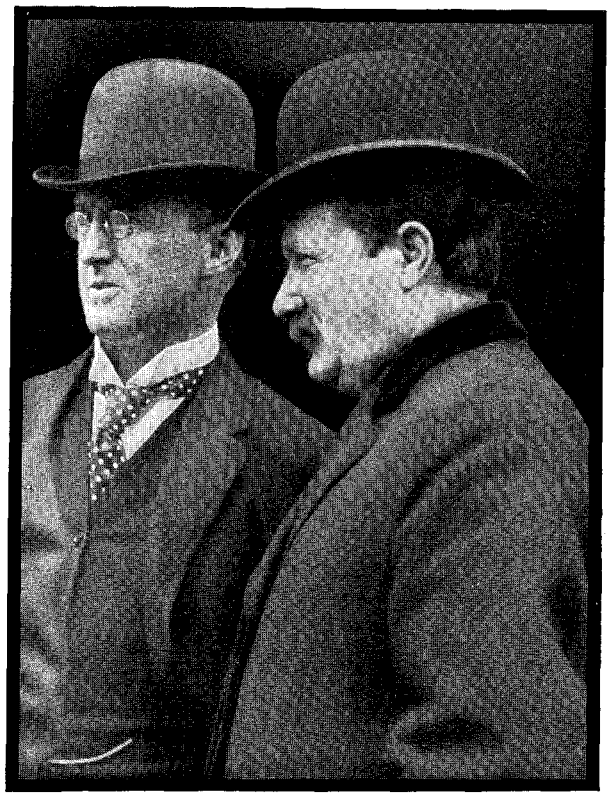
most aggressive newspaper in California, the journalistic backbone of the prosecution, was boycotted by advertisers. Patrick Calhoun himself solicited merchants to withdraw their patronage from the paper. Bankers, holding embarrassed business men in their power, warned debtors against giving support to the *Bulletin*. One by one, advertisers dropped off, but the paper lived. Then a new journal, one backed by the indicted and blasted, was thrown into the field. The *Bulletin* was obliged to spend seven thousand dollars a month to hold its subscribers together. Affairs would have looked black to ordinary men. Rudolph Spreckels and Fremont Older met one day to talk the situation over.

"I won't back down, if it takes every dollar I have," said Mr. Spreckels.

"And the *Bulletin* will not change its policy, if it means that we print a nine by nine paper, and I have to live in a car on the Ocean Boulevard and spend fifty dollars a month. We are fighting the battle of the people; they've got to come to us."

The men shook hands on their promise. Mr. Crothers, the proprietor, undaunted, smiled acquiescence in the compact.

One day a washerwoman sent to the *Bulletin* a dollar for the Graft Prosecution fund. She had a boy, she said, and she knew the prosecutors were trying to better conditions for him. The washerwoman forced the contrast between herself and the millionairess who took her sons from church because the man of God would not proclaim one commandment for the poor and another for the rich. This and other incidents brought to the reformers the knowledge that they must rely for their support on the toilers.



SNAP-SHOT OF WILLIAM J. BURNS AND J. J. DWYER

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VII

Tirey L. Ford, an attorney for the United Railways, was on trial for complicity in the trolley franchise bribery. While leaving the courtroom one day, Earl Rogers, who was Ford's counsel, was overheard by a Burns detective to say, "I'll get that —— —— Older in a few days." The editor's life had frequently been threatened in the fight for good government, but he made no change in his habit of going about unarmed and unaccompanied.

FRANCIS J. HENEY

FROM A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE COURT-HOUSE ON THE FIRST DAY OF HIS REAPPEARANCE AFTER BEING SHOT — THE DAY OF RUEF'S CONVICTION

One evening we had invited some friends to dine in a restaurant opened by G. M. Roy. Because of Mr. Roy's services in entrapping the supervisors, sympathizers with the prosecution planned to give dinners at his café. As Mr. Older did not return in time, I, believing that he had been detained and would appear later, went to keep the appointment with our guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Heney had a table next to ours. When Mr. Heney informed me that my husband had gone to see a friend, his manner lacked its usual frankness; but still I believed that Mr. Older was taking part in a political conference. My guests, having sharp ears, made out from the conversation between Mr. Heney and ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, who sat at the next table, that Mr. Older had disappeared and could not be found. I scarcely heard what was being said by my friends; my thought was of the remark of Calhoun's attorney, and I sat with my eyes fixed on the entrance to the restaurant.

About midnight, after my guests accompanied me home, I was told over the telephone by the editorial writer of the *Bulletin* that Mr. Older was with him and some others, engaged in an important secret discussion, but that he would soon return. At four in the morning, when I was awakened by my telephone bell, the editorial writer expressed a desire to have a talk with me. Then I knew it was not an ordinary political conference at which Mr. Older had assisted; on the contrary, it was most extraordinary. My visitor permitted me to read the proofs of what the *Call* already had on the press; these told me that Mr. Older had been kidnapped by Calhoun's ruffians and attorneys.

At half after five on the preceding day, while the editor was in Mr. Heney's office, some one called him to the telephone. The stranger, introducing himself as Mr. Stapleton, said he desired to see Mr. Older on a matter of business important to the *Bulletin*. He wished to meet him at the Hotel Savoy. Information often comes in strange ways to newspapers; so Mr. Older started for the hotel designated, hoping that the result of the interview would be of some service to the cause. However, in leaving, he said to Mr. Cobb, the partner of Mr. Heney, "This may be a trap. If I'm not back in fifteen minutes you'll know it is."

In Van Ness Avenue the editor observed an automobile filled with evil-looking men. The motor-car drew up to him; one of its occupants stepped out. The stranger said he had a warrant for Mr. Older's arrest on the charge of criminal libel in Los Angeles. Calhoun's attorney had trumped up a charge; an obliging judge issued the warrant in secret.

"I demand bail," said Mr. Older.

"All right," replied the stranger; "I'll take you to Judge Cook."

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Before he entered the automobile the editor was searched for concealed weapons by a Calhoun gun-fighter. Soon the machine started rapidly down Van Ness Avenue. Already Mr. Older was suspicious.

"Judge Cook's court isn't in this direction. Where are you going?"

"We'll take you to the Judge's house," was the assurance.

Mr. Older was seated between two men, one of whom held a pistol against his side. When Mr. Older realized that the machine was approaching the park, he knew he was not going to the Judge's residence; he was being carried away by force in defiance of the law. The automobile was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he started to rise.

"If you make any effort to escape I'll have to shoot you," the man with the pistol warned.

When the editor heard these words, and felt the mouth of the weapon against his side, he knew he had been brought away by his captors in the hope that he would make an outcry. Mr. Older could obtain no information as to his destination. The motor-car followed round-about roads unfamiliar to the editor, who sat for sixty minutes, with the pistol thrust against his ribs, and smoked.

At Redwood City, where the machine finally drew up to await the Los Angeles train, he discovered that two of Calhoun's attorneys had followed the automobile in another car. Then the remark of Earl Rogers came back to him: "I'll get that —— —— Older in a few days."

The editor was placed in a state-room, under guard. He wrote telegraph messages to Rudolph Spreckels and me. Although he paid for these, they were never sent. Mr. Burns afterward discovered that one of the attorneys took them from the guard.

Calhoun's agents overdined, and boasted of having Mr. Older as prisoner in the state-room. A stranger to my husband, on overhearing the comments of the captors, feared that Mr. Older might become a victim of foul play. The passenger left the train at Salinas and spent an hour telephoning the morning *Call* the whereabouts of the missing man. The editor of that newspaper very kindly communicated with Mr. Spreckels. The news arrived at midnight; at that very minute one of the Burns detectives entered the "Prosecution House" with corroborating information; this he had obtained from employees of the United Railways. Immediately Mr. Burns and Mr. Spreckels called long-distance telephones into service. At two in the morning a judge in Santa Barbara held court and issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to be served when the train should arrive there.

Mr. Older the while was in ignorance of what had happened. On looking out of the window of his state-room, he did not realize that the big crowd of people had assembled to see him released from the Calhoun hirelings. The kidnappers were afterward indicted for their act. Still San Francisco did not awake to a realization of the crimes which were being committed to bury crimes. The sympathizers with the bribe-givers would have told you that Mr. Older abducted himself.

MRS. FREMONT OLDER

VIII

The pivotal witness against Ruef, Schmitz, Calhoun, and the "higher-ups" was James Gallagher, ex-supervisor, and the boss' former paymaster. Without his testimony no one could be convicted. Mr. Older had long been warned that a Mexican sharpshooter was

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to put him and Gallagher out of the way. So many were the alarms, however, that they ceased to alarm. Gallagher showed great courage; nevertheless, in the interest of his own safety, he decided until the trials were finished to live in Oakland. When, one evening, our telephone bell sounded and the District Attorney's office told us that the Gallagher home in Oakland, with its eight occupants, had been dynamited, one knew to the full what it meant to fight six hundred millions. Miraculously, none of the family was killed. Although the following month some of Gallagher's houses were destroyed by dynamite, the ex-supervisor did not waver in his testimony.

Perhaps you think San Francisco was indignant at this crime. A small percentage of its people were; others laughed at caricatures of the dynamiting published by the subsidized papers; still others doubted that the "higher-ups" were accomplices in the act. They thought, in all probability, that Gallagher at heart was an iconoclastic but practical socialist who didn't believe in property.

Mr. Older induced the *Bulletin* to offer a reward of a thousand dollars for information concerning the dynamiters. Even the editor was surprised at the results. We have a collection of letters, some of them written in red ink, threatening to blow up the *Bulletin* building, to kill Mr. Older, to murder his family, to assassinate each member of the prosecution and those dear to them, if the offer of a reward was not withdrawn within twenty-four hours. As a result, all the residences of those endangered were guarded by the police to such an extent that one felt as if one were living in Russia or Turkey.

The offer of reward remained in the *Bulletin* day after day. It bore fruit. Two young Greek bravos, the Claudianos brothers, crawled up out of the gutter to confess that for hire they had dynamited Gallagher's house. One of them is now in jail; the other, who did the deed, is in State's prison for life. The jury decided his fate in a few minutes.

But where are those who instigated the crime? The poor, ignorant wretches said they had been paid by a very intelligent Greek, Paodeauveris. This man, who was immediately identified as an old henchman of Ruef, fled the city the day the confession of Claudianos was made public. In his haste, however, Paodeauveris left behind him in his room a significant photograph — a picture of himself in the uniform of a conductor of the United Railways, standing on the platform of a car. Among the man's papers William J. Burns found reports which showed that Paodeauveris was a secret agent of the United Railways.

One midnight Mr. Older returned from the conference with William J. Burns and District Attorney Langdon at which young Claudianos told his story. It was not a narrative to conduce sleep. Gallagher's house was but the first step in the program, the Greek said. Mr. Heney they plotted to put out of the way by slung-shot. One plan of the assassins was to gain entrance to the Spreckels residence by making the acquaintance of the gardener; the house was to have been blown up while the occupants slept.

Toward our destruction the Greeks had made more definite progress. We have a shack on the Ocean Boulevard where Mr. Older likes to dine. The bravos admitted — William J. Burns afterward verified every statement — that Paodeauveris and they for months had been our near neighbors. Already the murderers had purchased and hidden dynamite in the cottage near ours rented by them. They had entered our place, as was shown, to find the lay of the rooms. For thirty days they had lain in wait for us. At that time, fortunately, Mr. Older had been enigmatically warned by one for whom he had done a favor.

"I won't say a thing, except don't dine at the beach; don't dine at the beach. I can't tell you what I know, but keep away from there."

This man who gave the saving word knew well the underground life of the city, and he spoke with authority.

"Tell those people you know that I shall dine at the beach as usual," was the editor's answer.

We did; but Mr. Older profited sufficiently by the warning to take with us an officer of the law. While we ate, the policeman in the automobile kept watch. His presence alone prevented the Greeks from dynamiting our dining-room.

These incredible happenings at times gave us the sense of not being real people living in a real world; one seemed to be passing through an impossible melodrama. Yet San Francisco slept on through such startling events. The minds of the well-to-do and wealthy seemed narcotized by the statement, "The Graft Prosecution hurts business." One millionaire recently voiced the opinions of the so-called upper classes: "If the prosecution had stopped after punishing Ruef and Schmitz, it would have been the greatest investigation ever conducted in America; but when they went after the bribe-givers it became persecution." It was, indeed, persecution of noble, high-minded, well-dressed gentlemen who made anarchy of laws in their inspired vocation of money-grubbing.

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Caricatures of the leaders of the prosecution — men who were working day and night for the city, living ten years in one in their struggle to see if equality before the law were only a dream of those who wrote the Constitution — these caricatures were the delight of thousands of men and women.

"Don't talk to me about the prosecution; it bores me; it is dead," said an eminent educator. "Mr. Herrin is a gentleman."

Mr. Heney had given the money he might have earned, his fame, his great vitality, the best years of his life, to the work. Mr. Spreckels had contributed his splendid purpose, two hundred thousand dollars directly, and much more indirectly. Mr. Burns, to be sure, was paid for his services; but one can't remunerate integrity, genius, and the heart and soul of men. The *Bulletin* is the only large paper in San Francisco not owned by a man who has millions aside from his journal. R. A. Crothers, its proprietor, had sustained a loss of a quarter of a million dollars in the battle for good government. Fremont Older had contributed his inspiring enthusiasm, his marvelous energy, his money, and six years to the cause. These men and a dozen more, in addition to their substance, had bestowed a devotion and a zeal never equaled except by others engaged in working for mankind. Yet the prosecution was dead, was the public verdict. Mr. Older wondered if the people really did want good government. When friends, society, newspapers, courts fell away, the dearer grew the struggle to those who had given themselves to it.

Then came a bullet. Mr. Older was in Mr. Heney's office when the telephone girl rushed in with a message:

"Mr. Heney has been shot; he is dying in the court-room."

That, again, was what it was to fight six hundred millions. When the editor hastened to his motor-car, drove it through the crowded streets to the side of his friend, he recalled the day in Washington when they met; he himself seemed to have been an agent bringing Mr. Heney to this end. His recollection also was of one night when the prosecutor's voice rang out in a speech:

"I'll send all these indicted men to jail, if I have to pay for it with my life."

He was paying. Mr. Older realized it when he fetched the grief-burdened wife to her husband; when he saw the big, vital, fighting man carried to the ambulance; when the afflicted, white-faced throng followed the conveyance; when, in order that the sufferer might not be distressed by the jolting of the vehicle, men unhitched the horses and drew the ambulance up the hill to the hospital.

But at last all the good in San Francisco was awake. It called out in loud tones its penitence for indifference to the men who had walked on dynamite, who had offered themselves as targets for assassins of body and reputation, that the city might have a decent government. Trimming, misguided, cowardly, well-meaning men and women came into the open with expressions of remorse for their conduct. One hundred thousand of them overran halls, blackened squares where speeches were made — speeches in which the hearers loudly concurred. The listeners promised in the future to give their support to the Graft Prosecution.

IX

Fashionable San Francisco alone set its face against ashes of regret. Its countenance hardened in anger. From this class there was no word of sympathy for Francis J. Heney. They were even more bitter than usual; public opinion had altered in an hour. "It's a pity the bullet didn't do better work," was whispered in the clubs.

A student of sociology will wonder whether San Francisco is to a greater degree lacking in moral sense than other cities of the Union. This will be for later investigations to determine. Governor Folk once told me that while he was performing his great service for St. Louis he was an unpopular man in his city. Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns relate that when they were working in Portland, by a large section of the community the prosecutors, rather than the land thieves, were placed on trial.

Perhaps the hostility among San Franciscans to impartial enforcement of the laws arises from its large foreign population, amazed Eastern people have often remarked. We Americans like to blame foreigners for our crimes. While San Francisco has an unusually high percentage of residents whose parents were born in Europe, sympathizers with good government have reason to be grateful for them. Those who in this crisis did the best work for the city were the Irish- and German-Americans. Among a dozen leading spirits of the Graft Prosecution, Charles Cobb, law partner of Mr. Heney, Hiram Johnson, who after the prosecutor was shot made the great speech in the Ruef case, and Fremont Older alone have centuries of American ancestors behind them. On the other hand, the mental accomplices of the bribe-givers, those who have cast the weight of their unanimity, their fortunes, toward the escape of the ich criminals, are of

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New England or Southern ancestry. The members of the Supreme Court which released Schmitz and Ruef, the judges of the Appellate Court who so uniquely decided that extortion was not a crime, are for the most part Americans.

Undoubtedly, to a certain extent, the immoral public opinion in San Francisco lies in the origin of the city. San Francisco has neither religious nor wholesome village traditions. Little more than half a century ago it was a great, sprawling, uneducated mining town. Like all mining camps, it looked lightly on the Ten Commandments; what did anything matter so long as one had struck it rich? Men did not discriminate in their friendships; did not ask what or who their associates were. The one touchstone to acceptability was, "How much has he?" The history of many of the great fortunes in the State is the history of crime.

Unfortunately, vicious qualities of nature persist, are transmitted, while virtues are effaced. The sons of rugged, if unscrupulous, sires took on the qualities of the world's idle. It is not strange that many wealthy San Franciscans should have been directly or indirectly connected with bribery; pirates don't beget Emersons. Parasites on society, like parasites on animals, weaken first in the brain centers. Their wills, their morals go. Dollars become their art, their literature, their character.

The capitalist class in San Francisco, as elsewhere, being barren of ideas, has a fine disdain for every form of knowledge except the multiplication-table. Persons accustomed to using their minds find themselves cudgeling their brains for conversation; one encounters similar difficulty in a nursery. If one of these men heard Pym or Hampden mentioned, he would think you were talking of a racing-horse or a cocktail. Early Bright's disease or apoplexy seems to be nature's normal corrective for this class of idlers. Meanwhile it is they who think for San Francisco, just as they think for every community where the cash-register is the god.

Indiscriminate admiration for the rich, Herbert Spencer says, renders true reform impossible. An inordinate degree of this has been the hindrance to reform in San Francisco. Six hundred millions send out waves of thought that sweep away individual entities. One with a million may produce a ripple, but only ten or fifteen millions can really ruffle the surface of the meditations of society. Men in the immediately lower and dependent tiers no more venture on independent opinions than a pack-mule overleaps a precipice; their sole intellectual endeavor is to think like an illiterate multi-millionaire.

It would not be worth one's while to write concerning a small number of frivolous, selfish, ignorant men and women, but for their far-reaching influence. Our encouraging realization is that below them are the great masses whose point of view has not been vitiated by idleness and opulence; they still believe in dull old goodness. In the finality of things they will become masters. Even if the courts refuse to send to prison any but the poor, the people of California have been sent to school by the Graft Prosecution. They have been given a glimpse of a political operating-table; they have seen their courts responding to corporation buttons. Now they know that their State officials are the Southern Pacific Railway. Already the people's representatives show fear of the voters; even a "machine" Legislature passed an anti-race-track and a direct primary bill during its last session.

One may well wonder why, in the face of so many despairs and so few hopes, the men of the Graft Prosecution continue the struggle; why Francis J. Heney, impoverished, scarred, deaf, went back to the court-room where he was shot down. I can best illustrate by recounting a story of Mr. Heney.

A month after his narrow escape from death, one day he was walking with Mr. Burns and Mr. Older about William Kent's place at Kentfield. They met a bull in an open field. Mr. Heney at the time was so weak that he could scarcely stand; and yet the old spirit of contest rose in him. Leaping forward to the bull, he began taunting him.

"Don't do that," remonstrated Mr. Older; "he'll gore you."

"I can drop him at three feet," drawled Mr. Heney.

This is how he feels toward the six hundred millions he is fighting.

Rudolph Spreckels used to say: "Of course, people misunderstand me. I am willing to wait ten years for them to know that my only motive is to do something for California, to make of her what she should be." Not long since, stretched on a sick-bed, in speaking of the vilification received by him, he said to Mr. Older, "It doesn't matter if they never understand."

The battle started by Fremont Older has given San Francisco an excellent city government, but his local reward for seven years of effort is to find himself the most hated editor in California. Still, this does not deter him; he has gone beyond that. He says the work does him good; it is excellent moral calisthenics. He began fighting alone. If his associates dropped by his side he would go on calling out, "Stop thief!" until even the deaf should hear.

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THE LITTLE HARMONIZER OF HIS THREEFOLD NATURE

BY

MARION HAMILTON CARTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

MISS BESSIE was down on her knees, helping the babies to get last year's rubbers on this year's shoes, buttoning little coats whose buttons occurred at the rate of one button to two and a half holes, and receiving in return a number of sloppy and many sweetened kisses, whose saccharinity she surreptitiously removed with her handkerchief, for it was very real. So also were the kisses, and so were the thirty little kindergarten children to whom she was daily ministering with the dangerous enthusiasm of a neophyte. For Miss Bessie was a recently graduated member of the Cult of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, plus the Threefold Nature of the Child — body, mind, and spirit — as according to the High Priest of the Cult, Fröbel; and she was guided by Ideals in her life work.

As the last baby's kiss was deposited on her cheek, Miss Bessie got up from the floor to find herself under the steady, contemptuous eye of Master Aloysius Mulligan,— familiarly known to the neighborhood as "Pugsy Muggins,"— who fixed her with the words, "Whadda youse le' them kids slobber yez fer?"

"Because I *love* them," she answered, in her turn fixing the young Aloysius with a kindergarten-manual smile.

"Aw, g'wan! Whatcher givin' us?"

"Why, Aloysius!" She said it with surprise and a hurt, sad look. "Why, A-*loy*-sius!"

"Me name's Pugsy," he announced with a grin. "An' youse *love* dese kids? Hully gee! I wunner whatcher made uv."

Pugsy's manners and language were not ornamental, for Pugsy had dealt exclusively with the plain, cold facts of life for six summers, to say nothing of winters, which, owing to the rigors of the climate and a wardrobe consisting of three semi-diaphanous garments and a pair of cast-off ladies' shoes, were passed mostly in the unholy privacy of dens to whose atmosphere and contents the gutter might be compared as clean.

Miss Bessie stood looking at him. Here was her first great problem: she had not "reached" Aloysius; Aloysius had not visibly yielded to the harmonizing influences of the kindergarten. After four blessed weeks of songs and games and love and joy, not to mention sewing cards and clay birds' eggs, Aloysius was still conspicuously out of Harmony. Only that morning had he batted Rafael Piccudella on the head and almost gouged an eye from the classic countenance of Mario Colluci under pretense of showing "how the farmer reaps his barley and rye." Yesterday, while playing scissors-grinder, he had seized one of Amelia Collins' cherished pigtails and snipped it between his fingers, with so vivid an effect that that young lady had existed for hours afterward in the firm and tragic belief that she was parted forever from that beloved possession.

The day before, when they had played "birdies in a nest," he, pleading to be mother-birdie and feed the babies, had introduced between the unsuspecting lips of Yetta Waskowitz a large bolus of leaves, hastily culled in mother-bird flight past the window-box. And last week — But this tale would become a volume if I attempted to relate the escapades of our young Aloysius during that one month.

"Youse *love* dem kids — *love* dem?" mused Aloysius. "An' youse ain't de foist I seen, neider."

"Stay a little while, dear," invited Miss Bessie, with a swift inspiration. "I want to ask you something."

He seated himself on one of the kindergarten tables, and Miss Bessie took a little chair. As she considered how she would "reach Aloysius," Aloysius whistled, delivering indiscriminating kicks with his ladies' shoes the while, most of which her knees intercepted. Let her bear it — it would show him that she

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"'AN' YOUSE LOVE DESE KIDS?'"

loved him. Love was the Key to the Universe. His very assumption of scorn — it was assumption, of course,— showed his yearning to love and to be loved.

"Dear child, don't you love something?" began Miss Bessie, smiling and trying to take his hand, which he prevented by jamming it deep into his pocket. "Haven't you anything — any little pet — even a flower?" And she pictured herself presenting to him a neat potted geranium, with a big red blossom on top of a long stem (the sort teachers always give to little boys), and confiding to him that it was for his very ownest own, to care for and watch and love. "Not even a flower?"

"A *flower!* Aw, g'wan! Wot youse t'ink a boy wants wit' a *flower?*"

"But haven't you anything? A doggy? a kitty? — a dear little kitty that you watch and care for and love?"

Pugsy considered this for some time, as though trying to determine which of his possessions filled the requirements, and, evidently satisfied, communicated, "Gotta *mouse.*"

"A *mouse!* A real live little mouse — that you feed and *love.* Oh, Aloysius, how *sweet!*"

"Do youse love mice, too?"

"Y-yes, Aloysius, I love them too," Miss Bessie lied boldly. At the same time she shuddered; though it wasn't as much a lie as it seems, for kindergartners can always love Mouse in the abstract. With Mouse in the abstract held cleverly before her mind's eye, Miss Bessie rattled on, "Mice are *dear* little things. And you love yours and take such *good* care of it? Oh, Aloysius, *won't* you bring it to-morrow, so we can have our morning talk on mice, and all the children can have ——"

"*Dey can't have my mouse!*"

"No, dear, it's yours. But you'll let them see it in its little cage — you keep it in a cage?"

The shivers ran down her spine even when he assured her, "Betcher life I do! If I bring 'er you'll give 'er back? Honest? Cross yer heart?"

"Yes, yes, indeed! Cross my heart — *there!* — I'll give it back." (Wouldn't she, though!)

For a moment Pugsy looked unconvinced, and Miss Bessie beamed; his suspicion of her only measured his love for his little pet. Then, slipping down from his perch and looking her square in the eyes, he said, "I guess youse is honest. But I wouldn't take sixteen dollars in me inside pocket for that mouse. *Nit!*" and he dashed into the hall with a whoop.

"Dear child!" said Miss Bessie at his cap, as it went bobbing past the window, "I knew there was something." She jabbed hat-pins into her pompadour meditatively. "The very darkest heart has one illumined corner whence comes Harmony to the whole nature." And with the joy of one who saves souls for a living,

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she departed for lunch, and Mouse (in the abstract) became glorified as a means of redemption: the Harmonizer of a Threefold Nature.

The first person to meet her on the steps next morning was Pugsy. In his hand was a "catch-'em-alive" mouse-trap, and upon his freckled young face sat a smile so enchanting that Miss Bessie could not refrain from kissing him. Harmony had come — she felt it to the core of her kindergarten heart.

Pugsy, with his trap,— which he had buttoned inside his jacket,— was installed upon her right, and the morning ring was formed. Miss Bessie began the exercises with her usual "Good morning, little children," and as they replied, "Good morning, Miss Bessie," she was conscious of a poised flutter of expectation. She was glad. She would make this a wonderful day of joy for little Aloysius. They would sing only their morning hymn, and then, with a few well-chosen remarks, she would "get ready the apperceiving matrix" and "draw out" her lesson on love and, incidentally, Mouse.

As soon as the little voices chopped out the words:

"In all we do, in work or play,
Make us more loving day by day,"

she unbuttoned Pugsy's jacket, motioning him to place the trap on his knees.

"Children,"— silence fell with a gasp,— "children, we have a little friend with us to-day." (This by way of preparing the "apperceiving matrix.")

"Now, look-a-here, you kids," shouted Pugsy, "this here's *my* mouse, an' if one uv youse touches it, I'll tear his ——"

"Ssh! A-*loy*-sius!" reproved Miss Bessie, but gently, and with a detaining hand on his arm. "They wouldn't hurt your dear little mouse for worlds. . . . Children, the little friend who has come to see us to-day is Mr. Mouse."

"Her name ain't 'Mr. Mouse.' It's Everliner."

"I didn't know he had a name," smiled Miss Bessie. "Children, we must all love Evelina very much because he is —— "

"He's a *she!*"

" — Because she's one of God's creatures," finished Miss Bessie.

"Now, look-a-here!" cried Pugsy indignantly, "you shan't tell that on 'er — she ain't no *screecher* — she ain't let out *one squeak* since I got 'er."

"God's — creature, dear, not 'screecher,'" corrected Miss Bessie.

"'DO YOUSE LOVE MICE, TOO?'"

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"'HER NAME AIN'T "MR. MOUSE." IT'S EVERLINER'"

"You shan't call 'er names — *nit,* an' youse can take it from me."

"Of course not — you didn't understand, dear. *God's — crea-ture* —— "

"Now, look-a-here — you better take that back — or I'll —— "

"Yes, yes, dear," soothed Miss Bessie. The "apperceiving matrix" was evidently prepared — even overprepared. Without waiting an instant Miss Bessie plunged for her lesson with "*Children,*"— a dazzling smile to all,—"I wonder who can tell me what the little mouse likes best — *to eat!*" She sprung the last words with a suggestive glitter of teeth.

"Toes!" pealed Sadie Wishnowetsky, and shuddered under her beruffled white apron.

"Toes," seconded the infant Amelia Collins,— she of the cherished pigtails,— who sat next to Sadie; and, rolling her eyes, she shuddered under her little apron.

"Toes!" echoed around the morning ring, and each little apron performed a close imitation of Sadie's.

"Children! Sadie! Amelia! What are you thinking of?" cried Miss Bessie. "You must *listen,* and you must *think* before you speak. . . . I asked you what the little mouse *eats,*"— she said this with exquisite enunciation,—"what — she — *eats.* . . . Now, Sadie."

"Toes," repeated Sadie confidently. "Teacher, you ast how it iss, und I tell you mice they eats toes."

"They eats toes," whispered Amelia.

"Yes, Teacher, Miss Bessie," continued Sadie, acknowledging Amelia's support with a nod, "mice they eats toes, und I tells you how you ast, but you can to ast off anybody. Lena Pollywatsky, ain't it how mice eats toes? Stella Bamberger, ain't it how mice eats toes? Mattie Levy, ain't it? Ain't it, Sonia Solovovo?" Each child gave frantic assent, Lena crying out, "She tells you *right* how it iss," and Sadie, pointing her finger at Lena, wound up, "See? There, Teacher! I tells you how you ast how it iss, und Lena, she *knows.* But sooner you don't believe me und Lena, you ast off my mama und Lena's mama; she lives by my house, und she tells you."

Sadie, having fired her battery in support of natural science, sat back triumphantly, but before the smoke had cleared, her pal, Lena, leaped to the breach, discharging her own.

"Yess, Teacher," she cried, "Sadie, she lives by my house, und she tells you how mice iss. Mice, they is by your house, und night comes, und they creeps out — *squiggles* und *squiggles* und comes by your bett — *squiggles* und *squiggles* und comes *into* your bett! *Squiggles* und *squiggles* und comes by your *toes!*" (Shudders) "Und sooner they finds your toes, they *eats* 'em, so you don't got any toes when you wakes up no more. Yess, 'tis so."

Chorus of girls' voices: "'Tis so! 'Tis so! Teacher, Sadie she tells you — Lena she tells you — me mommy she tells you — me pop

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says so — my granny, she ought to know, she tells me — Maggie Moran, by my house, tells me." Babel of voices all at once — "Eva, Effie, Nora, Sally, Jennie, me mommy, me pop tells me — tells you — *you ast*, Teacher, you ast my big sister," etc., etc., etc., "how it iss."

And into this fusillade Miss Bessie could only shoot the word, *"Children!"*

In the second's lull that followed, Rachel Cohen's voice rose shrilly: "I want I should keep my toes, und I don't want I should no mice have, do you, Ameliar? You want you should keep your toes how dey wass *on* you a'ready?"

Amelia's eyes were as big as saucers. She shook her little cherished pigtails with such violence that they stood out straight from her head. "I — w-a-a-nt — my t-o-o-es!" she wailed, as though that portion of her anatomy had abruptly disappeared.

"You should to keep your toes how they wass on you, Ameliar," Sadie reassured, "und no mice get 'em. Mice, they ain't fer you, und they ain't fer me, no."

"They ain't fer me — ner me — ner me," went pealing round the ring.

"Children!"

"Teacher, yess," cried Yetta Waskowitz, seizing her chance for exposition. "Mice makes it how I should to wear mine shoes by mine bett. I say on mine big sister, 'Shoes they ain't so awful comf'able in bett — it ain't stylish.' Sooner I wear 'em, und my brother Ikey wear 'em, und Solomon wear 'em, und Leah und Eva wear 'em, sooner I gets kicked, for Ikey he say how I kick him first mit mine shoes, und he *lies* — I don't kick him. Und I say on my sister, 'Clo'es they iss stylish in bett, but not aprons und shoes; I should to take off mine shoes same as I take off mine apron.' Und my big sister she says back on me, sooner I don't keep mine shoes, sooner comes mice, und sooner they eats mine toes, *I goes by the kindergarten school no more.*"

This last direful suggestion, delivered in Yetta's most lugubrious voice, brought confirmation in a prolonged groan of "Ohs," "Yesses," and nods; and Sadie, who had meanwhile loaded up for a fresh volley in defense of the cause, burst out, "Teacher, Miss, Yetta Waskowitz she tells you how it iss by my house — I must to wear mine shoes in mine bett. Mice comes by your house — *so*" (little fingers crept under her apron), "squiggles und squiggles, *so* — comes by your bett — *squiggles* — und *squig-gles* . . . und squiggles . . . und sq ——"

"I don't *want* I should to be squiggled mit no *mice!*" shrieked Eva Katz, her eyes popping out of her head as she watched Sadie's squiggles creeping nearer and nearer her own little apron. And Amelia wailed her a close second, "I — w-a-a-nt — my — t-o-o-es!" followed by the entire feminine contingent according to their several needs and necessities of expression.

Now, this elucidation of the dietary of mice had gone thus far unchecked only partly because of its "vital interest." Miss Bessie taught by what she believed was the Socratic method of question and answer, which, being interpreted according to the scriptures of her Trainer, meant that she should by questions *draw out what was already in the children's minds.* And the less there conceivably was of plain, cold fact, the harder she habitually "drew." Her ideal of a lesson was to get it all — drag it piecemeal from the drear, blank depths of ignorance in those infant minds. For she had been taught that it was a sacred duty to allow the children to empty their mental pockets of every sort of junk and refuse they contained. Let the children talk; let them tell everything they knew of mice or men, and everything they didn't know; this last was also important, for then one might combat the False with the True until Truth alone remained.

In the midst of the uproar my young friend Pugsy, laying his hand in Miss Bessie's and turning up a ravishing smile, remarked, "Hully gee! Dem kid goils is erfraid er my mouse, ain't dey, Teacher? — *an' I ain't.*"

It was his first childish confidence, and such moments are precious and not to be lightly passed over by those who watch the awakening of gutter-bred souls. Miss Bessie paused long enough for a responsive squeeze of the little hand in hers, and whispered back, "*You* aren't afraid, dear, because you *love* Evelina. 'Perfect love casteth out fear' — how true!" and she sighed.

"I — w-a-a-nt — my — t-o-o-es!" wailed Amelia.

There was no time for texts, or awakening souls.

"Children!"

"I — w-a-a-nt — my — t-o-o-es!"

"I don't leave no mice git onter you, Ameliar," Sadie encouraged, with a friendly pat.

"I — w-a-a-nt —— "

"Children! Children! Listen! Let us ——"

"I ain't got a use fer no *mice!*" shouted Tony Castelanato, rolling a pair of lustrous orbs and appealing to the masculine contingent, hitherto in the background. "Have you, Isadore Levy?"

"Mice!" shouted Isadore in return. "What good does they make by houses? *None* — on'y so *cats* eat 'em."

"My cat she don't eat 'em," loftily sneered

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"'MICE, THEY AIN'T FER YOU, UND THEY AIN'T FER ME, NO'"

Rafael Piccudella. "No, my cat is above such."

"They is fer ash-cans only," declared Otto Schenck.

"Und gutters, Otto," added Moses Cohen.

"Because dey is *wermints*," explained Michael Casey at the top of his voice. "I say it — dey is *wermints*."

Chorus: "'*Tis so, Mickey, 'tis so!*"

The "God's creature" idea had run off the track and was plowing along on the ties. Before Miss Bessie could rescue it, Ikey Goldenstein, starting from his chair, cried, "Sooner mice comes by my house, I *kill* 'em — yes!"

"My pap 'e keel 'em *so*," and Mario Colluci, making a dramatic gesture as of one holding a writhing mouse by the tail, dropped the invisible "wermint" under his foot. "*Scrunchy — unch — so* — ah!"

The little girls shuddered; some of them screamed; they saw that mouse, caught in the very "squiggle," and crushed underfoot beneath their very eyes.

"*Children! Mario! Ikey!*" Miss Bessie's voice was drowned in Solomon Oppenheimer's taunting shout, "Look here! Sooner one gets on *me* — I kill him *so!*" and he illustrated as per Mario Colluci.

"Und sooner," Eva Langenbahn burst forth, before Solomon's demonstration of prowess was finished, "one gets on *me*, I yoost screech und I *screech — und — I — screech* —— "

"*I* screech till I *kills* my own sellup!" interjected Sadie with immense relish.

"I tells you," pealed Yetta Waskowitz, "I *tells* you — sooner even I *sees* one, I *screech und t'row fits*."

At that instant Pugsy raised the cage and shook it. Yetta saw the mouse whirling about inside, and she promptly illustrated her text: she screeched and threw fits then and there!

"*Children!*"

Miss Bessie sprang from her chair. Yetta lay on the floor writhing and kicking. The Misses Wishnowetsky and Pollywatsky were preparing to follow her example with the utmost possible despatch. Little Amelia sat rocking and moaning, "I — w-a-a-nt — my — t-o-o-es!" The elder children clattered a babel of words: "You don't put 'em on me!" "No mice fer me!" "I keel 'em!" "You put one on me, I kill you!" "I tells my mommy!" "Call de cop — de *cop — de cop!*" The younger children were whimpering and shuddering.

Poor Miss Bessie, dominated in the treble of her own private consciousness with a shrill "What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?" and in a deep, deep bass with —"Suppose the principal

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should come in, or the district supervisor!" — dragged Yetta from the floor, and, holding her in an iron grip with one hand, with the other pushed Sadie and Lena into their chairs in a manner not prescribed by any known kindergarten manual. At the same time she shouted, "*Children! Children!* Be quiet *instantly* — do you hear me? *Instantly!* Every mouth *shut* — *shut!* Hands folded! Not a *word* — not a *sound! Instantly,* I say!" in tones such as no kindergartner, seeking to bring Harmony into Threefold Natures by means of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, has ever used toward any child.

But it had its effect. There followed a lull. Miss Bessie made use of it to carry Yetta across the morning ring, and whisper to Pugsy, "Aloysius, darling, quick, take the mouse to the dressing-room," giving him a look to which he instantly responded. Then, depositing Yetta with a shake and a thump in her own chair, she told that young lady, "You *sit* there, now, and don't you *dare* to make a *sound!* If you do, I'll *punish* you! Do you hear me?" and before she had received the gasping "Y-yep," she had rushed to the piano and struck a chord. "Form in line! Mark time, *mark!* — For-ward, *march!*" And the day was saved. To the strains of "Yankee Doodle" seventeen nationalities who voted straight ticket on Mouse fell into line, thence into order.

There remained only Amelia still mourning lost toes as Miss Bessie played the children to their seats at the long tables. She doled out sewing cards, and, presently had all the little fingers sewing and all the little voices chirping:

"Oh, we're all sewing, sew-sew-sewing,
Oh, we're all sewing, so happy and so gay."

This accomplished, she turned her attention to mothering her dear little Amelia, and to soothing the feelings of her dear little Aloysius.

At the end of an hour, the "day" was worrying along at about its usual rate; but not until Evelina had departed never more to return would Miss Bessie dare to breathe freely.

Never more to return! How could she break it to that poor little child? — tell him that his one loved object, which he had so confidingly brought, must be banished from the sacred precinct where Love reigned — banished through no fault of his or hers? How could she explain it and not prove herself the veriest hypocrite? Other children brought kittens and puppies and canary-birds; a frog and a turtle lived in the room: Evelina was banished. Oh, if she had only been a geranium, or a sickly bean vine in an old tin can, how easy to lead little Aloysius to "turn to the light like a plant to the sun"! But Evelina was a mouse that ate toes for a living; Evelina must go.

With these sad thoughts, Miss Bessie prepared to send Evelina home early "for safety." She

"IN THE CENTER OF A GROUP OF HER CHILDREN STOOD PUGSY AND LITTLE AMELIA"

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"'STEP ALONG, ME SON'"

put it to Pugsy, "Evelina might be frightened by the noise of dismissal and made sick — she was so very, very little," was Evelina. And Pugsy showed an appreciative smile, remarking only, "Dem goils is erfraid," and quietly departed.

The gong over the kindergarten door volleyed its nerve-racking ear cannonade, and the children formed in line and passed out. The upper grades, dismissed five minutes later, had not yet begun to pour down their hordes. Silence reigned. Miss Bessie took a deep breath, gave it out in one long "ah" — the morning was over.

At that moment the quiet was ripped asunder with a shriek like that of a lost soul. Miss Bessie rushed to the corridor. In the center of a group of her children stood Pugsy and little Amelia — Amelia, with toes inturned, arms outstretched, every finger spread, livid with horror: she had given her screech, and died to the world in that attitude.

"What *is* it?" gasped Miss Bessie, Amelia's horror reflected in her own face.

With a shriek Pugsy's answer burst out: "Oh, Teacher! Miss Teacher! She's *got* 'er, an' she won't give 'er back! She's got Everliner up her sleeve, an' she'll carry 'er *home!* Teacher, youse git 'er fer me — remember how youse talk about doin' t'ings fer boys wot y' love — youse *do* it fer me — youse git Everliner out er Ameliar's sleeve. Teacher, Miss, *git* 'er — *git* 'er."

As Miss Bessie took in the meaning of this frantic appeal, her heart stopped, her spine turned to an icicle. Twenty rigid, breathless little forms awaited her action in fascinated silence.

"H-how did it h-happen, Al-al-loysius?" was all she could stammer out.

"*She took 'er!*"

"O-o-o-h, Pugsy!" rang from the circle. Animation returned.

"Teacher, I tells you," cried Sadie Wishnowetsky, coming to life. "It ain't how it iss. No; Pugsy was puttin' his mouse onter Ameliar so's we could see her t'row a fit, und it runned up her sleeve, und she don't know where it iss no more. Und Pugsy he says on her if she don't hand it right back, *he'll bat out her brains with the trap.*"

"*Pugsy!*"

Amelia awoke to the world. The choice of

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seeing her brains strewing the corridor or of rendering up the mouse from her sleeve brought her out of her trance long enough for her to emit bloodcurdling screech number two, with addenda of wails. She had her reward. The bulky form of the school policeman loomed in the door, and was greeted with cheers and a yell, *"De cop!"*

"What's all the racket?"

Twenty accusing fingers pointed; twenty shrill voices whooped, *"Pugsy!"*

"Pugsy! Why, if it ain't me old friend Pugsy Muggins. So ye're at it again? Pugsy, me boy, I b'lieve ye're caught dis time wit' the goods on ye. I'll see ye home first — then I'm thinkin' I'll see ye somewhere else later."

A look passed between the Awakening Soul and the officer — a look that told volumes of previous acquaintance, and all sorts of awakening. A blue-sleeved arm shot out, and Pugsy prepared to depart plus one white-gloved hand on his collar and minus the Harmonizer of his Threefold Nature. He made a frantic effort in the direction of the Harmonizer, and was jerked back with "Step along, me son. If it's monkey ye're givin' me, I'll be tempted to play papa till I've settled me own little account wit' ye on the place where it b'longs. See?"

Pugsy cast agonized looks at Miss Bessie and moaned, "Teacher — Miss — Everliner — I want 'er! Oh, Teacher!"

The officer paused to glance inquiry at Miss Bessie. Miss Bessie was dumb.

"Miss Teacher!" Two little hands, one with an empty mouse-trap, were stretched out in piteous appeal. *"Tell* de cop — git him ter wait! Oh, Teacher, *don't* leave him take me wit'out Everliner!"

Miss Bessie was motionless.

At that instant one of God's creatures dropped at Amelia's feet, skittered over the floor, and hid in a crate of supplies. Pugsy wrenched himself loose, leaped the distance to Miss Bessie, and shaking the trap in her face cried, *"Sheenie!* You *Sheenie!* I see inter youse now! Youse wanted dat mouse fer yer own self, *an' it wuz de one I wuz savin' to put up de cop's pant-leg when he walks on our cellar gratin'."*

A MIDLAND TWILIGHT

BY

EDITH WYATT

THE cloud-plumed afternoon has flown along the household street.
Leaf-shadows flicker. Freshly strown, the sprays whir. Far and fleet,
Hushed, furtive footsteps dodge and creep, and hunting voices call,
"I spy," and "One, two, three for you," around the street's still hall.
The little winds of twilight blow. Upon the hop-scotch chalk,
Home-turning footsteps come and go along the dappled walk.
The little winds of twilight blow closed flower and full-stirred tree;
And far and near a singing voice cries, "All sorts out in free!"
The cloud-plumed afternoon has flown, slow-winging, green and bright;
And all the dreams her hours have known turn with her toward the night —
The spacious night, that quivers far in silver keeps and gray,
Beyond that first cool snowdrop star above the roof-rimmed way.
Home and the night — profound for me, and happy their wide grace
Thrills through the wind, the full-stirred tree, fleet game and white-starred space.
Deep by their ways may my soul live, as by her halidome,
Through all her cloud-plumed day-time hours: and when to my great home,
Home and the night, at last I come, so may it be for me:
Peace; in my heart, a fresh voice singing, "All sorts out in free."

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BRUTALITY

BY

LINCOLN COLCORD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR S. COVEY

"IF the men ashore could only take a trip or two and learn the facts," said Nichols, "there wouldn't be such a howl about brutality on shipboard."

I had started the discussion. Up the coast of China, awhile before, my crew had given me some trouble; and the miserable effigy of an official who encumbered the position of consul in that port had completely exonerated the sailors and given me a lecture on the universal brotherhood of man. It made me hot under the collar to talk about it; and the crowd on the *Omega's* quarter-deck — captains of home ships, a few Englishmen, and the masters of several coastwise steamers — listened with sympathetic ears. I always felt relieved to have Nichols around; you could be sure of two things with him — he'd thoroughly understand you, and he'd do all the talking. We reached for cigars when he spoke, and lighted them at leisure.

"Let 'em come out and give it a try themselves, and see how they would like it," he went on, waving his hands about to drive away mosquitos. "Let 'em learn that sailors before the mast are the scum of the earth, the outcasts of society; criminals, a lot of 'em, and every mother's son of 'em without reason, or pride, or sense of duty, or any part of a man. Let 'em take a ship to sea, and suddenly realize, as the land sinks out of sight astern and the arm of the law loses its grip, that four of them have got to buck up against forty scoundrels forward, and that every duty to God and man requires them to bring the ship safely to port again. What would they do, I wonder? If they were *men*, they'd do as we've done — sailors belong to a class that won't be moved by anything but fear. If they were less than men, they'd probably be killed before the passage was over, and the ship and the crew and the whole confounded business would go flying to hell. The best way may be hard — life's a cruel thing for the under dog. But they don't need to be under dogs; they choose to be — which justifies my point, if it doesn't prove it.

"You'll not find the hue and cry about brutality at sea confined to the high places," Nichols continued. "It's everywhere — a popular conviction. People like to believe that officers are savages; it makes the profession more romantic. A man'll take a yachting trip on the Great Lakes, immediately become enamoured of the sea, and dash off a story about deep-water brutality; and an honest landlubber, who couldn't put an eye-splice in his own clothes-line, will sit down and devour it with feelings of relief and security. So the notion's got abroad, and established itself. Bucko mates, ferocious captains, blood for breakfast every morning — that's how they picture life aboard a ship.

"Of course, I'm not saying that there hasn't been a lot of needless brutality at sea. None of us would claim that, I'm sure. It couldn't very well be otherwise. Hard times make hard men; but they don't necessarily make bad hearts. And it's difficult to stop subjugating; great men have found that out too late — kings, commanders, discoverers. The spirit of power is never satisfied. We call it human nature, a very primitive quality — very god-like, too. Democracy among men is a fallacy, a dream of the millennium; the great are bound to rise, and the small are bound to herd and follow, till the end of time.

"Looking at it broadly, I don't believe the sea's a whole lot different from the land. Evil things will happen anywhere — and even in extreme cases, it isn't safe to place the blame. A man may grow bitter, he may lose his soul; you don't know what he has to contend with. The war of worlds and centuries goes on in every heart; and until you have heard the whole story, it's not for you to say that this is right and that is wrong. I learned my lesson a long while ago, the time I went with Forrest Thorndike. I'll never judge the heart of a man again."

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Nichols broke off a moment, and we settled ourselves for one of his illuminating yarns.

"You've probably heard of Forrest Thorndike," he began. "During the last years of his life he caused so much comment that the echo of it's in the air yet, whenever a few old-timers get together. The shipping world was startled, too, at the way he finally went out. I happen to know all about him; and if you ever hear a man malign his memory, recollect what I'm going to tell you. After all, he's gone now; and the life he fought his way through, like a man battling single-handed against hosts, is gone as well. Our race is growing more civilized, and it's no longer necessary to stand in the open and take what comes. Men are learning to shy at life; men have discovered that it's possible to circumvent duty, and laugh in the face of destiny. But he was a man brought up to different things, and so embraced the struggle without a question, and held his position with a sort of desperate courage to the bitter end. But the world never knew, and he was soon forgotten, or only remembered when men were speaking of wild doings on the sea.

"Forrest Thorndike was called the most brutal captain of his generation. When I was a youngster starting out, he was just laying the foundation of his reputation; and after I'd been on the sea a few years, I'd heard him mentioned all over the world as a hard and cruel man to sail with. Reputable mates actually complained that he ill-treated crews. That means a good deal, coming from the after end of the ship. I never happened to be in port with him until that time in Hong-Kong; but you know how a man who does things, good, bad, or indifferent, gets chewed over among the initiated. He was reported to have done some pretty tough jobs — shot a man or two; pitched a man overboard in a fit of anger, and, as luck would have it, a shark came along and snapped him up before they could save him. Things like that don't sound well — regrettable incidents, they might be called. Little I thought that I'd soon go to sea with the man.

"I was mate of the *Forest Belle* when she was lost in the Bashee Channel — you remember. They named the rock that she hit on for the vessel, Forest Belle Rock, just south of Botel Tabago. A terrible experience; we were half dead when we reached Hong-Kong. I lay around there awhile, and during my stay ashore Forrest Thorndike arrived in the ship named for his wife, the *Alice Thorndike*. He had a holy crawl aboard the first day in port, and all his officers left with the crew. I talked with the mate of her when he came ashore; the captain seemed to have staggered him. He was mentally breathless, and wouldn't say much; now and then he'd break out with some wild yarn, and on the whole I didn't take stock in half he said. Then one day I ran into Captain Thorndike, and had a look at the man himself.

"It was down in Reeve's store that I met him. He was an immense man, and in the dusk of the store he loomed up like a mountain. I dodged, figuratively speaking,— expected him to bellow like a bull and run at me, I guess. But nothing startling occurred. He turned out to be one of the mildest men I ever talked with; a gentleman, to all appearances, with something very whole-hearted and sincere in his manner. I was astonished. We held a long conversation — talked over ships and men we knew; and all the time I sat with him, his horns didn't once show. I liked him from the first; and, sailor fashion, I threw everything to the wind and made my decision on the spot. It wasn't curiosity that prompted me to go with him, but the charm of the man himself — really. A man once in a great while impresses us that way, you know,— as if he'd got a closed book locked up in his heart; a man of tremendous presence, drawing people to him by the subtle hint of his own unexpressed individuality. He was like that — born to rule. Born to suffer, too, but I hadn't fathomed his possibilities then.

"On the homeward passage, I didn't think of much else but the man in the after cabin. The reports of him were not exaggerated. A devil seemed to possess him the moment he stepped over a vessel's rail. But, for all he did, I couldn't make him out as black as he was painted. I wasn't satisfied to condemn him; I wanted to get behind the veil and discover his motive. The genuine brute is a man without a saving grace — an animal. Captain Thorndike was a long way from that; in fact, this attitude of his toward the sailors was his only disagreeable feature. To me he was everything that a captain should be — pleasant, dignified, really irreproachable. Beyond this, he was the finest seaman that I ever sailed with. I saw so many things to like in him, that I was more and more puzzled at each outbreak of his.

"Little mistakes would set him off; he would attack a sailor on the slightest provocation. We had a miserable crew, picked up along the beach in Hong-Kong; but they were mostly men without force or decision, and would have given us no serious trouble. He treated them as if they were a gang of mutineers. The discipline on the *Alice Thorndike* was tyrannical; and, I must confess, I had some difficulty in living up to it myself. When the Captain had trouble with a man, he seemed to lose his senses in a sort of blind rage, as if he had a personal and

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deep-seated grudge against that particular sailor. He never realized his own strength, either. His manner of fighting was sanguinary, and, with his tremendous muscular power, he always went farther than he knew. You must remember that he stood some six feet four, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds — a figure of a man that you don't see more than once in a lifetime.

"I recollect one instance of that passage that'll show you what I mean. One noon he came on deck and found the vessel half a point off her course. Without a word, he hauled off and hit the man at the wheel behind the ear. The minute his fist touched flesh, he seemed to go wild — like those stories you read about captive tigers tasting blood. The man went down, of course, and the Captain kicked him — kicked him forward through the alleyway, and off on to the main-deck. After that he walked the poop all day, exactly like a caged animal, thinking to himself. Later we found that the man had half a dozen ribs broken.

"Watching him like this from day to day, I began to feel that Captain Thorndike had something heavy on his mind — something that, from his own private and inconceivable point of view, led him to act as he did. I've always been foolishly alive to impressions of this sort. Commonplace men don't interest me at all; but give me a man of mystery, eyes that conceal, a voice that whispers undercurrents, and I'll hatch up some theory to explain him by. I became convinced that Captain Thorndike detested sailors. His voice was full of it when he spoke to them; they were his slaves. To tell the truth, no slaves ever lived in greater fear of their master. When occasion demanded it, he hounded them around like a drove of cattle. And yet — I can't explain, but, in spite of everything, I felt in my heart that he wasn't a brutal man.

"We reached New York that trip without any fatal row, and the crew were glad enough to get ashore alive. They made no complaint when they were paid off, or, if they did, it wasn't investigated; you can see how long ago this was. I stayed by the ship, and saw little of the Captain till after we were docked and discharging. Then, one evening, the old call of the city got into my blood, and I wanted to go ashore. We've all felt it, lying along South Street and listening to the sounds of millions. New York! How much we sailors think of that old town! You may meet anybody there — you rather expect some surprise when you go ashore; and you'd be sure to meet everybody if you waited long enough, for they all come back some day. There's adventure lying in wait on every corner — startling opportunities, new friends that promise yet another lesson of the heart. I wouldn't be astonished to find myself headed that way again before I die; though it's a long run from Singapore to Fourteenth Street.

"When I tapped on the cabin door that evening, the Captain told me to come in. He was sitting in a big chair facing the door, and had evidently been reading. I was struck at once by the lonesomeness of the cabin. A little room that seems bright enough to a man in mid-ocean loses all its attraction when the ship is in. In fact, I believe that the time when a vessel's the saddest, and when seafaring seems barest and most unsatisfactory, is while she's at the dock, before she's started out at all.

"'Will you be aboard all the evening, sir?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he said. 'I never go ashore in port.' Then, as if it seemed to explain something, 'My wife is dead,' he told me.

"'I was thinking of going uptown, then,' I said.

"'Go ahead,' he answered. 'There's no reason why you shouldn't.'

"I turned to go, and had reached the door, when it came into my head to do a funny thing. I was so light-hearted myself; and though he was an absolutely unapproachable man, I suddenly thought that he might really be unhappy, and perhaps thinking too much. These moments come to us — when we could save the world. I stopped and turned back.

"'I'm going to a show,' I said. 'Would it be any use to you to go with me?'

"He considered a moment, and then got up. 'I'd like to,' he said. 'Sing out when you're ready.' Without being eager, or even smiling, he conveyed an impression of pleasure — a sort of relief, as if one more evening was accounted for.

"That was a strange evening for me. The play we went to was one of those emotional things — I forget who was acting; the kind city folks see so often that they seldom get the thrills, but which appeals to us lonely and unsophisticated men, who catch such fragmentary glimpses of the heart of life, with all the glamour of the play-house and all the meaning that the actors try so hard to show. I saw Forrest Thorndike crying — a big, stern man, the brute of the seas. He didn't try to conceal his sympathy; wept, made choking noises, wiped his eyes — was such a baby that people all around us were laughing. There's a picture for you — these city people, who, no doubt, sat at home in their quiet libraries and harrowed their souls with stories of brutality on the high seas, laughing at Forrest Thorndike while he cried. The irony of the situation tickled me. He

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leaned over toward me once and said, 'I know I'm making a fool of myself, but I can't help it.' After a while he said in my ear, 'It hits me hard.' Something in those words of his, more than any of the anguish on the stage, touched my own emotion and brought the tears to my eyes. I suddenly realized that the man's heart must be suffering.

"After the show, we went down to the Old Homestead, and sat there talking for a long time. I recollect a lot of our conversation, but the end of it was dramatic in the extreme. The play must have moved him deeply, or he never would have said so much; he must have taken a liking to me, too. But it's always impossible to account for the effect of an emotional influence upon a man like him, who's got more than his share of sentiment and memory.

"He was communicative and reticent by turns; moody, and evidently harassed by some thought that was gnawing at the vitals of his consciousness. 'What's the use?' he said suddenly. 'What's the use — what's coming of it all?' We had been talking about the seafaring life. 'I can't see the outcome. Voyage after voyage, port after port — to what end, I'd like to know? What's life for, if it isn't for friendship and regard? Some one to care, some one to go to, some one to suffer with. . . . We aren't making passages for the sake of making other passages. We're making them for the sake of gaining happiness, ultimately. Isn't it so? For the sake of the heart; and, if that's denied, then on account of duty, and faith, and principle. God knows, we get little enough of what's coming to us, on the sea. What do you think about it?'

"I hesitated to say what came into my head. To be honest, I felt that it might be impertinent. But the moment was propitious; he was sitting opposite, plunged in a sort of fierce and disquieting repentance — and I'd always itched to probe his wound.

"'Do you really believe that?' I asked. 'You must see that it isn't what you practise.'

"He leaned across the table, and I noticed that one of his hands, lying on the cloth, suddenly clenched tightly. 'What do you think of me?' he asked in a repressed voice. 'No — I won't ask that. What do you hear of me?'

"'I'd rather tell you what I think of you than what I hear of you,' I answered. 'You've got a reputation on the sea ——'

"He sank back in his chair. 'I know,' he said. 'Do you think I'm not aware ——?' His face flushed very red, as it did in moments of anger. 'It's one of the hardest things I have to bear,' he continued. 'You don't understand; nobody understands. They call me hard.' He looked at me closely, with a baffled meaning in his eyes. 'Have you found me hard?' he demanded.

"I was up a stump. I felt something coming, and didn't want to turn it away. And yet he made me angry, because I remembered how little he'd tried to change his reputation — how deserved it was, in fact. I never could stand being imposed upon.

"'If you don't like what men say of you,' I asked, 'what makes you treat a crew the way you do? You and I've had no difficulty, but I make it my business to get along with hard men. With a crew of men, Captain Thorndike, you're more than hard — you're brutal.'

"I thought he was going to leap from his chair. 'I hate 'em!' he shouted. A few people turned and looked at us. Lowering his voice, he went on, with his teeth set. 'They don't deserve any consideration — sympathy!' he shot out. 'I hate every bone in their miserable bodies! It makes me sick to hear a single word out o' their filthy mouths! Low-down, good-for-nothing swine!' He choked, and swore vehemently.

"'Why?' I asked. 'I'm not a lover of sailors, but I can't be as hard on them as you are. What's your reason?'

"He looked at me again. 'I wonder if you'd see,' he said, speaking to himself as if he knew a profound secret that no one would be likely to believe. 'I've often wondered if men would concede anything — make allowances. I never asked for sympathy from God or man,— justice, even,— but it's hurt to see them look at me in horror. I'm sensitive; perhaps this thing has cut my nerves adrift.' He sat for some time thinking, and I watched him. He certainly didn't look like a brutal man. I was ready to believe anything of him but that. In my heart I had felt all the evening the proximity of pain — the consciousness of one of those devastating battles which go on between a man's passions and his disposition. I got it from his voice, from his manner, from what he left unexpressed. While I was thinking, he started in, so low that I could barely hear.

"'I had a boy once,' he said. He stopped there, as if a memory had suddenly struck him dumb. After a while he added to his statement. 'I had a boy that didn't turn out very well.' Sitting up straight to his full height, he began to speak rapidly. 'It may have been my fault; it's impossible to say. All I know is that I tried, according to my lights — I tried. He went to sea with me, and so I suppose I had a hand in his undoing. It wasn't because I was hard, though; I wasn't a very hard man then. The devil was in him — couldn't be knocked

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out! His mother died soon after he took to the sea, and that was a blow to both of us. It might have been different.' Captain Thorndike paused, and his eyes, fixed on the white cloth, seemed contemplating a distant prospect. He started, as if he had seen too much. 'But the boy drifted away,' he went on slowly. 'That's the story. Do you understand?' he cried at me.

"I didn't answer; in fact, he hardly gave me time. 'They got him!' he said savagely. 'They got him — the sailor crowd! He's one of

"IT WAS DOWN IN REEVE'S STORE THAT I MET HIM"

them now — an old drunken, worthless sailor! Do you see? He didn't have his fling and get over it. He fell — he never rose. I couldn't get him back. God is my witness that I tried. Something interfered — and all that I could say didn't accomplish anything. He's gone. They got him — God damn their souls!'

"He stood up. Captain Thorndike wasn't the kind to bury his face in his hands. He'd cry at a play, but not at anything that life dealt out to him. 'Come,' he said, 'let's go aboard.'

"We left the place without any more words, and didn't speak all the way to the vessel. Going over the side, I asked him where the boy was then. 'I don't know,' he snapped. 'Never speak of it again.' Just as he was turning to go aft, he wheeled on me. 'He isn't a boy any more,' he said.

"Well, I'd heard of similar cases; the best men seem to have the worst sons. He'd asked me if I understood; and really, he couldn't know how much of himself he'd explained. I wasn't bothered any more with trying to reconcile the captain and the man. Blame him? I'm sure I don't know. I've seen him do some horribly revolting things to sailors; I've turned away, sick at heart, more than once, with a man's cries in my ears. But afterward, watching him pace the quarter-deck, I've excused a lot, because I knew how utterly bitter and lonely his heart was. Of course, he didn't remedy anything; but shouldn't we have taken much the same course? Think what he'd lost! His wife was dead, his boy was gone; nothing remained — and all the commanding structure that he'd reared and fashioned with the labor of dreams had fallen in ruins about his head. A weaker man would have given up the fight. But he didn't — was building again, a poorer work this

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time, but still, an effort. Wait — I've got more to tell.

"I went with him another voyage, and finally we fetched up in Cardiff and loaded there for home. Cardiff was always the hanging-out place for the toughest gang of sailors in the world; and that time we managed to ship the worst crew, all told, that I ever saw put together. I found out later that it was cut and dried ashore; a crowd of them had patched it up to finish the Old Man, by hook or crook. This man Jim Rawlins — I picked him out the first day as the one we might expect the most trouble from — was the ringleader of the gang; he seemed to have a special grudge against Captain Thorndike. It seems that he was the one who had gone about among his friends and instigated the whole performance.

"So that was the situation when we sailed for New York — a crew forward that had shipped with the express intention of doing up Forrest Thorndike, the brute of the seas. I felt, when I looked them over, that the concerted wickedness of their appearance was more than a coincidence. But this Jim Rawlins was the hardest-looking ticket of the lot. He had the regular old-sailor attitude — surly submission, nasty answers that cut the corners as close as he dared to shave 'em, assumed ignorance of his work — all the irritating things that a typical sailor can muster as an insult to authority. I mention him in particular, because I want you to keep him in mind.

"The second night out, I woke up suddenly in my watch below with a feeling that I'd heard something strange in my sleep. While I was gathering my wits, I actually caught the sound of a scuffle outside; and before I was fairly out of my bunk, a man stumbled in from the deck and fell against my door. I pulled it open, and he pitched in headlong, saying in a thick, gurgling voice, 'I've been stabbed!' I lit a match, and found it was the second mate.

"The next instant I had my gun out of the desk, and made for the deck. Of course, it was deserted. It wasn't any use hunting for trouble just then, with a wounded man perhaps bleeding to death in my room; so I got the Captain up, and we carried the second mate into the after cabin. Captain Thorndike couldn't get his bearings for a minute — couldn't believe it; but when he did realize what had happened, he was fairly insane. We soon discovered that the man was hurt more seriously than I'd supposed at first, and when we got him laid out on the cabin floor he was already unconscious.

"I'll never forget that night. The Captain had a working knowledge of surgery, and used the few rough means at hand to stop the flow of blood and close the wound. All the time he was working over the man, he swore a steady stream — cursed the crew horribly, and vowed he'd square the account and show them what it meant to mutiny. It was a lurid night — one little lamp, two of us bending over the body on the floor, and the crew in mutiny on deck. Once or twice I stepped to the forward door, but there weren't any signs of trouble. Soon after dawn, the second mate died. We stood up and looked at each other, and the Captain's jaws set with a crack like the cocking of a gun.

"'Take the deck,' he said. 'Call the men aft. I'll talk to them.'

"I went up aft, and the man at the wheel looked at me narrowly, trying to see what was in the wind. I understood the whole thing now, and braced myself for a fight to the death. There were twenty-five of 'em forward, and the Captain, third mate, bo's'n, and myself were the only officers left — four of us.

"A good many ideas went through my head as I walked along the alleyway; I realized, from long experience, the relative positions that we occupied. We may have seemed weak, judging by numbers; but murder has a strange effect on the murderers, and from a moral standpoint, as you might say, we were strong. It was an emergency that called for a decisive man. I didn't fear anything on that score; Forrest Thorndike embraced emergencies like that. Raw power is a remarkable thing — better than ability, or courage, or foresight. I hadn't a doubt, too, that the men were secretly trembling at what they'd done, regretting that they'd gone so far, and divided by the reaction of remorse. I was ready to fight, and fight hard; but, whatever came, the result was a foregone conclusion.

"'All hands aft!' I shouted. When they'd straggled along, and I'd counted noses, 'Line up there by the weather-rail,' I ordered; 'the Captain wants to speak to you.' They obeyed without a word.

"I held them there for at least five minutes, and no one stirred until Captain Thorndike appeared at the break of the poop, and came down beside me on the main-deck. At the sight of him, they seemed to sway and stiffen, and a low sound went up at the rear of the crowd. I felt my nerves tingle as I watched that striking picture — saw the men huddle together, and remarked the Captain as he stopped directly opposite and confronted them. How little any of us realized the true significance of the scene, the hidden forces of it! What we behold is indeed the least of life.

"Captain Thorndike didn't waste any time.

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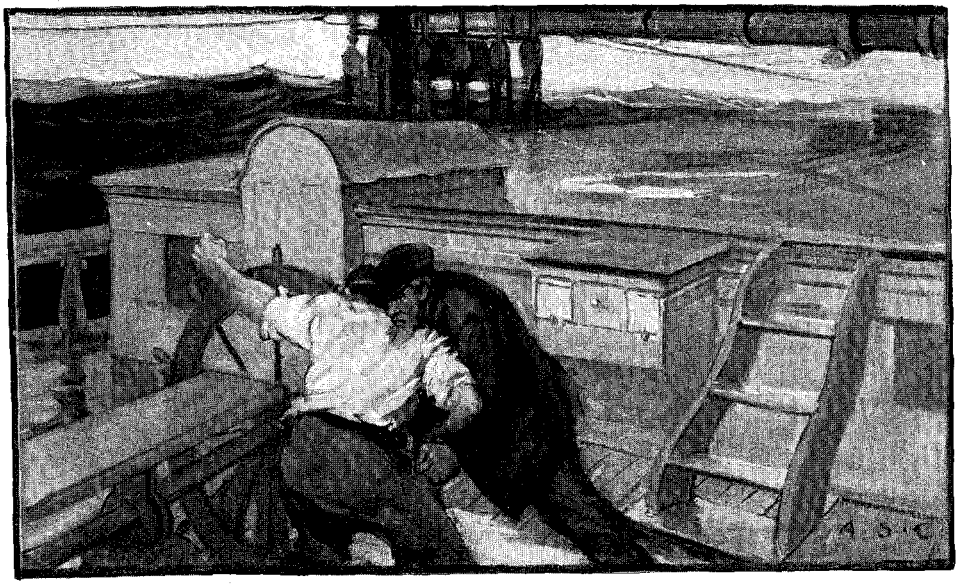

"HE FOUND THE VESSEL HALF A POINT OFF HER COURSE"

'Who was the ringleader of this affair?' he demanded.

"They had probably foreseen that such a question would be asked, and decided among themselves to take advantage of the opening and test their strength at once. Knowing what I do, I can understand that the sailor who called himself Jim Rawlins would not have had the same apprehension for Captain Thorndike that the others held. It was one of those things that happen on the spur of the moment, anyway; the man felt the crowd behind him, and stepped forward boldly.

"'I'm the ringleader,' he said. 'What are you going to do about it?'

"I suppose that was the first time that Captain Thorndike had noticed the man particularly; we'd only been out a couple of days, remember. He seemed to lock his joints with a great effort, and stood there immovable, looking at the man. His eyes were wide, devouring. All at once I realized that he was the prey of some deep emotion. In the half-light of dawn, his face was blanched and cold, like a face of stone. A horrible possibility came into my head, but the matter had passed out of any hands but his. Absolute silence fell on the deck, and we waited for the word.

"'What's your name?' the Captain asked at last.

"The man laughed — a sound from hell. 'Jim Rawlins,' he answered, looking Captain Thorndike straight in the eye.

"They gazed at each other for another brief space, while God knows what passed in both their hearts. Suddenly the Captain squared his shoulders, as if he had thrown off the weight of some obsession.

"'That's all I wanted to know,' he said. Then he pulled out a revolver and shot the man through the body.

"At the sight of the gun, the crew fell away on either side and ran forward, dodging along the bulwarks. The man didn't move after he fell. The Captain turned away without looking at him again.

"'Attend to that,' he said. 'Clean up the deck. We won't have any more trouble this trip.' He walked aft, and the next minute disappeared through the cabin door.

"Left alone on the main-deck, everything turned black for a minute before my eyes. Somehow, it didn't seem real; but when I'd got my grip again, there the man lay, dead. This insane idea that I've mentioned before came back to me with a rush; I wanted to find out if the man had given his right name. After the body was covered with a piece of canvas, I told the men to bring aft all of Jim Rawlins' things to my room — his chest, clothes, bedding, everything that belonged to him. The Captain hadn't shown up on deck then; I gave the watch to the third mate, and sneaked below to go through the dead man's effects.

"When I went into my room, I fell over the chest that the men had tumbled on the floor, and sank down on it with my head in my hands. It may seem ridiculous to you, but I was scared. Events make themselves felt, in spite of eyes that warp and ears that lie; and in those

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moments of silence I had been touched by the struggle of souls. I had no reason to suppose anything; but I hesitated about opening that chest-cover as if it concealed the most criminal of secrets. Why had the Captain looked at him? Had he imagined a resemblance — and suddenly discovered that the devil was trying to throw him from the course of duty? All at once the daring of the man, in challenging the Captain so recklessly, struck me with a new force. What did it mean? And to think that half an hour before the man himself had closed that chest, and sat on it, perhaps, plotting mutiny. I jumped up, for time was passing, and I didn't want to be interrupted.

"The chest was locked, and I had to break the cover with a marlinespike to get it open. Inside was the usual assortment of a wanderer's possessions — a suit of good clothes and an overcoat on top, a few books, an old weather-beaten chart or two, prints of dancing girls, trinkets from foreign lands, a full-rigged ship in a bottle, a plush photograph album, and a bundle of letters tied with a strip of gaudy silk. I dropped everything when I uncovered the letters, sat down on the bunk, and untied the string. They seemed to be old correspondence that had been carried around a long time at sea. The edges of the envelops were worn away in some places. I noticed that the stamps were from a good many different countries, but the handwriting seemed to be all the same.

"The first letter on top was a short one. I opened it and commenced reading. 'Dear Frank,' it began: 'I heard this morning that you were in Buenos Aires. I heard what you were doing. I've said enough, but this is not the time for me to go back on you, my boy. I will be in New York by June, and you can easily reach there by then. I inclose a draft for enough to pay your passage, if you want to come that way. You can go second mate with me, and nothing more said. I haven't heard from home ——' Here the letter stopped, and I found that the last sheet was missing.

"I picked up another letter. This one was dated two years later than the first, and headed 'At Sea.' 'My dear Boy,' it started: 'It seems a long time since I heard from you. Perhaps when I arrive in Hong-Kong there will be some word. Anyway, I am writing this in hopes that it will find you sometime. For the last few days we have been sailing through the Java Sea, along the course you used to enjoy so much when you were a little boy on the ship, and your mother was alive. This morning we passed Shoalwater Light, and now we are about entering Gaspar Straits. A minute ago I looked along the deck, and remembered how you used to come running to me with news about everything that hove in sight. It seemed as if you must be just along the deck, and that in a minute or two you would come running aft with something to tell me. My boy, you don't know what you have done. You are all that is left me in the world now. I miss you every day.' I turned the sheets hastily, looking for the end. The letter was signed, 'Your loving father, Forrest Thorndike.'"

Nichols stopped, and seemed to be wiping his eyes. "You see, it was true, after all," he said. "I sat there on the bunk for some time, groping in my mind, without the ability to move. Then, in a flash, the whole hideous disaster took me by the throat, and I cried like a child. Right in the midst of it, I heard some one stirring in the forward cabin, and jumped up in terror. Whatever happened, the Captain must never see that room. I went out, and had just succeeded in locking the door behind me when I met him face to face in the passageway.

"If he'd been worrying about anything those few hours in the after cabin, he didn't let it show on his face. He had killed men before, I remembered . . . my God, it seemed impossible! I wondered if my voice would make a sound, but he spoke first.

"'Bury the man as soon as you can,' he said. 'Nothing can go on till he is out of the way.'

"'Yes, sir,' I managed to answer.

"'Have his things brought into the after cabin,' he went on. 'I want to see if we can locate his home.'

"'Locate his home!' I said to myself. I felt like laughing — had to force myself to stop. 'His things have been thrown overboard, sir,' I said aloud.

"'What do you mean?' he cried. 'We'll have to answer for them to the authorities!'

"'I didn't think,' I replied. 'There wasn't much, beyond his clothes — nothing of personal value.'

"'You made a big mistake ——' he started in, but I broke away and escaped to the deck. He didn't follow me.

"I worked in a sort of frenzy that forenoon; as he said, nothing could go on till the body was disposed of. For me, the world itself had stopped meanwhile. I had a talk with the only man forward who struck me as being decent, and asked him if the men knew who Jim Rawlins really was. 'I've found out from some papers in his chest,' I said, 'that he assumed his name. Now, it doesn't make any difference one way or the other, so I want you to tell me what you know.'

"'So help me God, sir,' he answered, 'we

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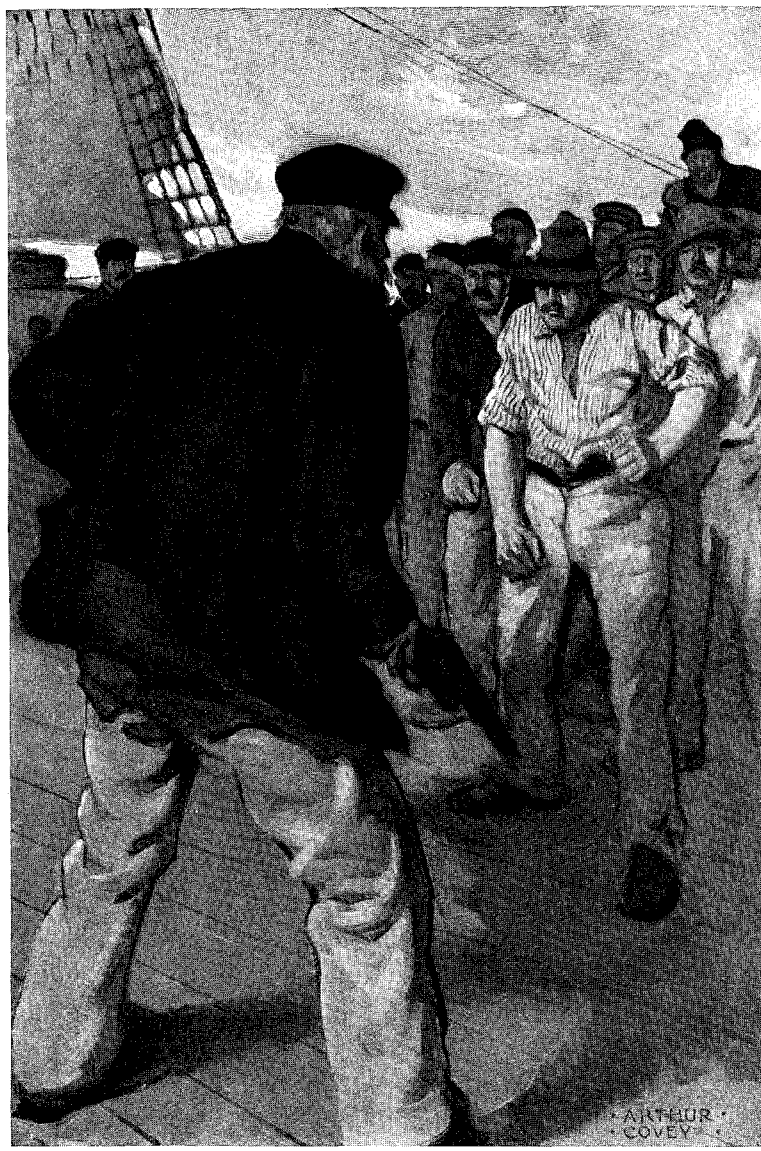

"THEY GAZED AT EACH OTHER FOR A BRIEF SPACE, WHILE GOD KNOWS WHAT PASSED IN BOTH THEIR HEARTS"

just thought he was Jim Rawlins.' I felt safe on that score, anyway.

"At noon we were ready for the funeral. I've seen many of them at sea, and they always impress me with a certain dramatic solemnity that a funeral ashore doesn't hold. If the word weren't incongruous, I'd say that a burial at sea was picturesque. That's really the secret of the effect; a symbolic appeal, calling to mind man's kinship with the elements, and showing on the faces of sailors, standing alone in the center of an open field of sea and sky, the spirit that's dared to penetrate so far by the futile strength of hands. But you can well understand the added force of this burial for me. I knew that it wasn't the man's body that we were sinking, so much as his past; and with him, too, would go a secret that fairly paralyzed me when I stopped to think. I wondered if, with all the rest, the curse would go as well. I found myself dreading the ceremony; it didn't seem possible that the Captain could stand at the head of the body, and not know.

"We laid him out on a grating, and I convinced myself that there wouldn't be any hitch at the last. Then I went aft to get the Captain. The men were all standing around the body when we appeared. I noticed that Captain

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Thorndike had a Bible in his hand, and hoped he wouldn't read anything grueling; I could remember verses that might have unmanned me if he'd said them aloud. We went forward along the deck side by side; I didn't dare to look at him.

"It would be over in a minute, I told myself. All at once there was a slight disturbance among the crew. A man pushed toward the Captain, whispering for a clear path. I looked around, half anticipating another attack, though it didn't seem possible that they would outrage such a moment. The man elbowed his way through at last, and went up to Captain Thorndike, holding out something in his hand. From where I was, it looked like a locket on a chain.

"'I found this behind Jim's bunk, sir,' he said. 'It fell down. It must ha' been his.'

"Captain Thorndike took it without speaking, and gazed at it a long while as if in a dream. Then he crushed it in his hand, and stood rigid at the head of the grating, looking off into the sky. My heart felt suddenly dried up, and I couldn't have spoken for the price of my soul. The men waited, expecting him to begin the service. Instead, he turned and walked aft. The Bible dropped on deck, face down,— doubtless opening at some message of hope and love. When he came to the poop-steps, he stumbled and felt his way along the house like a blind man lost on a strange path. Before I realized all that had taken place, he had reached the companionway and disappeared.

"I found him kneeling in front of the big chair in the after cabin, with his face sunk in the cushions of the seat. He was making sounds of unbearable grief and pain. He heard my step, but couldn't control himself. I started to go out, but in the same instant he got up and looked at me.

"'I've killed my boy!' he said, with the most awful face I ever saw on a living man.

"His glance fell on the locket, still lying in his hand; and suddenly the bitterness and anguish of years broke from him in cries that sounded fore and aft the ship. With a violent motion, he threw the locket away. It fell at my feet, and the picture of a sweet-faced woman looked up at me — a woman who was dead. Then, as unexpectedly as it had risen, his voice died; and the old spirit that had carried him through loss and failure and despair revived in his still undefeated soul.

"'Go!' he whispered. 'Go and get it over with! Leave me alone!' A second time that day I made my escape and got a breath of air.

"The men were in a panic when I appeared. The cries from the cabin had frightened them, and they had drawn away from the body in superstitious fear.

"'What is it?' one of them asked me.

"'Shut up!' I said. 'Come forward with me and bury the man.'

"I gave the order to cant the grating.

"'Ain't you going to say a word of prayer?' I heard.

"Prayer! But the man was right; I realized that I couldn't consign the body to eternity without a word of faith. I hesitated, and tried to control my memory; I didn't think of the Bible lying on the deck.

"'God forgive him!' I said. 'Let go!' That was his sermon, and his epitaph. 'God forgive him'— though I can't say surely which one of the two I had in mind."

Nichols paused, and in the silence we heard the creaking of oars passing in the darkness. "That's about all of it," he said. "The remainder of the voyage to New York was uneventful; as the Captain had predicted, we didn't have any more trouble with the crew. After that day he seldom came on deck except to take the sun. Hour upon hour, he'd pace the cabin floor; and at night I've seen him through the skylight, sitting in the big chair and looking straight ahead. I met him at meals, but he ate little and spoke only about the ship's affairs. I doubt if he slept an hour out of every twenty-four.

"When I attempt to realize what was going on in his mind during that run across the Atlantic, I have to stop. It was too hard. For years he'd been blaming himself unjustly; well, at last he had something that he could unquestionably lay at his own door. But consider the tragic fatality of it! This thing had come upon him in the guise of duty, and he'd solved it bravely — 'according to his lights.' Luck was against him, that's all. It played with him cruelly, unmercifully; he was made the whim of chance. Perhaps They wanted to investigate the powers of man's suffering; or else They wanted sport, and ground him in the wheels of misery. I feel, somehow, as if he beat Them, after all. That's the lesson — and I am glad. He looked his destiny in the face to the end; he didn't falter, or make a sound. The victory was his, not Theirs. But the heart sinks to consider what the cost must have been.

"After we had docked in New York, I went uptown again one evening — alone this time. It was getting on toward midnight when I returned to the ship, and the Chinese steward met me at the rail. His teeth were chattering with some excitement, and I couldn't make out what he said. He had a letter in his hand, and thrust it upon me with evident knowledge of its importance. 'Belong-y you,' he muttered.

"The light was burning in the forward cabin, and I leaned over the table and opened the

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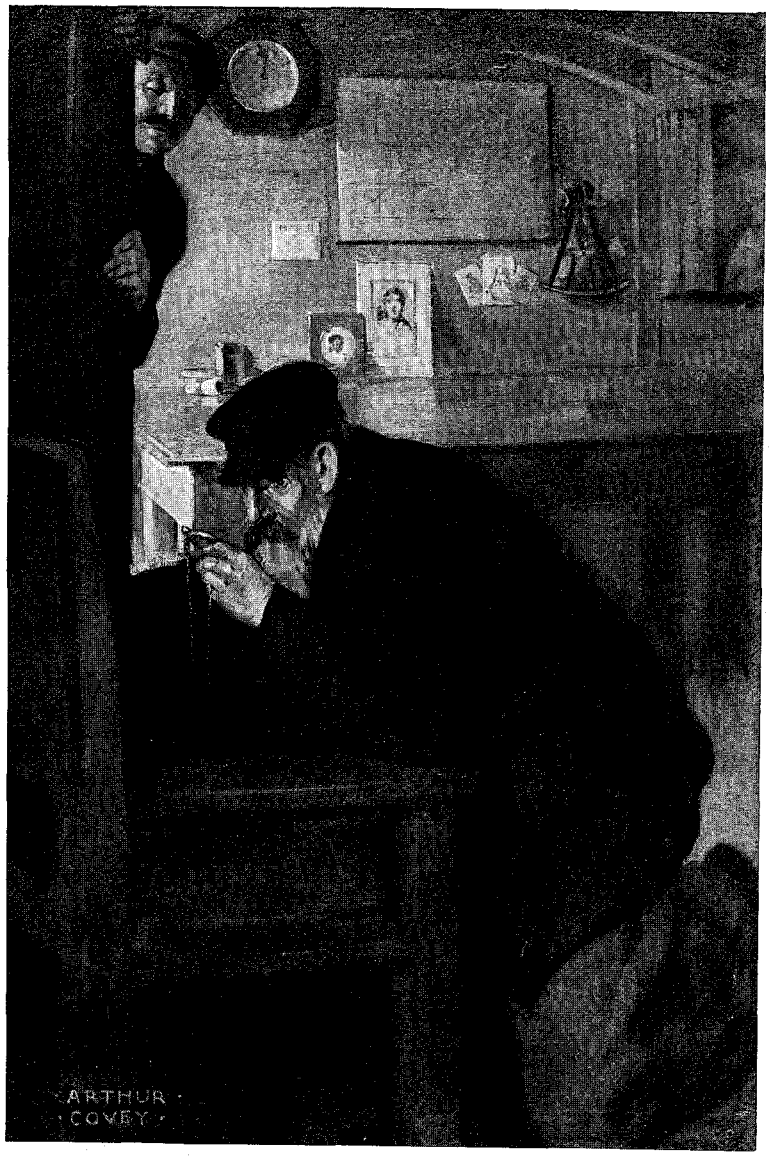

"I FOUND HIM KNEELING IN FRONT OF THE BIG CHAIR IN THE AFTER CABIN"

envelop. I recognized the Captain's hand at once. The letter was brief, and I remember every word. One isn't likely to forget a message that sums a lifetime of endeavor in a few impulsive sentences thrown back from the margin of the abyss.

"'I am done,' he wrote. 'I have entered the ship, and brought the accounts to date. You will find everything here. No one shall say that I have dodged my responsibility. I write this to you, because you know and will understand. After all, who had a better right? His life was nothing to himself, even.' And then, as if something had occurred to him at the last, some lines were scrawled diagonally across the remainder of the sheet. 'This is the price,' he had written — I suppose they might be called his last words. 'This is the price, but I would do it again.'

"The steward beckoned me, and I followed him into the after cabin. 'Cap'n he go,' said the Chinaman, in one of those comprehensive laconicisms that are the heritage of his deep and ancient race. Captain Thorndike was lying beside the bunk on the floor of his room, shot through the head. He left no message except the note to me. He was gone, as the Chinaman had expressed it, and so the page was closed."

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CLEVELAND'S VENEZUELA MESSAGE

BY

GEORGE F. PARKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I WAS stationed in Birmingham, England, as United States Consul, when the Venezuela cloud crossed the horizon. The storm broke without warning. In the middle of December, 1895, the President sent to Congress his message about the boundary lines between Venezuela and British Guiana, and announced, in terms neither mild nor inside the language usual to diplomacy, that, without further delay, the whole dispute must be submitted to arbitration. Suddenly every American in England, from the Ambassador down to the humblest citizen, found himself in an atmosphere highly charged with suspicion. The English press broke forth in denunciation, and diplomatic relations were as good as suspended.

There was in Birmingham an organization known as the Dramatic and Literary Club, and one of its principal functions was to celebrate each year the birthday of Shakespeare. This body had elected me its president for the year, and I had resolved to make the annual dinner a conspicuous feature. In November I had invited our ambassador, Mr. Bayard, as the principal guest of the Club. His reply may give some idea of the feeling in England at that time:

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, Dec. 31, 1895.

DEAR MR. PARKER: I was out of town when your letter of Nov. 27th arrived. Very soon thereafter a condition of affairs came on which rendered it difficult for me to give you the direct and positive reply to which you were entitled. April 20th was a long way off, and what might occur from day to day it was impossible to foretell. And as matters stand to-day I feel that all plans of enjoyment and pleasant hospitality may be upset and replaced by very different occupations; therefore I accept your suggestion that no harm can come from postponing until the February meeting of your Club the formation of plans for my visit to you in April next.

By the time February arises the sky may have cleared and present clouds dispersed and with more cheerful hearts we may meet and greet our British kindred.

I will be most glad to come to Birmingham to view its beautiful and varied industries and look in the faces of its citizens, and this I fully expect to do; at the same time, you can comprehend how much there is to make me feel anxious, for there is too much at stake even in the remote risk of a collision between the nations who are the main guardians under God of the world's civilization.

Sincerely yours,
T. F. BAYARD.

George F. Parker, Esq.

About this time, at a large public reception given at the house of Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.,— well known as a friend of America,— Sir Benjamin Stone proposed that the Shakespeare dinner should be made a demonstration of the essential and deep-seated friendship between the two countries.

Cleveland's Shakespeare Letter Averts a Crisis

Henceforth every effort was made to assure the success of this project, with the result that the annual dinner took on the proportions of an historical event in the district. It was the first time that an American had presided at a Shakespeare dinner in England. The Ambassador was at his best, and prominent literary men were among the speakers. When the toast of the President of the United States was given, I read in response the following letter from Mr. Cleveland:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
March 30, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. PARKER: I have received your letter informing me that the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club intends to celebrate the birthday of Shakespeare on the 21st of April, and extending to me on behalf of the Club an invitation to be present on that occasion.

Everything that tends to keep alive the memory of Shakespeare, and preserves a proper appreciation of his work, challenges my earnest interest and approval; and though I cannot be with you on the occasion you contemplate, I am glad to know that our American people are to be prominently represented in the celebration.

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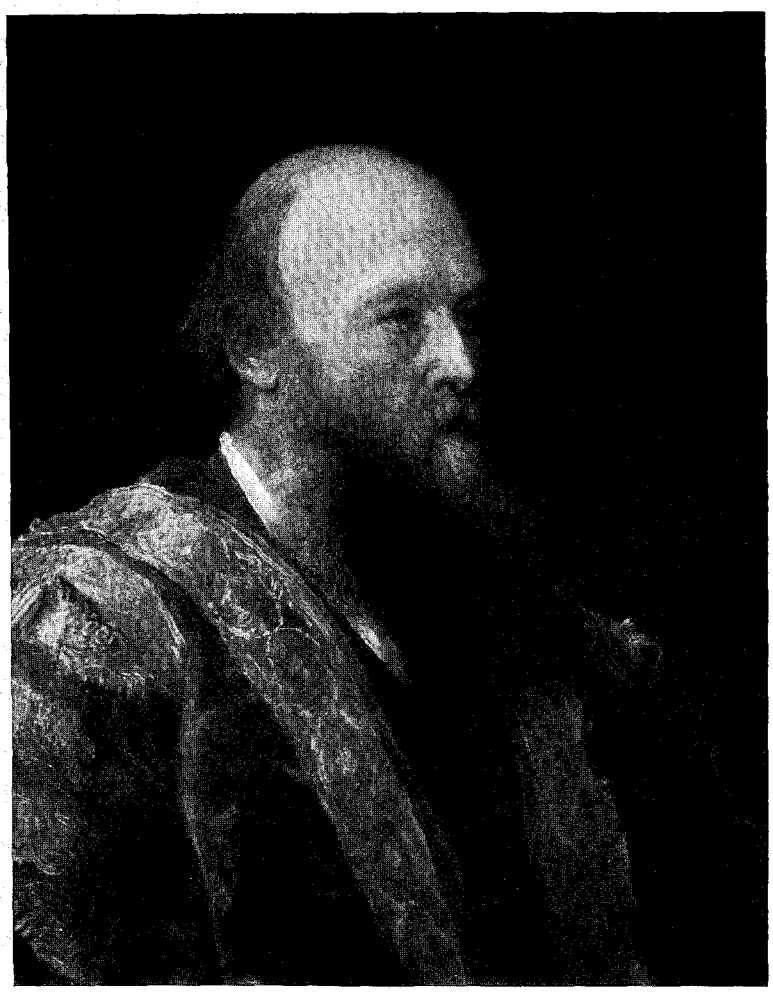

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LORD SALISBURY

ENGLISH PRIME MINISTER AT THE TIME OF THE VENEZUELA BOUNDARY DISPUTE

There is much said and written, in these days, concerning the relations that should exist, bound close by the strongest ties, between English-speaking peoples, and concerning the high destiny that awaits them in concerted effort. I hope we shall never know a time when these ennobling sentiments will be less often expressed, or will in the least lose their potency and influence.

Surely, if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted mission, we do well fittingly to honor the name and nemory of William Shakespeare.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The reception of this letter by the press was generous and high-minded; *Punch* joined the chorus with a page cartoon; and it is safe to say that the ghost which had been raised by the Venezuela message was laid by the Shakespeare letter written by President Cleveland on March 30, 1896.

Lord Salisbury's Despatch and Olney's Reply

With the exception of his action in meeting with foresight and promptness the Debs riots in Chicago, nothing in all his public life gave Mr. Cleveland as much satisfaction as the message and correspondence about the Venezuela boundary line. When I returned home from England in December, 1896, I was interested to hear the story from his own lips. It is well known that when the Venezuela crisis was brewing, Mr. Cleveland went down the coast on a hunting expedition. The despatch from Lord Salisbury had been received, after nearly six months of delay; the whole matter had been gone over; the answer to it decided upon — though not written — and the method of its presentation to the country and the world settled.

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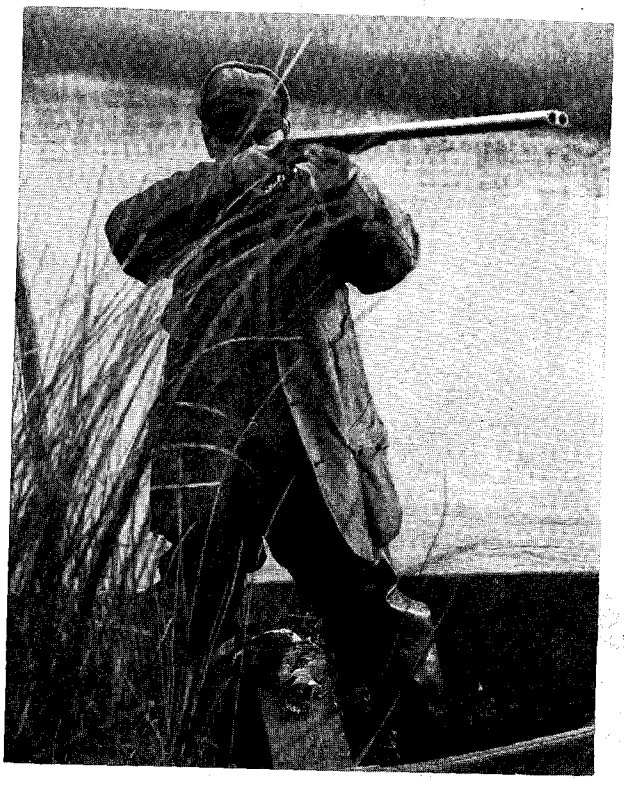
The details were left to the Secretary of State, of whom the President said to me:

"I had gone away all tired out and left the matter wholly in Mr. Olney's hands. I knew how careful and able he was, but I must confess that I was astonished, upon my return, to find how completely he had worked out the reply to Lord Salisbury's despatch. I do not think that I have ever had to deal with any official document, prepared by another, which so entirely satisfied my critical requirements. It had covered every point in the controversy not only completely but temperately and in unquestionable good taste from a diplomatic point of view. It was vigorous, but it caught the national spirit perfectly. I have never been able adequately to express my pleasure and satisfaction over this assertion of our position, and the country has never shown that it fairly understood or recognized the debt that it owes to Richard Olney."



When the President, upon his return, found everything so well prepared, there remained only his part: the preparation of the message. When finished, it was approved by the Secretary of State, but was not submitted to the Cabinet as a body nor was knowledge of it extended beyond the narrowest limits.

Just before the transmission of the message to Congress, the President started to read it to a member close to him in personal confidence, previous to a meeting of the Cabinet, when a second Cabinet member unexpectedly made his appearance at the door. The manuscript was hurriedly thrust into a drawer and only commonplace topics were discussed. Later the reading was resumed. When it was finished, the President turned to the listener and asked: "Now, what do you think of it?" Upon getting the reply, "It seems to me, toward the end, just

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TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF CLEVELAND TAKEN ON A HUNTING AND FISHING TRIP IN SOUTH CAROLINA

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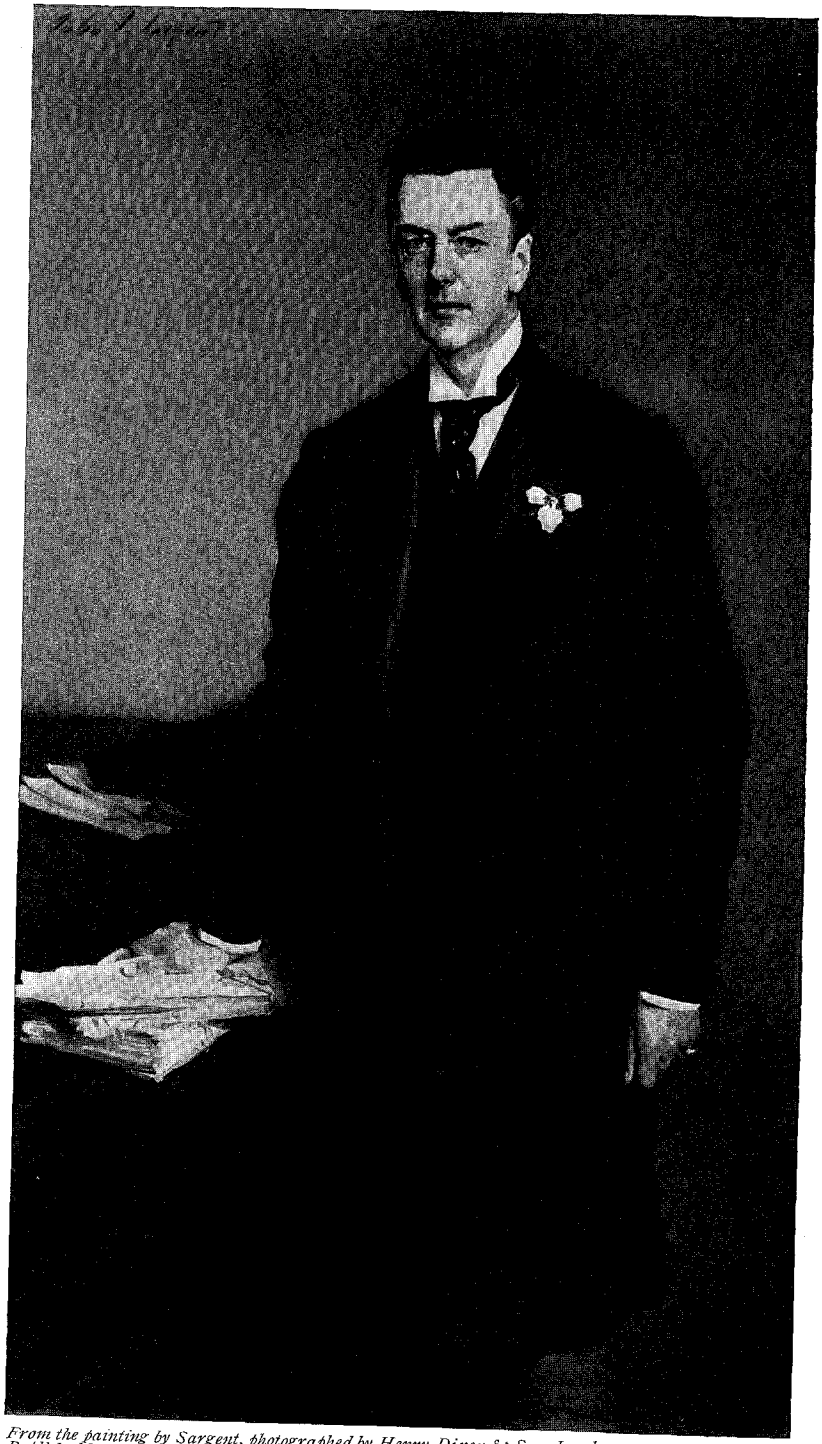

From the painting by Sargent, photographed by Henry Dixon & Son, London
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JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

WHO WAS INFLUENTIAL IN MAINTAINING FRIENDLY RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA AT THE TIME OF THE VENEZUELA CRISIS

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From the collection of Robert Coster

MRS. CLEVELAND

a little bit tart," he said quickly, shaking his head as he always did when he wanted to put peculiar emphasis upon anything, "That is just what I intended."

Cleveland's Judicial Appointments

Few men have been more strongly attached to the independence of our courts or more solicitous for its maintenance than Mr. Cleveland. He said to me within a few months of his death:

"The thing most necessary for this country is to maintain the supremacy of law, and this can only be done by inspiring respect for the judgments of our courts. All the enemies of our society and institutions and of the supremacy in them of the civil power, recognize, as if by instinct, that if they would break them down or undermine them, it can only be done by reducing our courts to impotence. If their decrees are not respected, or the judges who preside over them are not men of the highest reputation for ability and fairness, then all the forces of discontent will unite in an assault upon them."

He always expressed great pride in his judicial appointments, coupled with regret that the pay of judges was so meager that he had not always been able to command the services of lawyers of the first reputation in a community. He felt that he had always persevered until he had found men suitable in both learning and character, and in that other quality, the judicial mind, which he insisted was, after all, the most vital qualification. While in office, he would seldom speak, even, of the judges he had appointed; but when he had finally retired he used to follow with great interest the decisions of the judges of his appointment.

He overlooked none of the amenities when making appointments to the higher courts, but consulted the judges as to the standing of the men whose names were under consideration and ascertained their acceptability as associates. He also drew freely upon the leading lawyers for advice. He was thus little given to springing surprises in judicial appointments, and that, too, in spite of the fact that in this, as in other forms of patronage, he chose a good many men who had not been pushed upon him with persistence. When it fell to his lot to appoint a chief justice of the Court of Claims, he never considered any other name than that of Charles C. Nott, an associate justice since the organization of the court; but he did not make this nomination until convinced that no question could possibly arise about his pension when the time for retirement should come.

If nothing else had tended to separate Cleveland from some of the leaders of his party in later days, their attitude toward the courts would have been amply sufficient to produce this effect.

Chief Justice Fuller Chosen for Efficiency as a Business Manager

In 1890 he said one day:

"When I had to assume the responsibility of appointing a chief justice of the Supreme Court

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MRS. CLEVELAND

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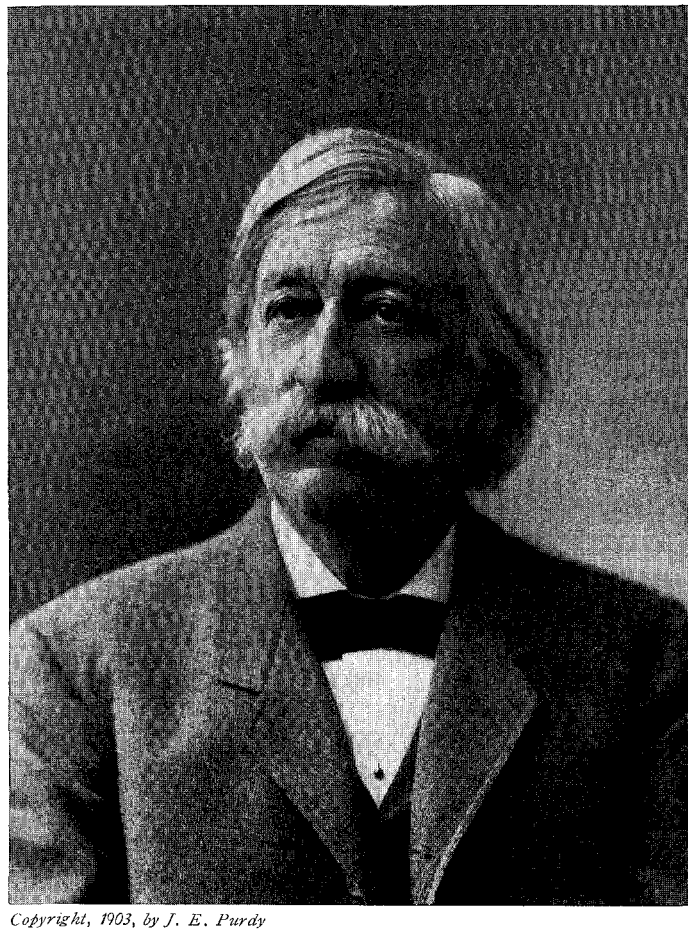
of the United States, in succession to Morrison R. Waite, my first impulse, after the post had been declined by John G. Carlisle, then Speaker of the House, was to tender the office to James C. Carter or some other eminent advocate or leader of the bar, or to Mr. Phelps, then our minister to the Court of St. James. Upon consultation with the associate justices, I found that some elements, generally overlooked, had nomination for a time until I could look about and find the lawyer who possessed all the usual qualifications and also this added one.

"This was a determining factor in the choice of Melville W. Fuller, then almost a stranger to me personally. I am glad to know that my judgment has been justified by results. Within a year, under the new management, the business of the Court was brought so thoroughly under



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CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER

to be considered. I discovered that the Supreme Court, like all others, was accustomed to get so far behind in its business, that, in many cases, it took nearly three years to carry important cases to it from the State or lower Federal courts.

"The justices informed me that, as the Court could not be enlarged, because both public and legal opinion were opposed to this process, the one thing needed was a Chief Justice who would also be a man of efficiency as a business manager. This put the whole question before me in a new light, and I delayed the control that the old-time delays began gradually to disappear, and I have since had the satisfaction of knowing that, while the Chief Justice has shown himself an industrious, safe, and able judge, he has also commended himself as probably the best business manager ever seen at the head of any of our high Federal courts. He has been able so to systematize its work as to eliminate the law's delays, as far as this is possible."

Cleveland Takes his Stand on Civil Service

From the beginning Cleveland took a firm stand on the question of civil service reform.

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During the campaign of 1882 he received from David B. Hill the following letter:

ELMIRA, Oct. 2d, 1882.

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND.

MY DEAR SIR: I inclose you a letter which I have received from my friend Professor Fiske of Cornell University. It contains some suggestions which I think should be well considered. He is friendly to both you and me; and I think it would be well as far as possible to follow his suggestions. I am permitted to send you the letter, as I shall be unable to see you personally. Professor Fiske can do each of us great good, and I have no doubt will do so in case your letter of acceptance is satisfactory.

I remain,

Hastily but faithfully yours,

DAVID B. HILL.

This covered a letter from the late Professor Willard Fiske of Cornell University, which was followed by the suggested draft of a paragraph for the letter of acceptance:

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY,
September 23.

MY DEAR MR. HILL: I congratulate you upon your nomination, and hope to be able, ten weeks from now, to congratulate you upon your election. This last can be rendered certain in one very simple way.

There are — to put the figures low — twenty thousand voters in the State who are especially interested in the matter of a reform of the national civil service. This is, in fact, just now, their only interest in political matters. If Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance (which, for obvious reasons, I trust will not be made public until after his competitor has committed himself) contains a paragraph like the one I inclose* (simply as a sample specimen), you and he will secure not only these twenty thousand votes, but the help of three of the most influential Republican journals in the State.

But there must be no mistake in the character of the utterances. They must show unmistakable sincerity, and they must show that Mr. Cleveland knows what he is talking about. All the politicians can use the phrase "civil service reform" with admirable glibness, but the twenty thousand reading and thinking men who have given study to this subject can tell by a single sentence whether the speaker or writer has any honest opinion on the matter or not. There must be no vagueness and no exhibition of ignorance.

This suggestion, if carried out, will not lose you a single vote in the Democratic party. It will gain you, I believe and know, nearer thirty than twenty thousand Republican votes.

Very truly yours,

W. FISKE.

The Hon. D. B. Hill.

Neither Mr. Hill nor Professor Fiske then knew that Mr. Cleveland would insist upon defining his position upon this question in his own language. In his acceptance letter of October 8th he said:

> Subordinates in public place should be selected and retained for their efficiency, and not because they can be used to accomplish partizan ends. The people have a right to demand here, as in cases of private employment, that their money should be paid to those who will render the best service in return, and that the appointment and tenure of such places should depend upon ability and merit.
>
> The system of levying assessments, for partizan purposes, on those holding office or place, cannot be too strongly condemned. Through the thin disguise of voluntary contributions, this is seen to be naked extortion, reducing the compensation which should be honestly earned and swelling a fund used to debauch the people and defeat the popular will.

Cleveland Personally Investigates a Charge of Favoritism

There was no office, within the classified service, so unimportant that Mr. Cleveland refused to investigate a charge made by a responsible person, or even by a meddling body, against its occupant. Since his death, I have heard of a case that illustrates his infinite faculty for taking pains.

In 1888 some question arose as to the dismissal of a man named Palmer, a clerk in the Railway Mail Service at Burlington, Iowa. The question had been threshed out in the Post Office Department and Palmer had been removed.

Thereupon, Mr. W. W. Baldwin, a gentleman in Burlington, took up the case, gave some attention to it, and, in order to satisfy himself, wrote directly to the President, recounting the facts as he knew them. He had no acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland, and his only desire was to protest against what seemed to him an inconsistency between profession and act. He assumed that his letter would take the usual course of reference to the Post Office Department, and thence to the bureau directly concerned, so that he might get a formal answer. But he knew little of the man with whom he was dealing. The President took up Mr. Baldwin's letter himself and collected all the facts about Palmer's case. He then wrote with his own hand the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
May 28, 1888.

W. W. BALDWIN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of May 22d was read by me with astonishment, for I had always believed that

*SUGGESTED DRAFT OF PARAGRAPH FOR LETTER

I am heartily in favor of a most thorough reform in the nation's administrative service — such a reform as shall give us officials in the civil branches of the government as devoted, as honest, and as well fitted for their duties as are the officers of the military branch. I believe that the lower grades of the civil service should be filled by the most intelligent youth of the land, selected by means of honestly conducted and thorough competitive examinations, which shall be freely open to the sons of all classes of citizens; that these, as they acquire the necessary training, shall be promoted by merit to the higher grades; and that the tenure of all such offices as are filled by appointment shall be, as in every other business, during good behavior; so that in this manner the service may be speedily purified and rendered efficient. I am unalterably opposed to the system of appointment by favoritism, or through partizan influences, as I also am to the levying of assessments for partizan purposes upon the employees of the government — a body of men whose plain duty is the service of the whole people and not that of any political body.

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Mr. Nash was fully imbued with a desire to serve the public faithfully in his official position and I had never regarded him as one who needed watching to prevent him from sacrificing the good of the service to political considerations.

On examination it appears that one Palmer was recommended for promotion and increase of pay by Superintendent White of the Railway Mail Service and that he did this upon the representations of Mr. Cole. What Mr. Cole really thought or professed to think of Mr. Palmer on the 5th day of March, 1888, is shown by his letter of that date, and yet prior to that time he had recommended his promotion for the evident purpose, as is indicated in his letter, of retaining the favor of a congressman who had interested himself in Palmer's behalf.

This appeared to demonstrate such a heedlessness for the good of the service, when his duty came in conflict with political considerations and personal preferences, that he was not thought to be a safe or proper man to retain in a place where much reliance must necessarily be placed upon his representations and recommendations.

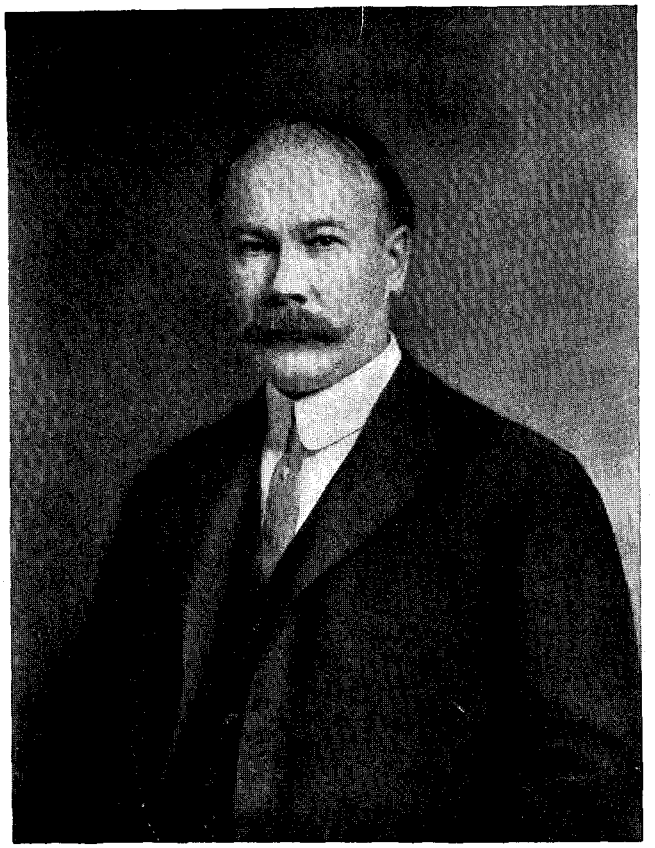
On the 15th day of May, 1888, as appears by his letter of that date addressed to Mr. Palmer, a copy of which you inclosed to me, he speaks of his appreciation of the "earnest, faithful, and zealous efforts to make the service in this district creditable," etc., on the part of the man who on March 5, 1888, he regarded as in every respect inefficient and nearly or quite worthless.

In the light of these facts I am sure Mr. Nash's censures will appear to you, as they do to me, entirely right and creditable to him as a faithful official seeking to protect his branch of the public service against betrayal and demoralization.

I inclose a copy of Mr. Cole's letter of March 5th and the copy you sent me of his letter of May 15th, for comparison.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.



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PAUL MORTON

EX-SECRETARY OF THE NAVY AND PRESIDENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Mr. Valentine P. Snyder, now president of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, was, during the first Cleveland administration, one of the confidential associates of Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, and Conrad N. Jordan, United States Treasurer. In the course of his work he was requested by the Secretary to make a careful investigation of the record and character of an official high in the service and with large responsibilities.

The case had been put off from time to time, until Mr. Snyder was finally directed to make the inquiry, and to submit his report, with the assurance that it would be final. As he went deeper and deeper into the case, he found that the suspected official had the strongest support from one of the President's most intimate personal friends.

When the work was done and the report really ready, Mr. Snyder told the Secretary that he hesitated to go to the extreme, lest the President might either be offended or repudiate his action. He went over to the Executive Mansion to lay the matter before Mr. Cleveland. After the whole situation had been carefully explained, the personal element was finally disclosed. But when Mr. Snyder expressed his fears that personal considerations might be permitted to interfere with the action of the department, the President rose to his feet on the other side of the table and, bringing his fist down with all the emphasis of which he was capable, said:

"Snyder, I want you to understand that you are to pursue this matter to its remotest consequences. If you find that summary dismissal is right and proper, make your report to this effect, and I will stand by you to the end. No

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personal interest on my part or that of anybody else shall be taken into account when the public service is in question."

Cleveland's Opinion of Charles J. Folger

I do not recall that, in the early days of our association, I often heard Mr. Cleveland speak of the campaign of 1882, so far as it related to his candidacy for Governor. But at Princeton, in November, 1907, when the name of Charles J. Folger, the Republican candidate in that year, was brought up in some way, he manifested unusual interest. He said:

"I do not remember that I ever saw Mr. Folger either before or after the election, but there has been no man for whom I have felt a deeper and more genuine sympathy. Here was a man who, after a long and successful career as a judge in our courts, was elected judge of the most dignified tribunal in his State.

"Unaccustomed to the hurly-burly of politics, he was transferred from this office and became, unwillingly, I was always informed, Secretary of the Treasury in Washington. At that time the office was a hotbed of party intrigue and ambition. He found the atmosphere unfamiliar and the surroundings distasteful, so, while not essentially ambitious, he consented to take the nomination of his party for Governor. He was absolutely unfitted for such a position. Of quiet, studious tastes, he found himself the center of innumerable movements beyond his ken, over which, owing to the manner of his nomination, he could have no control. He was denounced as a tool, a mere machine-made product of latter-day political methods, and, as a result, his defeat was the most crushing that, up to this time, had come to any candidate for a State office.

"To me it seems the very irony of fate that a man of such well-known, unusual capabilities, whose career had been distinguished by conspicuous and honorable service, should have been defeated by me, then wholly unknown outside of my own small community. I must confess that, even now, a quarter of a century after the event, I am not able to understand it. However, since it was to be, I am glad to feel that neither I nor my friends and supporters ever spoke or wrote a word derogatory to the character of a man for whom, then and ever since, I have entertained the most profound respect.

"I have no doubt, either, that, coming suddenly into the higher public life in this way, I was warned of one of the worst pitfalls to be found there. After I became President I encountered a great deal of abuse because of my refusal to take part in local politics in my own and other States — to help my friends, as it was sometimes called. If I had ever been tempted to do so, I should only have had to think of the gubernatorial campaign of 1882, and the rebuke then administered to such a policy."

Cleveland and his Biographers

In spite of his long political experience, Mr. Cleveland could never bring himself to deal successfully with newspapers and newspaper men. He wanted them to have the news, but he objected most strenuously to giving it as a favor which should bring him a favor in return. Having no relations with any newspaper, he was equally free from connections with newspaper writers. He never gave his full confidence to any man related to a daily newspaper, whether he was an editor or a reporter. No man, however, could be more appreciative of the pains taken by his friends to place him fairly before the public. I quote from a letter written to me from Marion, Massachusetts, in August, 1890, after the publication in a New York newspaper of a short sketch of his career:

> I feel that you will not misunderstand me nor the spirit in which I write if I frankly assure you that of all the things I have seen written of me and my career I like what you wrote, which appeared in the *Press*, the best.
>
> I want to tell you, too, how much pleased I was with what you did for Mr. Gilder in the matter of the Independent Voter. It was wonderfully done and Gilder is intensely pleased with the manner by which you have set words to ideas which he has been for a long time anxious to have put in shape.

In a letter from Gray Gables in July, 1891, acknowledging the receipt of some magazines containing a compilation of his sayings, he wrote:

> I deeply blushed when I read the *Belford* article which introduced the "Wit and Wisdom." I hardly have the face to distribute the magazines you so generously sent me. I have put one of them off on Gilder and another on a Providence friend. I think I shall try Joe Jefferson for one, and I shall send to the members of my family. After all, I was very glad to receive them and have no doubt that I shall want every one of them.

The Campaign of 1904

Mr. Cleveland was intensely interested in the presidential campaign of 1904. He wanted to do all within his power to promote a return to sanity in management as well as in principles and candidates. He naturally refused to take any open part in favor of a given candidate, but never made any concealment of his belief that Judge George Gray was both the logical and the strongest candidate.

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When I wrote him that some of his friends were desirous that, if possible, he be induced to give his advice publicly, concerning the importance of a sound platform, I received the following reply:

PRINCETON, April 22, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. PARKER: I did not remember that anything was said when you were here looking, in a definite way, toward my making a statement in the shape of an interview touching the political situation. I certainly do not want to do so at present. I am satisfied that in every view my silence is best in present circumstances.

If a time should come when I can convince myself that any good purpose would be subserved by a renewed publication of my opinions or sentiments, I certainly would be glad to have your assistance and advice.

The situation would not be improved by anything from me now. I have a great disinclination to appearing too frequently in the newspapers in the rôle of "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Yours very sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

George F. Parker, Esq.,
New York.

Somewhat later, I took up the work of sounding public sentiment further in respect to the declaration of principles to be made by the St. Louis Convention. There was a general fear that the managers of the movement for the nomination of Judge Parker, in their eagerness to promote the interests of their candidate, might overlook the essentials in the making of the platform.

In the meantime there grew up, especially in Georgia and other Southern States, a strong demand for the nomination of Mr. Cleveland himself, and I was the medium of communicating to him knowledge of this inchoate movement. I knew that under no circumstances would he so much as consider the suggestion, which, by this time, had obtained some publicity. He knew that I would attend the convention and that I could reach the Southern men in question, so I carried with me the following letter, with directions to show it if necessary:

PRINCETON, June 26, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. PARKER: I leave here for the summer on Tuesday a little after noon, and I am in a confused stir making preparation. Your letter came yesterday.

I have not been able to make out precisely the object of your efforts or the purpose of those acting with you. My idea, however, has been that something of a movement was on foot to bring about another nomination than Parker's — though I have not supposed that "another nomination" was related to my candidacy.

I cannot believe now that, in the face of all I have written and said, and in view of conditions as palpable to every friend I have in the world as they are to me, there can be an intention in any quarter to attempt, by any means or in any contingency, to compass my nomination; and yet within a day or two I have read and heard some disquieting things.

I want to do what I can to avoid a charge of permitting misapprehension of my position; and so I say to you as plainly as I can, that all thought of my candidacy must be abandoned as absolutely and inexorably impossible.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

George F. Parker, Esq.,
Astor House, New York.

When the nomination of Judge Parker had been made, and an idle and meaningless platform had been supplemented by the Gold Telegram,— an act of courage unsurpassed in our political history,— Mr. Cleveland's hopes were raised anew. Neither he, nor the candidate himself, nor any other man with a knowledge of conditions dared to hope for success; but he thought that it might be possible to bring the party back to its old principles and traditions.

As the resulting campaign ran its course, he was discouraged by the compromises offered to those whom he always termed the "wreckers" of the party, but he was sincerely attached to the candidate and desirous of doing whatever he could to promote his interests and the ideas he represented. He consented to make two speeches. All his old interest had been revived. He showed himself far more solicitous for the success of another than he had ever been for himself, and his disappointment over the crushing defeat was far keener than that of the candidate.

It was difficult, from this time forth, to interest him in politics, although he always stood ready to help if his old-time friends and associates would devise something practical. On October 6, 1906, he wrote from his farm at Tamworth, New Hampshire:

I am dumfounded by the nomination of Hearst. If my faith in the intelligence of our people were less, I should think this nomination gave a sad impressiveness to the inquiry, "Is the Democratic party to die?"

Long before the time came for calling the national conventions of 1908, Mr. Cleveland had looked upon their results as foreordained, the Republican by shrewd management and the dictation which he so much hated, the Democratic by absolute default. It seems, after all, a strange destiny that the man who, over a long period, had dominated a disunited party, should have been compelled to witness its disintegration as one of the great forces in our public life.

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BLACK AND WHITE IN THE SOUTH

BY

WILLIAM ARCHER

THE Southern States of North America at present offer to the world a spectacle unexampled in history. It is the spectacle of two races, at the opposite extremes of the color scale, forced to live together in numbers not very far from equal, and on a theoretic basis of political equality. In other regions where white men and black have come into close contact, the circumstances have been, and are, essentially different. In Africa the white man is a conquering invader, living among blacks who are either entirely savage, or obviously and confessedly but little removed from savagery. No question of "social equality" arises, and the question of political rights, where it presents itself at all, is uncomplicated by any predetermined constitutional principle. In a large part of Spanish America, there has been so free an intermixture of many races that it is practically impossible to draw any color line. Families of pure European descent may hold themselves apart, but few of these regions can by any strain of language be called "white men's countries." In the British West Indies the whites are so small a percentage of the population as to constitute a natural aristocracy; and in most of the islands the two races live peaceably under the slightly tempered despotism of crown colony government. Moreover, the white West Indian, even though he may rarely cross the Atlantic, has always England behind him. He is a member of a great white community, which happens to control certain tropical islands, mainly inhabited by blacks. Here he may prefer to pitch his tent; but his essential citizenship is still British. His social and political relations with his black surroundings are not to him a matter of life and death. Whatever their local interest and importance, they do not touch the fountain-head of his polity, the homeland of his race.

But it is his only homeland that the Southern American finds himself compelled to share, on nominally equal terms, with a race which, whatever its merits or demerits, its possibilities or its impossibilities, stands at the extreme of physical dissimilarity from his own. This is a condition of life not easily understood by the European, and not always very vividly realized even by the Northern American. I have devoted some effort to realizing it, both by personal observation and through the medium of books. The details of my observations I have elsewhere noted. In the following pages I propose to set forth some of the large and essential facts of the situation, as nearly as I can ascertain them, and to state the general trend of the reflections these facts have suggested to me.

Numbers and Vitality of the Negro

In the first place, what are the facts as to the negro's numbers, distribution, and rate of increase, if any? They are not easy to ascertain: partly because it is nine years since the last census was taken (1900); partly because American vital statistics are very scanty, and, where they can be obtained at all, are apt to be untrustworthy.

It would appear that, roughly speaking, one third of the population of the seventeen Southern States is black or colored. As against some 3 per cent of negroes in the Northern and Western States, there are about 33 per cent in the South. The total colored population of the United States is generally set down at about ten million, nearly nine million dwelling in the South, and something over one million in the North and West.

Now, are the negroes increasing? It used to be thought that they were multiplying very rapidly. Judge Tourgée, in 1884, prophesied that by 1900 they would outnumber the whites in every State from Maryland to Texas. This prediction is far from having fulfilled itself, and appears to have been based on defective enumeration in the census of 1870, which made the rate of negro increase between 1870 and 1880 seem quite inordinate. Now speculation has gone to the other extreme, and prophesies the not very distant extinction of the negro. This view is set forth with uncompromising emphasis by Mr. P. A. Bruce in his "Rise of the New South" (Philadelphia, 1905):

> The only cloud of any portentousness hanging over the prospects of the Southern States is the continued expansion of the black population. . . . The fact,

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however, that the white inhabitants, as a body, are steadily outstripping the black in numbers, is an indication that the evils which are now created by the presence of so many negroes in the South will not relatively and proportionately grow more dangerous. . . . When the development of the Southern States along its present lines has reached its last stage, there is reason to think that an even greater relative decline in the numerical strength of the black population will set in. We have already pointed out the probable effect of the subdivision of Southern lands, and the growth of Southern towns, on the numerical expansion of the negro race. As injurious to that race in the end as being shut out of the general field of agriculture, or being subjected to an abnormally high rate of mortality, will be the relentless competition which is one of the conditions of modern life in all civilized communities. The vaster the growth of the Southern States in wealth and white population, the sharper and more urgent will be the struggle of the black man for existence. In order to hold even his present position as a common laborer he will have to exert himself to the utmost, and in doing so to submit to a manner of life that will be even more unwholesome and squalid than the one he now follows, and sure to lead to a great increase in the already very high rate of mortality for his race. The day will come in the South, just as it came long ago in the North, when for lack of skill, lack of sobriety, and lack of persistency, the negro will find it more difficult to stand up as a rival to the white workingman. Already it is the ultimate fate of the negro that is in the balance, not the ultimate fate of the Southern States in consequence of the presence of the negro. The darkest day for the Southern whites has passed. . . . The darkest day for the Southern blacks has only just begun.

When I find this forecast cited with approval by Dr. E. A. Alderman of the University of Virginia, it acquires some authority in my eyes; but still it seems far from convincing. It leaves out of account one probability and one certainty. The probability is that what may be called the Hampton-Tuskegee movement — industrial education and moral discipline — will in time so leaven the mass of the negro race as to make it fitter to compete with white labor, and abler to resist the destructive influences on which Mr. Bruce dwells with such gusto. I call this a probability, not a certainty, for it is hard to tell as yet whether the Hampton-Tuskegee spirit is really leavening the mass, or only playing upon the surface. The industrial college at Hampton is barely forty years old; Dr. Booker Washington's great institute at Tuskegee came into being less than thirty years ago; and the minor offshoots of the movement are of course still younger. They have had no time to give any just measure of their influence in promoting the self-respect and the efficiency of the negro race. But there is no doubt whatever that they are doing a remarkable and (from the negro point of view) a beneficent work; the only doubt is as to whether the work is or is not proceeding fast enough to overtake and counteract the forces that make for degradation.

This, I say, is doubtful; but what is scarcely doubtful is that the South, for its own sake, cannot suffer Mr. Bruce's prophecy to fulfil itself. The gist of the forecast is, briefly, this: the rural negro, who is admittedly prolific and whose children survive in fair proportions, will gradually be driven into the towns, where all possible influences are leagued against his moral and physical well-being, and where the rate of negro mortality, both infant and adult, is always very high, and often appalling. Thus, according to Mr. Bruce, the "Afro-American" is being inexorably hounded into the jaws of death, and must in due time perish from off the face of the earth. But what is to be the state of the South while this amiable prophecy is working itself out? If the towns are the jaws of death to the negro, what are they to the white man and his children? Putting all question of humanity aside, can any sane civic policy permit negroes to crowd in their thousands into city slums, and there to die like flies in conditions "even more unwholesome and squalid" than those which at present obtain? Why is the rate of negro mortality so high? Simply because the black folk are less able than the whites to resist the poisonous influences of bad sanitation, moral as well as physical. But bad sanitation, though it may be more fatal to one race than to the other, inevitably takes its toll of both. Hear what a Southern health officer has to say on this point:

> We face the following issues: First: one set of people, the Caucasian, with a normal death-rate of less than 16 per thousand per annum, and right alongside of them is the negro race, with a death-rate of 25 to 30 per thousand. Second: the first-named race furnishing a normal, and the second race an abnormal, percentage of criminals and paupers. . . . The negro is with you for all time. He is what you will make him and it is "up to" the white people to prevent him from becoming a criminal, and to guard him against tuberculosis, syphilis, etc. *If he is tainted with disease, you will suffer; if he develops criminal tendencies, you will be affected.*

What can be more certain than this? And is it to be conceived that the South will deliberately refrain from looking to its physical and moral sewerage until the negro shall have been killed off?

It is not to be conceived, and it is not what is happening. Better sanitary conditions are everywhere being secured, though the movement is slow in the cities of the South. In the North a great improvement has already been effected. In a report on "The Health and Physique of the Negro American" (Atlanta University Publications, No. XI, 1906) we read:

> Ten years ago the [negro] death-rate was twice the birth-rate in New York; to-day they are about the

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same, with the death-rate steadily decreasing and the birth-rate increasing. Ten years ago the birth-rate of Philadelphia was less than the death-rate; to-day it is six per thousand higher. . . . With the improved sanitary condition, improved education, and better economic opportunities, the mortality of the race may, and probably will, steadily decrease until it becomes normal.

If there is any permanence and any efficacy in the "wave of prohibition" that is passing over the South, it must certainly cause a great reduction in negro mortality; and it surely cannot be long before means are found to check the vending of noxious drugs. Unless, in short, the civilization of the South is to stand still while the negro dies off, there seems to be little likelihood of his fulfilling Mr. Bruce's prognostic. This great and beautiful region cannot possibly find its salvation in making itself a hell for the negro.

When I quoted to Dr. Booker Washington Mr. Bruce's death-sentence on his people, he was moved to one of his rare laughs. In Dr. Washington's opinion, which may very well prove to be correct, the natural increase of the negro in the South about keeps pace with that of the white man. The white race, however, is being largely recruited by immigration, so that its numerical preponderance is doubtless increasing. It would appear, then, that unless conditions very greatly alter, there is little chance of the black race outbreeding and submerging the white, but equally little chance of the black race being obliging enough to die out. Conservative statisticians estimate that at the close of this century there will be anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five million negroes in America.

Taking the Southern States at large, then, we find that one person out of every three is wholly or partly of African blood. It is sometimes maintained that really pure-bred negroes are very rare; but this seems to be a mistake. Professor W. E. B. Du Bois, himself a man of mixed origin and not likely to underestimate the numbers of his own class, thinks that in two thirds of the negroes of the United States there are no "recognizable traces" of white blood. He adds that white blood doubtless exists in many who show no trace of it; but for practical purposes this speculation may be disregarded. I think we may take it as pretty certain that if, in the South, one person out of every three is of African descent, one person out of every four is either actually or virtually a full-blooded negro. But it must not be supposed that the distribution of the races is by any means even. Some districts, such as the mountainous regions of Tennessee and West Virginia, contain hardly any negroes; while in other districts, not a few, the blacks largely outnumber the whites. These are no doubt the districts in which the pure-bred black most abounds.

Is There a "Negro Problem"?

Having ascertained, approximately, the numerical relations of the two races, we are now in a position to consider the problem or problems involved. And first we are confronted with the question, "Is there any real problem at all?"

Some people deny it, or at all events maintain that the problem is created solely by the almost insane arrogance and inhumanity of the Southern white man. This view lingers in the North, among the inheritors of the old abolitionist sentiment. In England it has been roundly expressed by Mr. H. G. Wells, and somewhat more considerately by even so high an authority as Sir Sydney Olivier. I need scarcely say that it is a very popular view among the negroes in the South itself.

For a typical (though moderate) American utterance of this opinion the following may suffice. It is a passage from "Race Questions and Prejudices," by a distinguished psychologist, Professor Royce of Harvard (*International Journal of Ethics*, April, 1906):

Scientifically viewed, these problems of ours turn out to be not so much problems caused by anything which is essential to the existence or to the nature of the races of men themselves. Our so-called race problems are merely the problems caused by our antipathies. . . . Such antipathies will always play their part in human history. But what we can do about them is to try not to be fooled by them, not to take them too seriously because of their mere name. We can remember that they are childish phenomena in our lives, phenomena on a level with a dread of snakes or of mice, phenomena that we share with the cats and with the dogs, not noble phenomena, but caprices of our complex nature.

The attitude of the South, then, in the conception of Professor Royce, is no more rational than that of a woman who shrieks, jumps on a chair, and gathers her skirts about her ankles, because a mouse happens to run across the floor. I should have thought that the wiser tendency of modern science was to divine something more than a "caprice" in so deep-rooted an instinct as the dread even of mice. As for the dread of snakes, it was surely by a slip of the pen that Professor Royce adduced it.

Not at all dissimilar is the judgment of Mr. H. G. Wells. Hearing a great deal of loose, illogical, inconclusive talk on the color question, and having himself taken a "mighty liking" to these "gentle, human, dark-skinned people" as he saw them in a Chicago music-hall and elsewhere, Mr. Wells formed the opinion that there was no reason at all in the Southern frame of

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mind. His conclusion is that "these emotions are a cult"; and by a cult he evidently means a contagious fanatical folly.

Now Mr. Wells is a man for whose essential wisdom I have a very high respect. If I were bound to acknowledge myself the disciple of any living thinker, I should have small hesitation in selecting him as my guide and philosopher. But his chapter on "The Tragedy of Color" in "The Future in America" is tinged with what I cannot but take to be a dogmatic impatience of all distinctions and difficulties of race. Before writing it, he might, I think, have asked himself whether the theory of sheer race-monomania was not, perhaps, a rather too simple way of accounting for "emotions" felt with absolute unanimity (in a greater or less degree) by some twenty million Southern white people. The arguments he heard might be weak, ill-informed, inconclusive; the conduct in which the emotions expressed themselves might often be indefensible and abhorrent; and yet there might lie at the root of the emotions something very different from sheer unreason. I think Mr. Wells should have been chary of "indicting a nation" without more careful reflection and a closer examination of evidence.

Sir Sydney Olivier, on the other hand, speaks with the authority of one who has spent many years in close contact with negroes, having been a successful administrator of large communities in which they greatly preponderate. It is impossible to suspect him of hastiness or of *a priori* doctrinairism. What, then, is his view? In his "White Capital and Colored Labor" (1907) he tells us that both in visiting the United States and in discussing race questions with American visitors to Jamaica, "he found himself, as a British West Indian, unable to entirely account for an attitude of mind which impressed him as superstitious, if not hysterical, and as indicating misapprehensions of premises very ominous for the United States of the future." He proceeds:

> The theory held in the Southern States of America and in some British Colonies, comes, in substance, to this — that the negro is an inferior order in nature to the white man, in the same sense that the ape may be said to be so. It is really upon this theory that American negrophobia rests, and not only upon the viciousness or criminality of the negro. This viciousness and criminality are, in fact, largely invented, imputed, and exaggerated, in order to support and justify the propaganda of race exclusiveness [p. 43].

And again, in another part of his book:

> My argument has been that race prejudice is the fetish of the man of short views; and that it is a short-sighted and suicidal creed, with no healthy future for the community that entertains it [p. 173].

I have very real diffidence in contesting the deliberate judgment of a man like Sir Sydney Olivier on a question which he has deeply studied; but I cannot believe with him that the problem is simply one of Southern unwisdom. On the contrary, I believe that, however unwise in much of her talk and her action, the South is in the main animated by a just and far-feeling, if not far-seeing, instinct. That there has been an infinitude of tragic unwisdom in the matter, not in the South alone, no one nowadays denies. But I believe that the problem, far from being unreal, is so real and so dishearteningly difficult that nothing but an almost superhuman wisdom, energy, and courage will ever effectually deal with it.

Let me try to give my reasons for this belief.

White Man's Land or Brown Man's Land?

No one, I suppose,— not even Mr. Wells,— would deny that the importation of the African into America was an egregious blunder as well as a monstrous crime. Without him the South would perhaps have developed more slowly during the eighteenth century; but she would have escaped the arrest of development which sums up her history during the nineteenth century. She would have escaped the war by which she strove, with misguided heroism, to perpetuate that arrest of development. She would have escaped the "horrors" of that Reconstruction period which still haunts her memory like a nightmare. She would have escaped the prostration and impoverishment from which she is only now beginning — though very rapidly — to recover. The negro has assuredly been her calamity in the past. To say, as negro writers often do, that he has created her wealth, is to ignore the appalling price she has paid for him. Much more truly may he be said to have created her poverty.

This, however, is certainly not the negro's fault. He did not thrust himself upon the South: he was no willing immigrant. Historic recriminations, therefore, are perfectly idle — as idle as the attempts of Southern writers to shift responsibility for the slave trade to the shoulders of the New England States. I cast a glance back at history merely to remind the reader that the presence of the negro in America is not the result of a natural movement, an inevitable expansion, a migration springing from economic necessity or from deep impulses of folk-psychology. It is, on the contrary, the outcome of what may almost be called a disastrous accident — of inhuman cupidity in the slave-dealers and economic short-sightedness in the slave-owners.

The upshot, as we find it to-day, is that in a

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magnificent country, well outside the torrid zone, and eminently suited to be the home of a white race, one person in every three is colored and one person in every four is physically indistinguishable from an African savage. It would be the extravagance of paradox to maintain that this is a positively desirable condition, preferable to that of a country which presents a normal uniformity of complexion. England, for instance, would certainly not be a more desirable place of residence if one fourth of her population were transmuted into the semblance of Dahomeyans, even supposing that the metamorphosis involved no moral or intellectual change for the worse. A monochrome civilization is on the face of it preferable to such a piebald civilization as at present exists in the Southern States.

Here at once, then, we have a difference between the South and the West Indies, which Sir Sydney Olivier seems strangely to overlook. The West Indies are not climatically fitted to be a "white man's land"; or, if it was ever possible that they should become one, the chance was lost at the very outset of their history. They are once for all black men's lands, with a sprinkling of whites governing and exploiting them. It would be much more reasonable for the black to chafe under the dominance of the white, than for the white to resent the presence of the black. But the case in the Southern States is absolutely different. They were explored, settled, organized by white men; by white men their liberties were vindicated. They are fitted by their climate and resources to be not only a white man's land, but one of the greatest white men's lands in the world. The black man came there only as a (terribly ill-chosen) tool for their development. When the tool ceases to be a tool and claims a third part of the heritage, the "peripetia" is no doubt dramatic and exceedingly moral, but none the less exasperating to a generation which, after all, was personally innocent of the original crime-blunder. No one enjoys playing the scapegoat in a moral apologue; and the Southern white man would be more than human if he accepted the part with perfect equanimity. At any rate, the West Indian white man has no right to assume an air of superior virtue until the conditions of his case are even remotely analogous. The negro in the West Indies is the essence and foundation of life; in the United States, he is a regrettable accident.

Four Possibilities: 1. Extinction

It is time now that we should look more closely into the conditions of this piebald community which a violent interference with the normal course of race-distribution has established in the Southern States.

The future seems to contain four possibilities, or rather conceivabilities, which may be examined in turn.

(1) Things may "worry along" in the present profoundly unsatisfactory condition, until the negro gradually dies out.

(2) The education of both races, and the moral and economic elevation of the black race, may gradually enable them to live side by side in mutual tolerance and forbearance, without mingling, but without clashing.

(3) Marriage between persons of the two races may — I mean might conceivably — be legalized, and the color line obliterated by "miscegenation."

(4) The negro race might be geographically segregated, by deportation or otherwise, and established in a community or communities of its own.

The first eventuality — the evanescence of the negro race — we have already examined and seen to be highly improbable. Let me only add here that there is one way in which it might conceivably be brought about — a way too horrible to be contemplated, yet not wholly beyond the bounds of possibility. The recurrence of such an outbreak as the Atlanta riot of 1906 might lead to very terrible consequences. On that occasion the white mob found the negroes unarmed, and wreaked its frenzy practically unopposed. But the lesson was not lost on the negroes, and a similar onslaught would, in many places, find them armed and capable of a certain amount of resistance. In that case one dares not think what might happen. Their resistance could scarcely be effectual, in the sense of intimidating and checking white violence. It would, on the contrary, infuriate the mob, and lend some show of justification to their proceedings; while the frenzy would spread from city to city, and the result might quite well be one of the darkest pages in American or any other history. Once let a dozen white men be killed by armed negroes in any city of the South, and a flame would burst out all over the land which would work untold devastation before either authority or humanity could check it. The incident would be taken as a declaration of racial war; everywhere the white mob would insist on searching for arms in the negro quarters; the negroes would inevitably attempt some panic-stricken defensive organization; and the more effective it proved, the more terrible would be the calamity to their race. Not even in the wildest frenzy, of course, could the race, or a tenth part of the race, be violently wiped out; but they might be so dismayed and terrorized

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as to lose that natural buoyancy of spirit which has hitherto sustained them, and enabled them to increase and multiply. The prophets of extinction already read hopelessness and a prescience of doom in the negro tone of mind; but, so far, I think the wish is father to the thought. The race, as a whole, is confident, in its happy-go-lucky way. But would their spirit survive a great massacre, followed by an open and chronic *Negerhetze?* I doubt it; and I believe it possible that in this way Mr. P. A. Bruce's prophecy might be realized more rapidly than he anticipated.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the South lives on the brink of such a horror; but there is no denying that the elements are present which might one day bring it to pass. Sir Sydney Olivier is quite right in calling the feeling of a large class of Southerners toward the negro "hysterical" and ungoverned; and this is just the class that is handiest with its "guns." Long and laborious treatises have been written to prove, on Biblical evidence, that the negro is a "beast," and, on scientific evidence, that he is more nearly an ape than a man. These works, no doubt, are scarcely sane; but their insanity is by no means peculiar to their individual authors. The word "extermination" is gravely spoken by men who are not therefore held to be maniacs or even monomaniacs. The South, says Mr. W. E. B. Du Bois, is "simply an armed camp for intimidating black folk"; and where such a condition prevails the possibility of sudden disaster is never far off. To recognize the possibility is not to bring it nearer, but rather to indicate the urgent need of measures that shall place it infinitely remote.

Four Possibilities: II. The Atlanta Compromise

We pass now to the second eventuality — the gradual smoothing away of friction, so that the two races may live side by side, never blending and yet never jarring. This is the conception set forth in Dr. Booker Washington's celebrated "Atlanta Compromise" speech of 1895, wherein he said, "In all things purely social we can be as separate as the five fingers, and yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." Is this a possible — I will not say ideal, for that it manifestly is not — but a possible working arrangement?

One thing is evident at the outset — namely, that the fourteen years that have elapsed since Dr. Washington uttered this aspiration have brought its fulfilment no nearer. Both negro education and white education have advanced in the interim; the "respectable" and well-to-do class of negroes has considerably increased; but the feeling between the races is worse rather than better. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page used to say, "Northerners espouse the cause of the negro as a race, but dislike negroes individually; while Southerners do not dislike negroes individually, but oppose them as a race." Ten years ago there was a large element of truth in this saying; but it becomes less and less true with every year that passes. The old-time kindliness of feeling between the ex-owner and the ex-slave is rapidly becoming a mere tradition. No common memories or sentiments hold together the new generations of the two races: they are growing up in unmitigated mutual antipathy. At best, indeed, the Southern kindliness of feeling toward the individual negro subsisted only so long as he "knew his place" and kept it; and the very process of education and elevation on which Dr. Washington relies renders the negro ever less willing to keep the place the Southern white man assigns him. In the North, too, while the dislike of the individual negro has greatly increased, the theoretic fondness for the race has very perceptibly cooled. Altogether, the tendency of events since 1895 has not been at all in the direction of the Atlanta Compromise. The Atlanta riot of eleven years later was a grimly ironic comment on Dr. Washington's speech.

This merely means, it may be said, that education has as yet produced no sensible effect upon the inveterate and inhuman prejudice of the South. Nevertheless time and patience may justify Dr. Washington's optimism. There is no saying, indeed, what a great deal of time and a great deal of patience may not effect. Meanwhile, let us see what is really involved in the idea of the Atlanta Compromise.

We are to conceive, in the first place, an immense advance in the negro race — an advance in education, industry, thrift, and general efficiency. Well, this is possible enough — the negro is certainly civilizable, if not indefinitely, at any rate far beyond the average level he has yet attained. Negro crime might easily be reduced within normal limits; for the race is not inherently criminal, but is rendered so by ignorance, poverty, vice, injustice, and a thoroughly bad penal system. The next fifty years, if present influences continue to work unimpeded, may see a very large increase in the class of law-abiding, property-holding negroes, and possibly a considerable improvement even in the condition of the black proletariat. But supposing that, by the exercise of infinite patience for fifty or a hundred years, a condition something like that indicated in the Atlanta

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formula were ultimately attained, would it be desirable? and could it be permanent?

The assumed improvement of conditions would of course imply a steady increase in the numbers of the black race; so that, even with the aid of immigration, the white race would probably not greatly add to its numerical superiority. Let us suppose that at the end of fifty years the colored people were not as one in three, but as one in four, and that this ratio remained pretty constant. Here, then, we should have a nation within a nation, unassimilated and (by hypothesis) unassimilable, occupying one fourth of the whole field of existence, and performing no function that could not, in their absence, be at least as well performed by assimilable people, whose presence would be a strength to the community.* The black nation would be a hampering, extraneous element in the body politic, like a bullet encysted in the human frame. It may lie there for years without setting up inflammation or gangrene, and causing no more than occasional twinges of pain; but it certainly cannot contribute to the health, efficiency, or comfort of the organism. Is it wonderful that the Atlanta Compromise, supposing it realized in all conceivable perfection, should excite little enthusiasm in the white South?

But to imagine it realized in perfection is to imagine an impossibility — almost a contradiction in terms. We are on the one hand to suppose the negro ambitious, progressive, prosperous, and on the other hand to imagine him humbly acquiescent in his status as a social pariah. The thing is out of the question; such saintlike humility has long ceased to form any part of the moral equipment of the American negro. The bullet could never be thoroughly encysted; it would always irritate, rankle, fester. Dr. Washington's formula, in renouncing social equality, is judiciously vague as to political rights. But one thing is certain — neither Dr. Washington nor any other negro leader really contemplates their surrender. It is quite inconceivable that the nation within a nation should acquiesce in disfranchisement; and the question of the negro vote will always be a disturbing factor in Southern political life. Either he must be jockeyed out of it by devices abhorrent to democratic principle and more or less subversive of political morality; or, if he be honestly suffered to cast his ballot, he will block the healthy divergence of political opinion in the South, since, in any party conflict, he would hold the balance between the two sides, and thus become the dominant power in the state. This will always be a danger so long as the unassimilated negro is forced, by his separateness, to think and act first as a negro and only in the second place as an American. Even if the Atlanta Compromise were otherwise realizable, the friction at this point would always continue acute.

*Negro labor is indispensable to the South only inasmuch as the negro has kept and keeps out the white laborer.

The Crux of the Problem

The worst, however, remains behind. If the Atlanta Compromise were possible in every other way, it would be impossible on the side of sex. For two races to dwell side by side in large numbers, and to be prohibited from coming together in legal marriage, is unwholesome and demoralizing to both. I am not thinking mainly of what Mr. Ray Stannard Baker calls "the tragedy of the mulatto." It seems hard, no doubt, that marriage should be impossible between a white man and a girl in whose complexion, perhaps, an eighth or sixteenth part of negro blood is entirely imperceptible; but such cases are romantic exceptions, and do not constitute a serious factor in the problem. Negroes, at any rate, will tell you proudly that the young men and women of their race, however light-skinned, hold it no hardship that their choice of mates should be restricted to their own people. Whatever be the truth as to these marginal relations, they are not the essence of the matter. The essence is simply this: the youth and manhood of the white South is subjected to an altogether unfair and unhealthy ordeal by the constant presence of a multitude of physically well-developed women, among whom, in the lower levels, there is no strong tradition of chastity, and to whom the penalties of incontinence are very slight. To say, as many Southerners will, that there is no such thing as virtue among negro women is stupidly libelous; but it is impossible to doubt that the average standard of sexual conduct among the lower orders of the black and brown population is anything but high. And this is not a state of things that can be radically amended in one generation or in two. The completest realization of the Atlanta Compromise that is conceivable within, say, a century would still leave the white male exposed, from boyhood upward, to a stimulation of his animal instincts which, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, cannot be otherwise than unwholesome.

We are here at the very heart of the problem. All other relations are adjustable at a certain sacrifice; but not this one. If the two races are to live together without open and lawful intermingling, it must be at the cost of incessant demoralization to both. "Miscegenation," in the

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sense of permanent concubinage and the rearing of hybrid families, may be held in check by the strong social sentiment against it; but nothing can hold in check the still more degrading casual commerce between the white man (and youth) and the colored woman. It is probably this fact, quite as much as the hideous proclivities of the criminal negro male, that hardens the heart of the white woman against the black race. Nor is the unwholesomeness of the condition measured by the actual amount of laxity to which it leads. Temptation may in myriads of cases be resisted; but this order of temptation ought not to be in the air.*

I venture to say that no one — not even Dr. Washington himself — really believes in the Atlanta Compromise as a stable solution of the problem. The negroes who accept it as an interim ideal (so to speak) never doubt that it is but a stepping-stone to freedom of racial intermixture. They see that so long as constant physical propinquity endures, the color barrier between the sexes is factitious and in great measure unreal; and they believe that at last the race-pride of the white man will be worn down, and he will accept the inevitable amalgamation. The ultimate forces at war in the South are the instinctive, half-conscious desire of the black race to engraft itself on the white stock,† and the no less instinctive horror of the white stock at such a surrender of its racial integrity. This horror is all the more acute — all the more morbid, if you will — because the white race is conscious of its own frailty, and knows that it is, in some sense, fighting a battle against perfidious nature. It is a hard thing to say, but I have little doubt it is true, that much of the injustice and cruelty to which the negro is subjected in the South is a revenge, not so much for sexual crime on the negro's part, as for an uneasy conscience or consciousness on the part of the whites. It is because the black race inevitably appeals to one order of lower instincts in the white, that it suffers from the sympathetic stimulation of another order of lower instincts.

*Dr. Booker Washington said to Mr. Wells: "May we not become a peculiar people — like the Jews? Isn't that possible?" What so long kept the Jews a peculiar people was the constancy with which Jewish women declined to intermingle with the Gentiles around them. If negro women showed such a spirit of racial chastity, the problem would be very different.

†Of course this does not imply that many individual negroes would not be as unwilling as any white man or woman to marry outside their color limits.

It is on the whole very difficult to state my point in the above paragraph without seeming to imply a great deal more of conscious and formulated will than I am, as a matter of fact, assuming. There are doubtless thousands of negroes who oppose a race-pride of their own to the race-pride of the whites, and hundreds of thousands who have no conscious desire whatever regarding the future of their race. I am trying to state what I believe, rightly or wrongly, to be deep instinctive tendencies, which seldom, perhaps, emerge into consciousness.

Four Possibilities: III. Amalgamation

This brings us, of course, to the third of the conceivabilities above enumerated — the legalization of marriage between the two races. To the white South, nothing is more inconceivable: to the critics of the white South, nothing is more simple. Which of them is in the right?

It is significant that none of these outside critics puts the slightest faith in the Atlanta Compromise. They see quite clearly that the two races cannot live together and yet apart. Their solution is the obvious one of free intermixture, and they cannot understand why the South should be so inveterately opposed to it. Why make such a fuss, they say, over such a simple matter?

And then comes a long array of arguments to minimize, in general, the significance of race, and, in particular, the gap between the white race and the black. Racial purity is a vain imagination; there is no such thing, at any rate among European peoples; and if it existed it would only be a limitation and a misfortune to the people afflicted with it. Most of all is the Anglo-Saxon race ridiculed as a historic fallacy. The South, which boasts itself almost the last stronghold of pure Anglo-Saxondom, is told that the pure Anglo-Saxon is a myth and a superstition. As to the negro, we are assured that we were all negroes once, or something very much to that effect. At any rate, it is asserted that the Mediterranean races, with whom western civilization originated, were in great part of negro origin. Skull-measurement and brain-weight are called in to prove — whatever the particular disputant wants to prove. Special qualities are claimed for the negro — such as a rich imagination, an innate courtesy, and a strong musical faculty; and it is argued that these are the very things of which the (so-called) Anglo-Saxon race stands most in need. Great play is made with the quasi-scientific modern Rousseauism which avers that our barbarian ancestors were better men than we, and thence argues that there is little or no real gap between the savage of to-day and the civilized man. Weismannism is pressed into the service to show that, as the aptitudes and tendencies that we sum up in the word civilization are acquired and therefore (it is argued) untransmissible, the white child can have profited nothing by its ancestors' centuries of upward struggle from barbarism, while the black child cannot be in any way handicapped by his descent through untold ages of savagery. We are even assured that civilization has sprung from and must be maintained by "the commingling

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of all with all, the general 'pan-mixture,' the universal 'half-breed.'"*

Fortunately it is quite unnecessary that I should plunge into the mazes of ethnological controversy. It is sufficient for my present purpose to note that controversy, and very lively controversy, exists. The practical equality of the two races is so far from being a point on which all authorities are agreed, that it may rather be called a paradox which charms a certain order of mind by reason of its very audacity. So, too, with the opinion that, whether the African race be or be not inferior, it possesses qualities that the European stock needs, and ought to accept with gratitude. Whether true or false, this is, at present at any rate, a quite undemonstrated speculation. Even Sir Sydney Olivier, who maintains in general that a man of mixed race is "potentially a more competent vehicle of humanity," advances no proof of the benefits of the particular mixture in question which can for a moment be expected to carry conviction to the Southern white man. The South, then, is urged by the amalgamation theorists to embark upon, or submit to, what is at best a great experiment. It is to quell its higher instincts (for so it regards them, rightly or wrongly) and commit what it feels in the marrow of its bones to be a degrading race-abnegation, in deference to a half-scientific, half-humanitarian opinion, held by certain theorists outside its own boundaries, to the effect that, after all, there is no great difference between black and white, and that the complexion of the future will certainly be a uniform yellow. Can any one blame the South for answering: "No, thank you! If you in England or in New England are tired of being white men, and sigh for the blessings of an African blend, we can send you several million negroes, of both sexes, who will no doubt be happy, on suitable terms, to intermarry with your sons and daughters. For our part, we are content with our complexion as it is. We see no reason to believe that the African slave-trade was the means adopted by a beneficent Providence for the ultimate improvement of our Anglo-Saxon stock; nor, on the other hand, can we accept it as a just punishment for the sins of our fathers that our race, as a race, should be merged and obliterated in indiscriminate hybridism."

I do not pretend, of course, that the fixed antipathy of the South to the very idea of amalgamation is a purely rational one. Who is so foolish as to look for pure reason in aught that concerns the obscure fundamentals of life? What I am trying to show is that, whatever irrational elements may mingle with it, the Southern sentiment has a solid and sufficient nucleus of reason. The advantages of fusion, as between such antipodal races as the white European and the black African, are, to say the least of it, unproved; and a race may be forgiven, surely, which declines to try on its own body, so to speak, so problematic and so irremediable an experiment. For, once made, this experiment cannot be unmade. The South must choose between definitely renouncing its position as a "white man's land" or struggling to maintain it. What wonder if it feels that it has no choice in the matter?

*Jean Finot, "Race Prejudice," London, 1906, p. xv.

The Races Not Equal

I have stated the case at the very lowest in saying that the advantages of fusion are unproved. Though it is not essential to my position, I must confess that my personal belief goes much further, and that the disadvantages of fusion are, to my thinking, proved beyond all reasonable doubt. I have not hitherto emphasized the essential and innate inferiority of the negro race, because my argument did not demand it. But the fact of this inferiority seems to me as evident as it is inevitable. However fallacious may be the boundaries between this and that European race, the boundary between the European and the African is real, and not to be argued away. The European is the fruit of untold generations of upward struggle, the African of untold generations of immobility. At the very dawn of history, the ancestors of the white American had advanced to a point beyond that which the ancestors of the Afro-American had attained when they were shipped across the Atlantic from fifty to two hundred years ago. That the negro race has some very amiable qualities is not denied. It is not denied that civilization has brought with it certain disadvantages and corruptions, and that the white savage is in some ways a more deplorable phenomenon than the black savage. Nor is it denied that the negro, in virtue of his strong imitative instinct, has, in many cases, shown a remarkable power of taking on a certain measure of civilization. But all this does not practically lessen the huge historic gap between the two races. Even if we admit the innate power of the negro to overtake the white man in intellectual grasp and moral stability, we must in reason allow him a few centuries to make up his millenniums of arrearage. Whatever it may become in the course of ten or fifteen generations, the negro race here and now is inferior to the white race, not only because of its "previous condition of servitude," but, ultimately and fundamentally, because of its recent condition of savagery.

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Therefore the white race, in accepting amalgamation, would be derogating from its birthright and climbing down the scale of humanity.

Our theorists are, on the whole, too much inclined to confound instinct with prejudice. It is absurd to class as pure prejudice the white man's preference for the color and facial contour of his race. This is no place for an analysis of our sense of beauty; but to maintain offhand that it is an unmeaning product of sheer habit, with no biological justification, is simply to shirk the problem and postpone analysis to dogma. Does any one really believe that the genius of Caesar and Napoleon, of Milton and Goethe, had nothing to do with their facial angle, and could have found an equally convenient habitation behind thick lips and under woolly skulls? The negro himself (as distinct from the mulatto rhetorician) takes his stand on no such paradox. Whoever may doubt the superiority of the white race, it is not he; and it is a racial, not merely a social or economic, superiority to which he does instinctive homage. It does not enter his head to champion his own racial ideal, to set up an African Venus in rivalry to the Hellenic, and claim a new Judgment of Paris between them. If wishing could change the Ethiopian's skin, there would be never a negro in America. The black race, out of its poverty, spends thousands of dollars annually on "anti-kink" lotions, vainly supposed to straighten the African wool. The brown belle tones her complexion with pearl powder; and many a black mother takes pride in the brown skin of her offspring, though it proclaims their illegitimacy. There cannot be the smallest doubt that amalgamation, in the negro's eyes, means an enormous gain to his race. It means ennoblement, transfiguration. It is quite natural that he should not too curiously inquire whether the gain to him would involve a corresponding loss to the white man. That is the white man's business, not his. The one thing his instinct tells him is that, if he can break down the white man's resistance and make the Southern States a brown or yellow man's land, he will have achieved a splendid racial triumph.

The Case for the Mulatto

It is urged, as we have already seen, that the black man's gain would not be the white man's loss, but that the black race would bring to the white certain qualities of which it stands sorely in need, the result of the mixture being a more competent "vehicle of all the qualities and powers that we imply by humanity." Has experience justified this speculation? We have ample experience to go upon — in South America, in the West Indies, in the Southern States themselves. The mulatto exists and has existed for generations, not in hundreds or thousands, but in millions: in what respect has he proved himself superior to the pure Spaniard, or Portuguese, or Anglo-Saxon? Does South American history bear testimony to his political competence? Have his achievements in science, in art, in literature, in music, been superior to those of the un-Africanized peoples? Or, waiving the question of superiority, has he even, in these domains, produced meritorious work in any fair proportion to his numbers? I do not say that it is impossible to make a sort of case for him, by the ransacking of records and the employment of a very indefinite standard of values. But I do most emphatically say that no conspicuous and undeniable advantage has resulted from the blending of bloods, such as can or ought to counteract the instinctive repugnance of the South.

In a work entitled "Twentieth Century Negro Literature," published in 1901, Mr. Edward E. Cooper, a mulatto journalist, quotes Byron's lines:

> You have the letters Cadmus gave;
> Think ye he meant them for a slave?

and then comments as follows:

> Now Cadmus was a black African slave, captured in war; so was Æsop, the world's greatest fabulist; so was Terence, among the grandest of Rome's lyric poets; so was Pushkin, the national poet to-day of Russia; so was Alexandre Dumas, the first, the greatest, not only of French novelists, but of novelists of all times, and the infinite storehouse from which all novelists draw, Honoré de Balzac and Charles Dickens to the contrary notwithstanding.

This writer can scarcely mean what he says — namely, that Alexandre Dumas and the rest were all black African slaves captured in war. We must interpret him liberally, and take him to be simply asserting the literary genius of the African race, whether pure or blended. A better case than this might doubtless be made for it; but a ten times better case would still be very far from a good case. And Mr. Edward E. Cooper is a fair average specimen of the negro champion of negro genius. Another spokesman of the race, by the way, in the same collection of essays, argues that if the Southern clergy had done their duty in denouncing lynching, there would have been no assassination of President McKinley, "nor would there be anywhere such an illiberal public sentiment as would openly criticize our Chief Executive for dining a representative member of the race whose feasts even Jupiter did not disdain to grace."

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A Biological Argument

To wind up this attempt to place on a basis of reason the Southern horror of amalgamation, I return for a moment to Sir Sydney Olivier's argument on the point.* He says:

> There may naturally be aversion on the part of and a strong social objection on behalf of the white woman against her marriage with a black or colored man. There is no correspondingly strong instinctive aversion, nor is there so strong an ostensible social objection to a white man's marrying a woman of mixed descent. The latter kind of union is much more likely to occur than the former. There is good biological reason for this distinction. Whatever the potentialities of the African stocks as a vehicle for human manifestation, and I myself believe them to be exceedingly important and valuable, . . . the white races are now, in fact, by far the farther advanced in effectual human development, and it would be expedient on this account alone that their maternity should be economized to the utmost. A woman may be the mother of a limited number of children, and our notion of the number advisable is contracting: it is bad natural economy, and instinct very potently opposes it, to breed backwards from her. There is no such reason against the begetting of children by white men in countries where, if they are to breed at all, it must be with women of colored or mixed races. The offspring of such breeding, whether legitimate or illegitimate, is, from the point of view of efficiency, an acquisition to the community, and, under favorable conditions, an advance on the pure-bred African.

To this I have nothing to object, save that it manifestly and in its very terms does not apply to the Southern States of America. Sir Sydney does not intend it so to apply; but when he proceeds to speak of the Southern States, he somehow neglects to draw the necessary distinctions. The conditions he has in mind in the above paragraph are those of a black man's land, not of a white man's land. It may readily be granted that a fundamentally black community gains by the infusion of white blood, though the circumstances of the "first cross" are scarcely agreeable to civilized sentiment. There can be little beyond sheer animalism in the relations between a white man and a black woman; and such parentage cannot be reckoned the most desirable. This feeling, however, is perhaps a mere superstition; the science of eugenics is not yet far enough advanced, I take it, to afford us any authoritative guidance. Sir Sydney Olivier, at all events, rejects without hesitation the view that the mulatto is inferior, not only to the white, but to the pure black. The mulatto element in a black community, he maintains, is a distinct gain; and the larger it is the better. So far I am quite willing to follow him; but surely the same process of reasoning, applied to a white community, must lead to exactly the opposite conclusion. It is this fundamental distinction between a black and a white community that Sir Sydney either ignores or declines to take into account. The South is obviously not a country where, "if white men are to breed at all, it must be with women of colored races." It is a country where a pure white race increases rapidly in spite of the disturbance (economic and sexual) undoubtedly set up by the constant propinquity of a black race. In bygone days, when the black race was a herd of human chattels with no political or social rights, a great deal of intermixture took place. It was, as Sir Sydney would doubtless admit, morally bestial and degrading; but on the principles he lays down, and on the assumption that slavery was part of the eternal scheme of things, it was doubtless good policy, inasmuch as it improved the breed of the black community — the community of slaves. But when the black community ceased to be, in its very nature, a thing apart — when its members became freemen and citizens, indistinguishable, in constitutional theory, from members of the white community — then the conditions entirely altered. It was one thing to produce a superior breed of slaves; it is quite another to go on producing an inferior breed of citizens, and to legalize the production of such a breed. "But I deny the inferiority!" Sir Sydney will say. "I contend that the good qualities of the white race are preserved, and are reinforced by the addition of certain very valuable qualities which are the special endowment of the black race." It is not very easy to see why, if this argument hold good, Sir Sydney should discountenance the mating of the black man with the white woman. Either the African strain is valuable or it is not; if it is, why should there be any "bad natural economy" in such unions? Waiving this point, however, I think we have already seen pretty clearly why Sir Sydney's argument meets with scant acceptance in the South. The plain reason is that it opposes to a deep-rooted instinct a wholly unproved speculation. The South has not discovered, in its own pretty considerable experience, the advantages of hybridism as compared with purity of white blood; nor does Sir Sydney himself advance anything that can possibly be called proof of his opinion. A white nation can scarcely be expected to renounce its racial integrity on the chance of breeding an occasional Alexandre Dumas.

Sir Sydney Olivier's biological principle, strictly and consistently applied, would issue in

*I do not dwell on his surely unadvised initial statement that the "barriers" between white and black "are not different in kind or in strength from those which once separated neighboring European tribes." I presume that "once" must be taken as referring to prehistoric ages, reconstructed on scanty ethnological evidence.

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a law making marriage legal between any male and a female lower in the color scale than himself, but illegal between any female and a male with a larger proportion of African blood. Such a law would of course be absolutely impossible of enforcement; and equally inconceivable in practice would be any other partial and restricted legalization of inter-racial unions. There is no middle course between a resolute maintenance of the legal barrier between the races and a complete acceptance of the principle of amalgamation. If the legal barrier were ever removed, it would mean such a relaxation of public sentiment as would insure the very rapid increase of the hybrid race. Three or four generations would see the South a brown man's land, with, no doubt, a rapidly narrowing white aristocracy. In another three or four generations the prevailing complexion of the North would be sensibly affected; and, finally, the whole American nation would be typically negroid, the pure white man being the more or less rare exception. For my part, I cannot but sympathize with the sentiment that violently repudiates such a contingency. I do not understand how any white man who has ever visited the South can fail to be dismayed at the thought of absorbing into the veins of his race the blood of the African myriads who swarm on every hand.

For the South itself, at any rate, the discussion is purely academic. Amalgamation is a thousand leagues remote from the sphere of practical politics. I have been endeavoring to state for outsiders the case of the South as I understand it. I may have stated it wrongly, or understated it; but no one can possibly overstate the resolve of the South that the color line shall not be obliterated by "miscegenation."

Four Possibilities: IV. Segregation

Lastly, we have to consider the fourth conceivable eventuality — the geographical segregation of the negro race, whether within or without the limits of the United States.

This is usually ridiculed as an absolutely Utopian scheme, and at the outset of my investigation I myself regarded it in that light. But the more I saw and read and thought, the oftener and the more urgently did segregation recur to me as the one possible way of escape from an otherwise intolerable situation. Not, of course, the instant, and wholesale, and violent deportation of ten million people — that is a rank impossibility. Between that and inert acquiescence in the ubiquity of the negro throughout the Southern States, there are many middle courses; and I cannot but believe that the first really great statesman who arises in America will prove his greatness by grappling with this vast but not insoluble problem. And, assuredly, the sooner he comes the better.

We have seen that the negro race is not dying out, or that, if it does die out, it can only be, so to speak, at the cost of Southern civilization — through the indefinite continuance of insanitary and barbarous conditions. We have seen that the Atlanta Compromise is illusory and impracticable; that there is no reasonable hope that the two races will ever live together, yet apart — in economic solidarity yet without social or sexual contact. We have seen that the essence of the whole situation lies in the negro's inevitable ambition (even though it be unformulated and largely unconscious) to be drawn upward, through physical coalescence, into the white race, and the white man's intense resolve that, on a large and determining scale, no such coalescence shall take place. Now this state of war — for such it undoubtedly is — will not correct itself by lapse of time. It will continue to degrade and demoralize both races until active measures are taken to put an end to it. Though I sympathize with the white man's horror of amalgamation, I neither approve nor extenuate the systematic injustice and frequent barbarity in which that horror expresses itself. The present state of society in the South is as inhuman as it is inconsistent with the democratic and Christian principles which the Southern white man so loudly, and in the main sincerely, professes. The Jim Crow car, and all such discriminations in the system of public conveyance, are, I believe, necessities but deplorable necessities none the less. The constant struggle to exclude the negro from political power is at best a negative and unproductive expenditure of energy, at worst a source of political dishonesty and corruption. The wresting of the law, whether criminal or civil, into an instrument for keeping the negro in a state of abject serfdom, is a scandal and a disgrace to any civilized community. The constant resort to lawless violence and cruelty in revenge for negro crime (real or imaginary) is a hideous blot upon the fair fame of the South, if not rather an impeachment of her sanity. The truth is, in fact, that constant inter-racial irritation leaves neither race entirely sane, and that abominable crime and no less abominable punishment are merely the acutest symptom of an ill-omened conjuncture of things, which puts an unfair and unnatural strain upon both black and white human nature. The criminal stupidity that brought the negro to America cannot be annulled by passively "making the best of it." If its evil effects are to be counteracted, corrected, and wiped out, it must be through an

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active and constructive effort of large-minded statesmanship.

Back to Africa?

The deportation of the negro has been urged by many American writers, generally in a somewhat illogical fashion. They start by asserting his total incapacity for self-government, as demonstrated in Haiti, Liberia, and elsewhere, and then recommend the foundation of a new negro republic in some undefined portion of Africa. A curious scheme was put forward in 1889 in an anonymous book entitled "An Appeal to Pharaoh," written, I believe, by Mr. Carlyle McKinley, of Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. McKinley's proposal was to promote "the voluntary and steady emigration of the active maternal element" of the negro race. He calculated that if 12,500 child-bearing females, between the ages of twenty and thirty, could every year be induced to emigrate (taking their husbands with them), the whole "maternal element" of the colored population would be removed within fifty years. The plan was apparently that as soon as a child was born to a young negro couple, they were to be persuaded to emigrate, and that thus the prolific negro would gradually be transferred to the new negro commonwealth, only the sterile remnant of the race being left to die off at their leisure. It is unnecessary to criticize this scheme, which is now twenty years old, and does not seem to have found any serious champions. I mention it as perhaps the most carefully considered of the suggestions for an exodus to Africa.

In no form does the African project seem to me at all a hopeful one. The habitable portions of Africa are, I take it, pretty well staked out among the European powers, so that an elaborate and costly international arrangement would be necessary before the requisite territory would be available. But supposing this difficulty overcome, would the United States be justified in simply dumping its colored population in Africa, and then washing its hands of them? It might just as well drive them into the sea and have done with it. The negro character has shown no fitness for the very difficult task of combined pioneering and nation-building that it would have to encounter. To the lower elements in the race, the return to Africa might mean repatriation in the sense of a not unwelcome home-coming to savagery; but the better elements would suffer greatly in such a relapse, while of their own strength they probably could not resist it. Toward these better elements, and indeed toward the whole race, the United States has a responsibility that it could not, and certainly would not, shirk; so that it would in effect have to undertake the policing of a distant, troublesome, and unsatisfactory dependency, which might, in addition, not improbably involve it in international difficulties. This would be preferable to the present state of things, but still far from a desirable solution of the problem.

The same objections apply to a settlement in South America, the Philippines, or anywhere else outside the United States. Deportation, in a word, is beset with disadvantages. It would be ruinously costly and indefensibly cruel. If there ever was a time for it, that time is past.

A Negro State?

What, then, is the alternative? Manifestly concentration within the United States — the formation of a new State, which should be, not a white man's land, but a black man's land.

Is this physically possible? Is there enough unoccupied territory to permit of such a concentration? Of absolutely unoccupied territory there probably is not enough; but those who have studied the matter tell us that there is plenty of territory so thinly occupied that the white settlers could be removed and compensated at no extravagant cost. According to the Honorable John Temple Graves:

> Lower California might be secured. The lands west of Texas might be had. But the Government does not need to purchase. Four hundred million acres of Government land is yet untaken and undeveloped in the West. Of these vast acres the expert hydrographer of the Interior Department has reported that it is easily possible to redeem by irrigation enough to support in plenty a population of sixty million people.

We may liberally discount this estimate, and yet leave it unquestionable that the resources of the United States are amply sufficient to admit of the establishment of a new State without any exorbitant disturbance of the existing distribution of territory.

It would be absurd for me to forecast in any detail the methods by which the concentration should be brought about. They must be devised and elaborated by the great American statesman who is to come. If he can successfully grapple with this colossal task, he will deserve to rank with Washington and Lincoln in the affections of his countrymen. It may be pretty safely predicted that he will attempt no sudden and forcible displacement of the mass of the negro race. Rather he will establish local conditions that shall tempt the younger and more enterprising negroes to migrate of their own free will; while he will probably fix

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by legislation a pretty distant date — say five-and-twenty years ahead — after which it shall be competent for the various State governments* forcibly to evict (with compensation) and transplant to the new State any negroes under, say, forty-five years of age still lingering within their boundaries. There will be no need at any time to disturb old or middle-aged negroes who are disinclined to start life afresh under new conditions.

The probability is, however, that if once the new State were judiciously set on foot, the difficulty would be so to moderate the westward rush as to prevent an unnecessary dislocation of the labor-market in the South. There is not the least doubt that negro labor could and would be gradually replaced by white labor; but a sudden negro exodus on a large scale would certainly embarrass agriculture and other industries in most of the Southern States. It would be one of the main problems of the case so to regulate the flow of migration as to make it continuous, yet not excessive.

There seems to be little doubt that the negro race, as a whole, would welcome any reasonable means of escape from the galling conditions of their life in the South. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that all the more intelligent members of the race are staunchly and even pathetically loyal to American ideals, and would be very unwilling to live under any other than the American form of government. In the new State, they would be members of a negro community without ceasing to be American citizens. It might be necessary at first to establish some provisional government like that of an American territory or English crown colony; but as soon as the country was sufficiently settled, and the mechanism of life in full swing, there could be no difficulty or danger in admitting the new community into the Union, with full State rights. Negro education has enormously progressed since the bad old days of Reconstruction; and there is no reason to doubt that the population could furnish a competent legislature, executive and judiciary. Legislative aberrations would be checked by the Supreme Court of the United States; and if things went thoroughly wrong, and a new Haiti threatened to develop in the heart of the Republic, why, United States troops would always be at hand to hold a black mob or a black adventurer in awe. But it would doubtless be a fundamental principle that no white man could vote or hold office in the negro State, while, reciprocally, no colored man could vote or hold office in the white States.* The abrogation of the Fifteenth Amendment would remove from the Constitution of the United States a constant source of trouble.

I am far from denying that this racial readjustment would demand a huge effort and a very large expense. In many individual cases it might cause a good deal of hardship to people of both colors. But that both colors would enormously and permanently benefit by the effort seems to me indubitable. It would be, before everything, an act of justice to the negro. It would enable him to build up a polity of his own, on lines to which his mind is already habituated. It would offer him full opportunity for the development of his talents and ambitions, unhampered by any social discriminations or disabilities. The Hampton-Tuskegee movement has been fitting great numbers of the race to carry out the necessary tasks of construction and organization involved in the material and moral upbuilding of the new community. Every aid should, of course, be afforded for the transference to the new domain of all negro universities, colleges, and similar institutions. I see little reason to doubt that the sense of new and unhampered opportunity would stimulate the mental and moral energies of the race, and beget a higher competence, a new self-respect. They would feel that they were on trial before the eyes of the world, that their future was in their own hands and that they must vindicate their claim to the rights and liberties of civilized humanity. They would have a very fair chance of success; and in case of failure they would at worst relapse upon some sort of crown colony government. A regularly established and benevolent despotism would, at any rate, be better than the capricious and malevolent despotism to which they are now subjected in the South.

"But," it may be said, "the rights and liberties of civilized humanity include the right to move freely hither and thither over the face of the earth. This right, at any rate, would be denied to the Afro-American, inclosed within the ring-fence of his own State." There is, I think, a sufficient answer to this objection. The right to travel would not be denied to the negro. Nor would he be debarred from emigrating and settling abroad among any community that was willing to receive him. It is, I think, becoming more and more clear that the right of every man, white, black, or yellow, to effect a permanent settlement outside his own country, is subject to this qualification. The idea that all the world ought to belong equally to all men, and that

*I assume that, the principle once accepted, there will be small difficulty in arranging the respective rights and duties in this matter of the central and the State governments. The color problem is a national concern, if ever there was one.

*The negro State would, of course, send to Congress its two Senators and its due proportion of members of the Lower House.

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rational development tends toward an unrestricted intermingling of races, seems to be signally contradicted by the trend of events. Is it not the great essential for the ultimate world-peace that races should learn to keep themselves to themselves?

If the negro State is established with any success, I do not believe that its inhabitants will feel it an undue restriction on their liberties that they are forbidden to settle in other parts of the Union. The population question will gradually regulate itself. A fairly civilized people, with limited opportunities of expansion, will soon realize the penalties of breeding beyond its means of subsistence.

And what of the South, when this act of justice to the negro shall have been performed? It will awaken, as from a nightmare, to the realization of its splendid destiny. No longer will one of the richest and most beautiful regions of the world be hampered in its material and spiritual development by a legacy of ancestral crime. All that is best in the South — and the Southern nature is rich in elements of magnanimity and humanity — abhors the inhuman necessities imposed upon it by the presence of the negro. The Southern white man writhes under the criticisms of the North and of Europe, which he feels to be ignorant and in great measure unjust, yet which he can only answer by an impotent "You do not know! You cannot understand!" He has to confess, too, that there is much in Southern policy and practice that even the necessities of the situation cannot excuse — much that can only be palliated as the result of a constant overstrain to which human nature ought never to be subjected. Remove the causes of this overstrain, and a region perhaps the most favored by nature of all in the Western Hemisphere will stand where it ought to stand — in the van, not only of civilization, but of humanity.

"IF I HAVE KEPT MY HEART SWEET"

BY

MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

IF I have kept my heart sweet
As the brown field,
Then all were mine — the winds along,
The bird's returning song,
The sowing and the young wheat
And the golden yield!

If I have kept my heart sweet,
Sweet as the cloud,
Flowers a-many then for me,
All blowing tenderly,
Following all with still feet
And bright heads bowed.

If I have kept my heart sweet,
Sweet as the rain —
Rain of winter, rain of May,
Rain across the brightest day! —
Then Mischances must entreat
My heart in vain.

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A DEFENSE OF THE NEW ORLEANS HEALTH AUTHORITIES

COVINGTON, LA., May 7, 1909.

EDITOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE:

In the course of an article entitled "Guardians of the Public Health," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, in your number for July, 1908, two statements are made relative to the handling of the New Orleans yellow fever epidemic of 1905 to which I feel I may take proper exception.

On page 247 Mr. Adams says:

> As a matter of fact, Business Interests, when involved with hygienic affairs, are always a malign influence, and usually an incredibly stupid one. It was so in New Orleans, where the leading commercial forces of the city, in secret meeting, called the health officer before them and browbeat him into concealing the presence of yellow fever, lest other cities quarantine against their commerce. And "concealed" it was, until it had secured so firm a foothold that suppression was no longer practicable, and the city only averted a tremendously disastrous epidemic by the best-fought and most narrowly won battle ever waged in this country against an invading disease.

On page 242 Mr. Adams states:

> When yellow fever broke out in New Orleans, it was the Marine Hospital Service men who, working quietly and inconspicuously with the local volunteers, mapped out the campaign which rid the city of the scourge.

In the year 1905 I was health officer of the city of New Orleans. On the evening of the 12th of July there were reported to Dr. Edmond Souchon, president of the State Board of Health of Louisiana, two cases of illness resembling yellow fever in the lower section of the city of New Orleans. I was called into a conference on this report.

There is an impression, not only in New Orleans itself but throughout the country, that knowledge of the existence of yellow fever in New Orleans was concealed from the world by the local health authorities in 1905.

As a matter of fact, the first suspicion of the existence of yellow fever reached the health authorities on July 12; and on July 22, only ten days later, as the result of an autopsy held on that date, the State Board of Health announced the presence of yellow fever in the city of New Orleans.

Previous to this date health officers of neighboring States had been informed of the fact that the existence of yellow fever in New Orleans was suspected.

On August 8 the work of handling the epidemic was transferred from my department to the United States government, the transfer not being completed until August 12.

As health officer of New Orleans, my duties in connection with this epidemic began on July 12, when suspicion of the existence of yellow fever first came to me. Under the law of Louisiana, no authority other than the State Board of Health can officially determine and announce the existence of yellow fever. The reason for this law is the prevention of unwarranted and mistaken reports being spread abroad of the existence of quarantinable diseases.

On July 12, the day on which I first learned of the possible existence of yellow fever in the city, I informed the publishers of the principal daily papers of this suspicion. Within the next twenty-four hours I conferred with a member of the Clearing-House Association of New Orleans, and told him that the local Health Board had no funds available with which to take proper preventive measures against a possible epidemic. The State Board could supply only a small sum for initial expenses.

Since the first scientific publication, in 1901, of the theory of the transmission of yellow fever by mosquitos, I had been a believer in that theory, as well as in the methods prescribed by the Commission of Investigation of the United States Army in Cuba for the prevention and extermination of yellow fever.

The Clearing-House Association of New Orleans met, and guaranteed an emergency fund of twenty thousand dollars.

Before this fund was voted I had begun the work of sanitating the district in which yellow fever was suspected. Within three days after July 12 the work of sanitation was well under way, and by July 22, the date of the public announcement of the existence of yellow fever, and the earliest date on which yellow fever was positively known to exist in the city and authoritatively declared, the work of sanitation and yellow fever prevention was as well under

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way as the funds and the forces at hand would permit, and the then obtaining conditions called for.

The period from July 12 to July 22 was the only period in which I had any knowledge of the suspicion of the existence of yellow fever in New Orleans, prior to the announcement of the existence of the disease. My official position did not give me authority to make such an announcement, even if I had been convinced of the existence of the disease. What I wish to make plain is that I was a sanitarian, and that as soon as yellow fever was suspected in New Orleans, and before it was announced or positively known to exist, every possible sanitary precaution was taken; that no pressure or intimation of pressure was brought to bear on me, officially or unofficially, to suppress knowledge of the existence in New Orleans of the disease; and that the fund contributed to meet the expenses of preventive work was accompanied by no conditions whatever.

Between July 22 and the first week in August the force of sanitary workers was increased as rapidly as men could be secured, instructed in their duties, and put to work.

This work was carried on along the lines subsequently followed out by the Federal authorities, with the consequent elaboration of the work made possible by the largely increased available funds. I was guaranteed only twenty thousand dollars for my work. Dr. Joseph H. White, the U. S. Public Health and Marine Hospital Service officer, who succeeded me, was given a guaranty of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars with which to continue the work. I placed at his disposal, on August 8, besides material and supplies, an organized force of four hundred men actively engaged in prevention work against yellow fever.

There was never any difference of opinion between Dr. White and me either as to the general method adopted in this work, or as to the practical details of putting it into effect; nor was there ever any lack of harmony between us as to our ideas or methods in beginning or finishing the work.

On the contrary, realizing the extent of the epidemic, the necessity for raising a great additional sum of money to fight it, and the desirability of having this work in the hands of the Federal authorities,— knowing the natural and proper confidence the people of the country feel in the Federal control of epidemics,— I advocated and urged that the work in which I was engaged should be handed over to a national and disinterested authority.

Yellow fever in New Orleans, as Mr. Adams properly argues in his article, had, by the beginning of August, 1905, simply become a matter of national and international importance.

Sincerely yours,

QUITMAN KOHNKE, M.D.,
Health Officer of the City of New Orleans,
September, 1898, to September, 1906.

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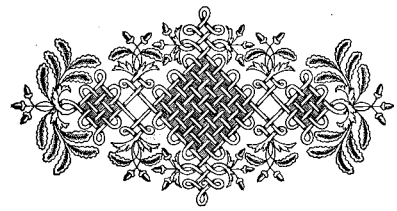


"When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—

. . .

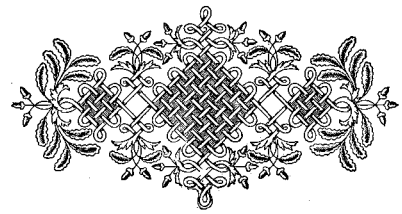
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

From Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."



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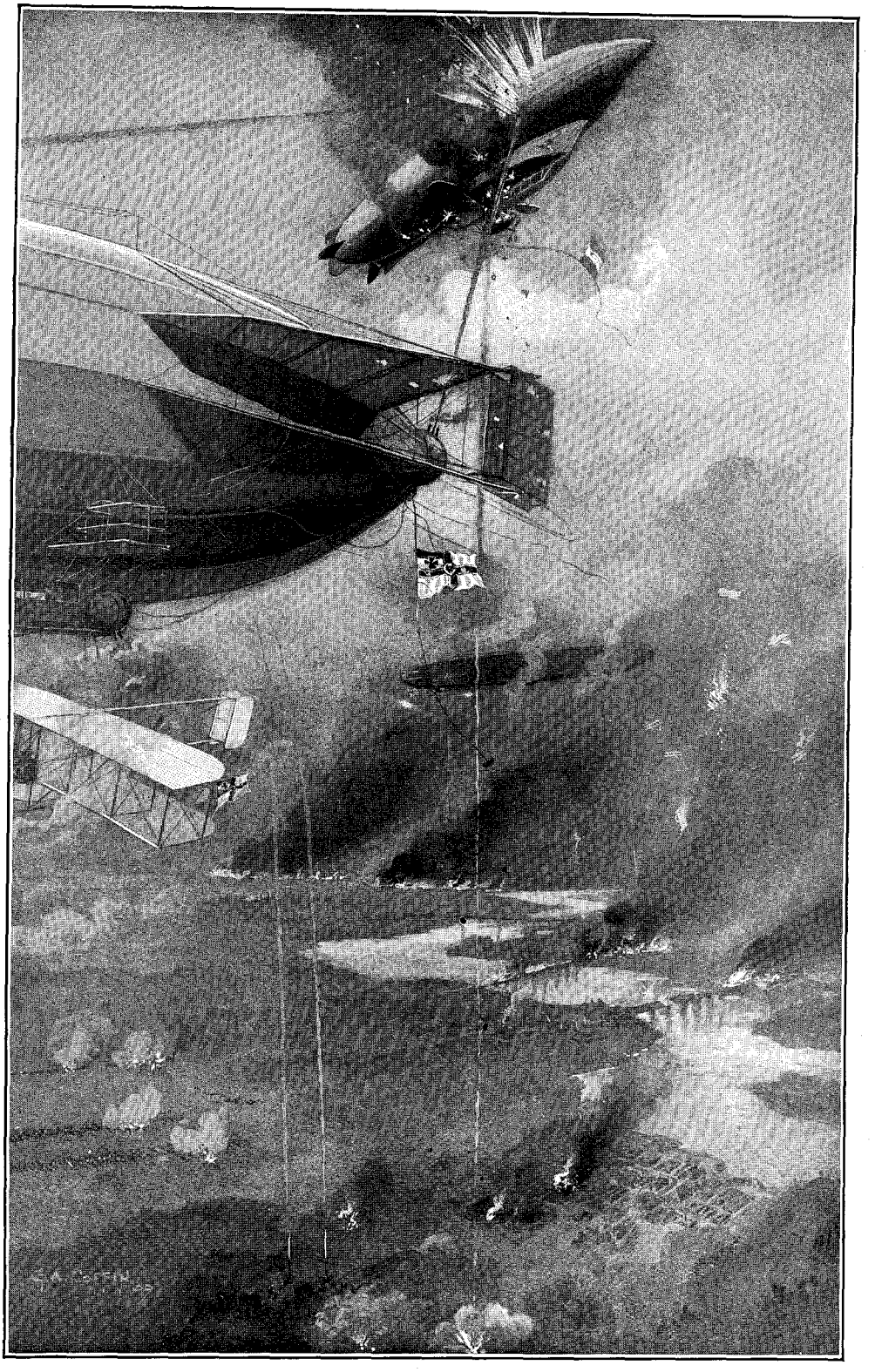

WAR IN THE AIR

FROM A DRAWING BY G. A. COFFIN

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